

LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. XI.—No. 271.]

JULY 15, 1852.

Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month.

Price 6d.—Stamped, 7d.

TO BE DISPOSED OF.—ORIGINAL

MANUSCRIPT SERMONS composed by a Clergyman of nearly thirty years standing in the Church of England, and well-versed in Biblical literature. They may be preached before well-educated audiences, or, if required, will be revised to suit Agricultural congregations. Two Sermons will be sent for examination of doctrine and style of composition, on application to
Rev. V. L., care of Mr. JOHN WORTLES, Thorp-le-Soken, Essex.

A TRAINED MASTER, unmarried, wishes

to meet with a SITUATION as MASTER of a NATIONAL SCHOOL. He would not object to a Mixed School.
Address (prepaid) Mr. R. C. SMITH, Newport Pagnell, Bucks.

FARMING IN SCOTLAND.—A

GENTLEMAN farming exclusively in East Lothian, has ACCOMMODATION for a YOUNG GENTLEMAN wishing to learn Practical Agriculture in the newest and most approved mode. Terms One Hundred Guineas per Annum: References exchanged.
Apply to "W." care of Messrs. SUTHERLAND and KNOX, Publishers, Edinburgh.

LEE PARK, Blackheath.—Sound and useful

EDUCATION, based on Christian principles, in the family of the Rev. J. THOMSON, Eight Years Second Master of the Blackheath Old Proprietary School; and late Mathematical Master of the New Proprietary School.

SUPERIOR EDUCATION.—Miss TAYLOR,

2, Torrington-square, London, RECEIVES a very limited number of YOUNG LADIES. Miss T.'s special aim is to unite sound Christian principle with the general cultivation of the mind, and with all the accomplishments of a superior Education. First-rate Masters attend. An accomplished German Governess resident.
Terms and references may be had on application to Miss TAYLOR.

PECKHAM COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.—

PERSONS desirous of placing their SONS where their progress and comfort are alike guaranteed, are solicited to ENQUIRE into the PRESENT ARRANGEMENTS of this SCHOOL, and to view the premises. The pupils take their meals (unrestricted) with the family, and each has a separate room. The number is select and limited. Public examinations are held half-yearly.
For prospectuses, &c. apply (personally or by letter) to Mr. WILLIS, at the School.

NOTTING-HILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL,

2, Kensington-park-terrace, one of the healthiest situations in Notting-hill. The Principal, late Classical Master in a Public School, receives a select number of BOARDERS, who have the comforts of a home combined with the advantages of a sound and accurate scholarship, together with instruction in the Modern Languages, and all the useful and requisite subjects now taught in the best schools.

RUGBY, ETON, HARROW, &c.—

In a long-established SCHOOL, very healthily situated in a Milland County, Gentlemen's Sons are PREPARED for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS, and the Naval, Military, and East India Colleges. The Pupils so prepared have uniformly maintained a good position, and have frequently obtained honours at the above Schools. INCLUSIVE TERMS, SEVENTY GUINEAS a-year.
For further information address, "The Rev. A. Z." Church Association, Southam-terrace, London.

ESTABLISHMENT for YOUNG LADIES,

conducted by the Misses NELSON, 7, Church-buildings, Clapham-Common, London. The course of instruction will comprise English, French, Italian, German, Latin, with Music, Drawing, &c. The Misses Nelson have resided in France; and having also engaged a French Young Lady, who resides in the house, to assist in teaching the language, feel that they can offer peculiar advantages for the acquisition of its colloquial use. The situation is most eligible and salubrious, and the terms moderate. Prospectuses forwarded upon application.

EDUCATION.—Richmond.—Inclusive Terms

Thirty Guineas.—The attention of Parents who may have DAUGHTERS to whom they wish to give a superior English and French Education, with all the Accomplishments, is solicited by the PRINCIPALS of a Finishing Establishment, situated in the above delightful locality. Prospectuses will be sent immediately upon application; but it is earnestly requested that parents should visit this establishment, which is unrivalled for its salubrity, and combined with every domestic comfort.
Address, BELINI, Biscocke's Library, Hill-street, Richmond.

EDUCATION.—In a limited Establishment,

of the first class, on the Sea Coast, where only the daughters of gentlemen are received, there is a VACANCY for a GOVERNESS PUPIL. The young lady would receive superior advantages, sound mental culture being combined with every branch of English study, and the accomplishments of music, singing, drawing in all styles; the languages of French, German, and Italian are taught by resident native governesses, and constantly spoken. The house is spacious, and the situation good, and easy of access. The most satisfactory reference given to parents whose daughters have been finished at the establishment, clergy, &c. Inclusive terms, 50 guineas for two years, paid half-yearly in advance.
Address, "Mrs. BROWN, 1, Granville-square, Pentonville."

BRIGHTON COLLEGE.

Principal.—Rev. HENRY COTTELL.
Classical Lecturer.—GEORGE LONG, Esq.
Students are prepared at this College for the Universities, or for the army, and other professions.
The total necessary expense for Tuition and Board is from 65*l*. to 70*l*. per annum. A Scholarship of 30*l*. tenable for three years at Oxford or Cambridge, is open for competition annually.
The Midsummer vacation will terminate on the 11th of August; new Students will be received at Nine o'clock, A.M., on the 12th, when the studies of the College will commence.
For particulars, apply to MICHAEL TURNER, Secretary.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL, LOUGHBOROUGH,

Head Master.—Rev. J. G. GORDON, M.A., Cambridge, late Classical Master in Cheltenham College.
This School has been lately reconstituted under a new scheme, and will be RE-OPENED on MONDAY, AUGUST 2. It is intended to combine domestic habits and comforts with the advantages of a public school, and to furnish a sound, moral, religious, and useful education at a moderate charge.
In the subjects taught are included the Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy, and an extensive practical course of English.
The building is large, handsome, and commodious, lately erected for the purpose, at an expense of about 8,000*l*. It is well-sited in ornamental grounds, within half a mile of the town, and has attached to it a playground of three acres and a half.
The school has two Exhibitions, of 30*l*. a-year each, at Jesus College, Cambridge.
The Head Master takes a limited number of Boarders. A considerable reduction will be made to those who join in the first quarter.
For Prospectuses apply to Rev. J. G. GORDON, M.A., Loughborough.

EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of BRITISH

ARTISTS (Incorporated by Royal Charter).—THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN, from 9 A.M. until dusk.—Admission, 1*l*.
Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East. J. W. ALLEN, Secretary.

SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER

COLOURS.—The FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, PALL-MALL EAST, from Nine till Dusk. Admission, One Shilling. Catalogue, 5*l*.
GEORGE FRIPP, Sec.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's

Park, are OPEN to Visitors DAILY. The Collection now contains upwards of 1,500 Specimens, including the HIPPOPOTAMUS, presented by H. H. the Viceroy of Egypt, ELEPHANTS, RHINOCEROS, GIRAFFES and Young, LEOBARD and Young, ELANDS, BONTÉ-BOKS, CAMELS, ZEBRAS, LIONS, TIGERS, JAGUARS, BEARS, STRIPED, and the APTELYX, presented by the Lieut.-Governor of New Zealand. All Visitors are now admitted to Mr. Gould's Collection of HUMMING BIRDS without any extra charge. The Band of the First Life Guards will perform, by permission of Col. Hall, on every SATURDAY, at Four o'clock, until further notice.
Admission, One Shilling; on MONDAYS, SIXPENCE.

NEWSPAPERS.—The Critic, Illustrated News,

and all the same priced Weekly Papers, at 6*l*. 6*d*. per quarter in advance, 7*l*. 6*d*. per quarter on credit. The Times, Herald, Post, and all the other daily papers posted by morning and evening mails, with the most positive punctuality, by GEORGE OSBORNE, 20, Change Alley, London.—Postage Stamps as cash, and a single copy of any paper sent on receipt of the value.

LUNACY.—ASYLUMS and ATTENDANTS.

Messrs. LANE and LARA, Medical Agents, 14, John-street, Adelphi, respectfully invite attention to their LUNATIC ASYLUM REGISTRY, by which the friends of the insane may obtain gratuitously the terms and prospectuses of establishments adapted for each class of the community; and the fullest information on every point connected with them. A list is kept of superintendents, medical officers, matrons, attendants, and nurses, of unexceptionable character.

WRITING RAPIDLY IMPROVED.—

Mr. CARSTAIRS continues to give LESSONS to Ladies and Gentlemen in his highly improved method, by which their writing (however imperfect) can be rapidly improved into a fine and beautiful style, suitable either for business or correspondence. Arithmetic and Book-keeping, by Single and Double Entry, practically taught. Prospectuses of Terms, &c. may be had at the Establishment, 81, Lombard-street, City. Carstairs' National System of Penmanship, "Anti-Angular and Commercial Copy Slips."

ANCIENT and MODERN COINS, MEDALS,

&c.—Mr. C. R. TAYLOR, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, respectfully announces to Connoisseurs and the Public in general, that he has a very extensive Collection of the above Articles, comprising many rare and valuable specimens of Ancient and Medieval Art, and possessing the greatest historical interest, from which selections may be made on the most moderate terms. Also, several fine Proof and Pattern Pieces, Numismatic Books, Cabinets, &c. &c. Articles forwarded to any part of the Kingdom on approval, on a reference being given. Collections formed or consigned, together with the desired promptly supplied in reply to communications addressed as above.

WHITTINGTON CLUB AND

METROPOLITAN ATHLETICUM, Arundel-street, Strand.
RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, Esq., M.P., President.
Reading, newspaper, and chess rooms, dining, coffee, and smoking rooms, which have been newly decorated, together with an extensive circulating library, are open from eight until twelve o'clock.
Members have also opportunities of attending foreign language and other classes, societies, concerts, and assemblies.
All the English, French, and German newspapers, reviews, periodicals, and magazines regularly taken.
Cards of membership for the year or half-year are now ready.
Subscriptions.—Gentlemen's annual subscription, 2*l*. 2*s*.; half-yearly, 1*l*. 1*s*. Ladies annual, 1*l*. 1*s*. Country members annual, 1*l*. 1*s*. No entrance fee, or gratuities to waiters.
All the English, French, and German newspapers, reviews, periodicals, and magazines regularly taken.
WM. STRUDWICKE, Secretary.

THE JOURNAL of PSYCHOLOGICAL

MEDICINE. Edited by FORBES WINSLOW, M.D.
CONTENTS:
1. The Overworked Mind.
2. Dr. Williams on Insanity.
3. Magic, Witchcraft, and Mesmerism.
4. Mental Physiology.
5. State of Lunacy in England.
6. Private and Public Asylums.
7. Dr. Webster's Notes of a Visit to the French Lunatic Asylums.
8. Mental Dynamics.
9. Bethlem Hospital.
10. Colney Hatch Asylum.
11. Case of Mrs. Gunning.
12. The Election of the Medical Superintendent of Bethlem.
13. Mortality and Insanity in separate Plan Prisons in England and America.
London: JOHN CHURCHILL, Princes-street, Soho.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE and

HISTORICAL REVIEW for JULY (being the first number of a New Volume) contains—1. Thorpe's Northern Mythology.—2. Pope's Imitations of the Letters of Elia.—3. Geoffrey William Leibnitz.—4. The Ironmongers of London (with two Plates).—5. The Unguaranteed Road of Grace.—6. Oxford and the Royal Commission.—7. Huger's Notes on English History, temp. Charles II.—8. Some on Coleridge, by the Rev. C. V. Le Grice.—9. Correspondence on the Abbotsford Library, Architectural Nomenclature, Quakers' Burial Grounds, Anchorage in Churches, &c., &c.—10. Notes of the Month. With Historical Reviews, Reports of Archaeological Societies, and Obituary, including Memoirs of Capt. Alan Gardner (of the Patagonian Mission), Hon. Mr. Talbot, Q.C., Mr. Humphrey, Q.C., Rev. John Jones (Tegid), Rev. T. Thyerne Smith, George Dolland, Esq., F.R.S., General Arthur O'Connor, &c., &c. Price 2*s*. 6*d*. (A specimen Number sent by post.)
NICHOLS and SOX, 25, Parliament-street.

CHEAP GLOBES.—One Guinea only, a New

Terrestrial Twelve-inch Globe, on Pedestal, showing the recent Discoveries in Africa, the North Pole, New Settlements of Australia, New Zealand, &c.; a Celestial to correspond. Also, several 15, 18 and 21 inch Globes, equal to New, at greatly reduced prices.
N.B.—Old Globes re-covered.
To Public Companies, Bankers, Merchants, &c.—Improved to 1852.

CHEAP MAPS.—Large Maps of Europe,

Asia, Africa, America, and Mercator World (6 feet by 3 feet 2 inches), showing the recent Discoveries at the North Pole, Interior of Africa, New Settlements of Australia, New Zealand, &c. Size, 5 feet 2 inches by 4 feet, rollers, varnished, 3*l*. each, or Four Maps for Six Guineas; also, smaller Maps.

CRUCHLEY, Map-seller and Globe Maker, 81, Fleet-street.

DRAWING from MODELS and FAMILIAR

OBJECTS.—An experienced TEACHER of DRAWING, offering most satisfactory references and testimonials, visits any part of London and its vicinity to INSTRUCT Families and Schools in the above-named useful and interesting acquirement.
Apply, by letter, to "E. S.," 106, Tachbrook-street, Vauxhall-road.

MR. CRIVELLI, begs to inform his Friends

and the Public, that a Third Edition of the ART of SINGING, Enlarged and Newly Arranged in the Form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his residence, 71, Upper Norton-street; and at all the principal Music-sellers.

ALLISON and ALLISON beg to solicit an

Inspection of their STOCK of PIANOFORTES, manufactured after the most approved designs of modern and antique furniture, in Spanish mahogany, rosewood, French walnut-tree, &c., from 25 Guineas upwards, at their ware-rooms, 73, Dean-street, Soho, and CHAPPELL'S, 26, New Bond-street. No connexion with any other House of the same name.

WOOD'S PIANOFORTE EDITION OF THE

MELODIES OF SCOTLAND.

Price Sixpence. Now issuing in Numbers, Price 6*d*. each, on the 1st and 15th of every Month, a New Edition of the "SONGS OF SCOTLAND," with new words. Each Number will contain Twenty-five Airs. The Work will be completed in Eleven Numbers, and will form One Volume Imperial Octavo, uniform with "Wood's Edition of the Songs of Scotland." The Airs have all been Newly Arranged for the Piano-forte, and the whole Work will be Edited by J. T. SHERNEN. An Introduction, written by GEO. FARQUHAR GRAHAM, Editor of "Wood's Edition of the Songs of Scotland," and Author of the article "Music," in the Seventh Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, will be given with the last number.

WOOD and CO., 12, Waterloo-place, Edinburgh; 42, Buchanan-street, Glasgow; and 189, Union-street, Aberdeen; and to be had of OLIVER and BOTT, Edinburgh; J. ALFRED NOVELLO, 69, Dean-street, Soho, and 24, Poultry; and SIMPKIN, MARSHALL and Co., London.

SERMON PAPER, 4*s*. 6*d*. per Ream, suitable

for either Quill or Steel Pens, and each page 5*l* inches by 9. Foolscap, 13*s*. 6*d*. per Ream. Note Paper, 6*s*. per Ream. Envelopes, 9*s*. per 100. Mourning Note, 7*s*. 6*d*. per Ream. Envelopes, 1*s*. per 100.
R. KERR, Chichester House, Lincoln's-inn, London.—2*s*. orders free.

RALPH'S SERMON PAPER.—This

approved paper is particularly deserving the notice of the Clergy, as from its particular form (each page measuring 5*l* by 9 inches), it will contain more matter than the size in ordinary use; and, from the width being narrower, is much more easy to read; adapted for expeditious writing with either the quill or metallic pen; price 3*s*. per ream. Sample on application.

ENVELOPE PAPER.—To identify the

contents with the address and postmark, important in all business communications; it admits of three clear pages (each measuring 5*l* by 9 inches), for correspondence, it saves time and is more economical. Price 9*s*. 6*d*. per ream.
F. W. RALPH, Manufacturing Stationer, 36, Throgmorton-street, Bank.

BARKER'S RAZOR PAPER, for wiping the

razor from the razor while shaving, by which simple process alone and without the least trouble a razor once properly set, instead of getting dull by use, will improve in keenness and evenness, and afterwards be constantly preserved in perfect shaving order without loss or stop.

It is an invention that should be patronized on every gentleman's dressing-table, and in saying thus much we speak only from long and comfortable experience. "Morning Advertiser."
"We have seen a variety of methods for giving a keen edge to razors, but certainly none so simple and effectual as this."—*Magazine of Science*.

Sold in packets at 6*d*. 1*s*. and boxes at 3*s*. by the principal perfumers, stationers, &c., and by the inventor and sole manufacturers, F. BARKER and SONS, stationers, Hammersmith, who will, on receipt of 14 postage stamps, return a 1*s*. packet post free.

STATIONERY, the CHEAPEST and BEST—

Forty per cent. lower than any other House—Carriage free on orders sent by post.—List of Prices by post gratis. Full-size good quality Note, 2*s*. 6*d*. and 3*s*. 6*d*. per ream; Queen's ditto, 1*s*. 9*d*.; thick Cream-laid Adhesive Envelopes, 4*s*. 6*d*. per 1,000; Foolscap Official ditto, 2*s*. per 100; Sealing Wax, 1*s*. and 1*s*. 6*d*. per pound; best ditto, 2*s*. 9*d*.; usually sold at 5*s*.; large size University Scribbling Paper, 7*s*. 6*d*. and 8*s*. 6*d*. per ream; Outsize, 8*s*. 6*d*. and ditto, Foolscap, 8*s*. 6*d*. per ream, all perfect sheets; best Blotting, five quires for 4*s*.; good Quill Pens, 2*s*. 6*d*. per 100; Partridge and Co.'s celebrated Correspondence Steel Pens, 1*s*. 3*d*. per gross, all selected and warranted; Cedar Holders, to fit any pen, 6*d*. per dozen; School Pen-holders, 1*s*. 6*d*. per gross; the best Magnum Bonum, 3*s*. 6*d*. per gross, twelve holders included; fine Satin Draft, 6*s*. 6*d*.; Thick-laid Foolscap, 10*s*. 6*d*. and 12*s*. 6*d*.; good Brief, 13*s*. 6*d*. per ream; very best Cream-laid Black Bordered Note, five quires for 2*s*.; ditto, Envelopes, 1*s*. per 100; best Black Wax, ten sticks, 1*s*.; good Black Ink, 2*s*. 6*d*. per gallon; Sermon Paper, 4*s*. 6*d*. per ream; Red Tape, 3*s*. 6*d*. and 1*s*. per dozen; Satin Letter, 4*s*. and Cream-laid, 6*s*. per ream; Metallic Memorandum Books, with Pencil, 3*s*. each; good Black Lead Pencils, 6*d*. per dozen.
Observe the address—PARTRIDGE and COZENS, 137 and 138, Chancery-lane, five doors from Fleet-street. Everything not only cheap, but good.

E WOLFF and SON'S CRETA LEVIS, or

PERMANENT DRAWING CHALK, in Cedar, in various Colours. E. WOLFF and SON beg to apprise Artists and Amateurs that they have, by the introduction of great improvements in their CRETA LEVIS, enabled it to be used the same as the ordinary pencil; and effects can now be produced equal to water-colour drawings, without the use of water or any other fluid, the various colours blending together with perfect harmony, beauty, and richness; they do not rub off, and the drawings may be kept in a portfolio with safety. To be had of all Artists' Colourmen and respectable Stationers, and of the Manufacturers, at the following prices.—Leather Box, containing a set of twelve, 7*s*. each; eighteen, 10*s*.; twenty-four, 13*s*.; thirty-six, 21*s*. In sets as above, without box, at 6*s*. per dozen; Lake and Cobalt, 12*s*. May be had also in Crayons without cedar, in sets, as above, at 6*s*. per dozen, box included.
WOLFF and SON'S CRETA LEVIS CRAYON PAPER is the best for the CRETA LEVIS.

* * * A Pattern Card containing the whole of the shades and colours of the CRETA LEVIS, with their names and numbers attached to each shade, price 1*s*. each.—CAUTION. As there are several spurious imitations, it is necessary to observe that every Pencil is stamped, "CRETA LEVIS. E. Wolff and Son, London," with name of the colour.
PURIFIED CUMBERLAND LEAD PENCILS, perfectly free from grit, may be entirely erased, and will maintain a Firm Point. Manufactured by E. WOLFF and SON, 23, Church-street, SPITALFIELDS, London. The following are the degrees:—H, HH, HHH, HHHH, F, FF, HB, EHB, BB, BBB, BBBB, W. *
This Pencil is particularly recommended for Writing and Counting-house use.

E. WOLFF and SON have the honour of supplying their Purified Lead Pencils to Her Majesty's Stationery Office, the Bank of England, and various other large establishments.

MANUFACTORY, 23, CHURCH-STREET, SPITALFIELDS, London.

Just published, in 8vo. cloth, price 5s.
THE RATIONALE OF DISCIPLINE,
 as exemplified in the High School of Edinburgh. By Professor
 PILLANS.
 Edinburgh: MACLACHLAN and STEWART. London: TAYLOR,
 WALTON and MARRIOTT, and SIMPKIN, MARSHALL and CO.

OUTLINE OF SHIP-BUILDING.
 In Four Parts, together with Fello Plates. By JOHN FINCHAM,
 Esq., Master shipwright of Her Majesty's Dockyard, Portsmouth.
 London: WHITTAKER and Co., Ave Maria-lane.

Second Edition, price 6s.
LOGIC FOR THE MILLION: a familiar
 Exposition of the Art of Reasoning. By J. W. GILBERT, a
 Fellow of the Royal Society.

Also, by the same Author,
A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON BANKING.
 Fifth Edition, 2 vols., 24s.
 London: LONGMAN and Co., 39, Paternoster-row.

Now ready, price 1s. Second Edition.
SAILORS' HOMES.
 By MONTAGUE GORE, Esq.

Also,
NATIONAL DEFENCES. By MONTAGUE
 GORE, Esq.
 JAMES RIDGWAY, Piccadilly; and all Booksellers.

NEW VOLUME OF DARTON'S SCHOOL LIBRARY.
THE MODERN FRENCH WORD-BOOK;
 or First Phrasological Steps. Plainly taught by Professor
 MARIN DE LA VOYE, Member of the Grammatical Society of Paris,
 &c., &c. Price 1s. neatly bound in cloth.
 DARTON and Co., Holborn-hill.
 Of whom may be had the previous volumes, viz.:—
FIRST READING BOOK FOR JUNIOR CLASSES.
THE POETICAL SCHOOL BOOK FOR JUNIOR CLASSES.
EXERCISES FOR THE SENIORS.
SHORT INTRODUCTION TO FRENCH.

In 2 vols., large 8vo., price 21s.
THE THEOCRATIC PHILOSOPHY OF
 ENGLISH HISTORY, showing the Rise and Progress of the
 British Empire. In which the events of History are traced to their
 proper origin, the characters of persons whose actions have influenced
 the progress of society delineated, and the overruling providence of
 God vindicated.
 "We are enabled to announce the completion of a task which will
 continue an imperishable memorial of the talent and genius, and
 perseverance of Mr. Schomberg."—*Church Intelligencer*.
 London: LONGMAN and Co.

Just published, price 3s. per dozen, beautifully printed,
 FIFTH THOUSAND.
EVENING; OR, SORROW AND JOY;
 a little Manual for the Afflicted. By the Rev. G. B. SCOTT,
 Author of "Morning."
 And, SIXTH THOUSAND, uniform with the above,
MORNING; OR, DARKNESS AND LIGHT; a little
 Manual for Devotional moments.
 "We cordially recommend it to those who try to do good through the
 'Post-office.' It is just the thing to be enclosed in a letter."—*Bible and*
the People.
 London: NISBET and Co.; HAMILTON, ADAMS and Co.; and
 WARD and Co.

People's Edition, price 2s. 6d.
FALLACIES OF THE FACULTY.
 By DR. DICKSON.
 "This is a bold book—a very bold book—and we recommend persons
 who have been deluding themselves with drugs to kick out the apothecary
 and buy it."—*Sunday Times*.
 "Almost as entertaining as a novel."—*Westminster Review*.
 "Dr. Dickson is a man of genius."—*John Bull*.
 Also, by Dr. Dickson,
THE FORBIDDEN BOOK, in 2 vols., with a New
 and Improved Treatment of all Curable Diseases.
 SIMPKIN, MARSHALL and Co., Stationers' Court; J. OLLIVIER,
 59, Pall Mall.

Just Published.
 The following New Laws of Last Session are now ready:
THE COUNTY COURTS IMPROVEMENT
 ACT, with Notes and a Digest of all the recent County Courts
 Cases. By EDWARD W. COX and MORGAN LLOYD, Esqrs., Bar-
 risters-at-Law. Authors of "The Law and Practice of the County
 Courts." 4th Edition. Price 3s. 6d. cloth.
THE NEW LAW OF WILLS ACT.
 By G. S. ALLNUTT, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Author of "The
 Practice of Wills and Administrations," &c. Price 1s. 6d. cloth.
THE GENERAL HIGHWAYS ACT, and the
 other Statutes relating to the Highways, with the Cases, Forms,
 Practical Notes and Index. By WILLIAM FOOTE, Esq., Magistrate's
 Clerk. Price 10s. 6d. cloth, 12s. 6d. half-bound.
 London: JOHN CROCKFORD, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

Just published, price 6d. each; post free, 10d.
1. THE BALL-ROOM PRECEPTOR, and
 Complete Guide to all the most Fashionable Dances. By
 MONS. LA FONTAINE, of her Majesty's Theatre.
2. THE BOOK OF THE STAGE, and AMATEUR'S
 GUIDE. A Pamphlet for Old Play-goers and Young Play Actors;
 including Advice to Amateurs—The Stage as a Profession—Engage-
 ments—The Wardrobe—Theatrical Properties, &c. &c.
3. A TREATISE ON THE ART OF DRESS; in-
 cluding a Dissertation upon every Article and Style of Attire, &c.
 London: S. Y. COLLINS, 113, Fleet-street.
 * * * S. Y. C. continues to supply the Country Trade with
 Miscellaneous Books of every description;
 Weekly Publications of all kinds;
 Monthly Magazines as soon as published; and
 All the London Newspapers on the very lowest terms for cash.
 Trade Catalogues of terms sent post free on application.

Just published, demy 8vo., price 9s., with FRONTISPIECE and VIGNETTE.
 Vol. III. of a NEW LIBRARY EDITION, Uniform with the Standard
 English Authors, of
THE WAVERLEY NOVELS:
 By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. To be completed in Twenty-
 five Monthly Volumes.

No Works of Imagination of the same extent have ever been received
 with favour equal to that conferred upon the WAVERLEY NOVELS.
 Since their first publication not fewer than a HUNDRED and TWENTY
 THOUSAND COPIES have been sold in this country, and at least as many
 in the United States. These have been published in a great variety of
 forms to suit the taste of the public; but there has been long wanted
 an Edition in Octavo to range with the Standard English Authors,
 combining the advantage of a large type and portable size. This
 desideratum it is now proposed to supply by means of the LIBRARY
 EDITION, which will consist of TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES, demy 8vo.,
 to be published Monthly. The printing, however, will proceed more
 rapidly, so that those who desire to complete their sets before the ter-
 mination of the periodical issue, will have an opportunity of doing so at
 a considerable time before the regular publication of the last volume.
 Each volume will contain a complete Novel or Novels, illustrated with
 a Frontispiece and Vignette, Painted and Engraved by the most
 eminent artists of the day. The LIBRARY EDITION will contain all the
 latest corrections of the Author.

ADAM and CHARLES BLACK, Edinburgh: HOULSTON and STONEMAN,
 London.

SMALL BOOKS ON GREAT SUBJECTS.

Just published, No. XXI., price 4s. 6d.
ON THE STATE OF MAN SUBSEQUENT to the
PROMULGATION OF CHRISTIANITY. Price 3s.
 Also, recently published,
 Number XIX. and XX., on the same Subject. 4s. 6d. each.
 * * * Numbers I. to XVIII. of the Series (excepting No. VIII., out of
 print), may still be had, price 5s. 6d. each.
 WILLIAM PICKERING, 177, Piccadilly.

Just Published, Part I. (to be completed in Four Parts) of
THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF
SAINT DAVID'S. By the Rev. WILLIAM BARTL JONES,
 M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford; General Secretary of the
 Cambrian Archaeological Association; and EDWARD A. FREEMAN,
 M.A., Late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; Author of the "History
 of Architecture," "Landfall Cathedral," &c.
 The letter-press will be copiously illustrated with Steel Engravings
 by Le Keux, and wood-cuts by Jewitt, from drawings taken on the
 spot by the latter eminent architectural artist. Price, in royal 4to.
 India proofs, to Subscribers, complete in 1 vol. cloth, 2l. 2s.; to Non-
 Subscribers, 3l. In demy 4to. to Subscribers, in one vol. cloth, 1l. 10s.;
 to Non-Subscribers, 2l.—Delivered Free.
 * * * Subscribers' Names will be received at the Subscription price till
 the publication of the Second Part.
 London: W. PICKERING, J. H. PARKER, and J. PETERHAM;
 Tinsley: R. MASON.

Works by Rev. J. W. WARTER, Vicar of West Tarring, &c. SUSSEX.

1. **A PLAIN PROTESTANT'S MANUAL.**
 18mo. 3s.; large size, 5s.
2. **A PLAIN CHRISTIAN MANUAL.** 18mo. 2s.;
 large size, 3s. 6d.
3. **PASTORAL LETTER on the NEW ROMAN**
CATHOLIC AGGRESSION, after the Old Fashion. Second Edit. 2d.
4. **PLAIN PRACTICAL SERMONS.** 2 vols. 8vo. 26s.
5. **THE TEACHING OF THE PRAYER BOOK.** 7s. 6d.
6. **ASSIZE SERMONS, LEWES, 1845.** 2s. 6d.
7. **"And the SEA GAVE UP THE DEAD THAT**
WERE IN IT." 2d.
8. **UNCONTROVERSIAL PREACHING OF THE**
PAROCHIAL CLERGY. 1s. 6d.
9. **"NO PROPHECY OF SCRIPTURE is of any**
PRIVATE INTERPRETATION." 1s. 6d.
 RIVINGTONS, St. Paul's Church-yard, and Waterloo-place.

Just published, price 1s. post free 1s. 6d.
THE POETRY OF CHILDHOOD.

By GOODWIN BARMBY.
 "Who has heard of Goodwyn Barmby? The name is peculiar
 enough to escape being passed unnoticed among Smiths and Browns,
 and it is the name of a man of real genius." . . . His writings are
 more like Turner's pictures than anything else we can compare them
 to. . . . He is the author of some sweet quaint poetry that
 recalls the days of Jonson and Herrick."—*North British Quarterly*
Reviews.

Also, price 1s., handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, post free 1s. 6d.
CATHERINE SINCLAIR; or the Adventures of
a Domestic in Search of a Good Mistress.

By A SERVANT OF SERVANTS.
 "The above is a little story, evidently of American origin. Pictures
 of mistresses in the slave-holding states are not, we think, overdrawn,
 and show how a familiarity with cruelty can brutalise the super-refined
 susceptibility of a woman's nature, and how susceptibility of the most
 delicate organisation can be brought to look indifferently on tortures
 that a stout man would shudder and shudder to behold. It is well
 written."—*Weekly Dispatch*, May 16.
 London: W. TREDNICE, 337, Strand.

A BIBLE DICTIONARY FOR THE PEOPLE.
 By JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.R.S., &c., Editor of the "Pictorial Bible."
 In a beautifully printed volume, 8vo., price 10s. 6d., illustrated by 336
 Engravings on Wood.

A CYCLOPEDIA OF BIBLICAL
LITERATURE FOR THE PEOPLE. By JOHN KITTO, D.D.,
 F.R.S., &c., &c.
 This Work is studiously adapted to the wants of the great
 body of the religious public. It forms a Popular Digest of the contents
 of the Two-volume Work, and possesses the same superiority over
 POPULAR DICTIONARIES of its class as the Original Work confessedly
 does over those which aspire to higher condition. To Parents, to Sunday
 School Teachers, to Missionaries, and to all engaged, either statutorily or
 occasionally, in the important business of Biblical Education, the
 volume is confidently recommended as at once the most valuable and the
 cheapest compendium of Bible Knowledge for the People which has ever
 appeared in this country.
 Also, in Two Volumes, price 3l., illustrated by 554 Engravings on Wood,
 besides Maps, and Views on Steel.

A CYCLOPEDIA OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE.
 By JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.R.S., &c., &c. Assisted by Forty able
 Scholars and Divines, British, Continental, and American, whose initials
 are affixed to their respective contributions.
 "Among the contributors are to be recognised the names of many of
 the most distinguished Biblical scholars, both British and Foreign. It
 is not, therefore, too much to say, that this Cyclopædia surpasses every
 Biblical Dictionary which has preceded it, and that it leaves nothing to
 be desired in such a work which can throw light on the criticism, inter-
 pretation, history, geography, archaeology, and physical science of the
 Bible."—*Horne's Introduction to the Critical Study of the Scriptures*.
 ADAM and CHARLES BLACK, Edinburgh; and sold by all Booksellers.

TO PATRONS OF ART.
EXQUISITE OIL PICTURES.—KNIGHT
 and FOSTER have been appointed the agents for the sale of
 BAXTER'S PATENT OIL PICTURES.
 This invention has excited the admiration and wonder of all persons
 of taste by their brilliancy of colour, as well as the extreme softness,
 delicacy of finish, and effect, which has placed them in the first rank as
 Gems of Art for the Cabinet, the Album, or Scrap Book.

SIXPENCE EACH.
 View from Richmond Hill. Richmond Bridge. Windsor Forest.
 View near Harrow-on-the-Hill. Balmoral Castle. Cruick Abbey. Royal
 Exchange, London. Flowers—three bouquets. Flowers—a group.
 River Scene. Holland Abbeyville. Cader Idria. Gondolier. Windsor
 Castle. Flowers—ten bouquets. Lover's Seat, Hastings. The Dripping
 Well, Hastings. Ben Nevis. The Tarentella Dance. Indian Settlement.
 British Guiana. Prince of Wales landing at Osborne. Welsh Drovers.
 Tintern Abbey. Netley Abbey. Bala Lake, North Wales. View of the
 River Camel. Brougham Castle. Solzengraben, on the Rhine. Water
 Mill on the Wyre. Langollen. Warwick Castle. Lake Como. River
 Tivy. Five of the above sent post free on the receipt of 33 postage
 stamps.

ONE SHILLING EACH.
 The New Houses of Parliament. Ten Royal Illustrations. Ten Album
 Illustrations. Chalers Saton, India. The Harem. The Greek Dance.
 Paul and Virginia. The first Impression. St. Ruth's Priory. The
 Bride. Four of the above sent post free on the receipt of 52 postage
 stamps.

TWO SHILLINGS EACH.
 Her Majesty the Queen, a full-length Portrait. His Royal Highness
 Prince Albert, ditto. The Landing of Her Majesty and Prince Albert
 in Ireland. The Holy Family, after Raphael. The Circassian Lady at
 the Bath. Verona (Evening Scene). Jenny Lind. Jetty Trofs. Two
 of the above sent post free on receipt of 52 postage stamps.

THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.
 The Great Exhibition, Exterior View. The Great Exhibition, Interior
 View. Flora. Arctic Expedition in search of Sir J. Franklin. Windsor
 Castle. Osborne House, Isle of Wight. The whole are mounted on
 card-board or drawing-paper, and some have a rich gold border. Three
 of the above sent post free on the receipt of postage stamps, or post
 office order for 10s. 6d.

FOR PRESENTS.
 The pair of Views of the Exhibition are very suitable, and are by far
 the most perfect, as well as the most elegant yet published of that
 wonderful structure, and are fitted in handsome Gutta Percha Frames,
 Gold and Glass, complete for 17s., carriage free.
 When the value of Ten Shillings or above is taken they will be sent
 carriage free to every part of Britain.
 KNIGHT and FOSTER, Stationers, &c., 5, Eastcheap, London.

This day, price 1s., Second Edition.
REASONS FOR BELIEVING THAT THE
LORD HAS RESTORED TO THE CHURCH APOSTLES
AND PROPHETS. By a CLERGYMAN.
 London: T. BOSWORTH, 215, Regent-street.

This day is published, post 8vo., cloth, gilt edges, price 4s.,
LOUISA. From the German of Voss. By
 JAMES COCHRANE.
 Translated by the same, post 8vo., cloth, gilt edges, price 3s.,
HERMANN and DORETHEA. From the German
 of Goethe.
 Edinburgh: JOHNSTONE and HUNTER. London: ROBERT THEOBALD.

GALVANISM.
 Sent free to any address on receipt of two stamps for postage.
NERVOUS or MIND COMPLAINTS
 CURABLE: a Pamphlet on the History, Physiology, Treatment,
 and Care of Depression, Delusions, Excitement, Confusion, including
 every class of Nervous or Mental Derangement. With Important
 Remarks on the Extraordinary Curative Properties of Galvanism in all
 Cases of the Dolorous, Paralysis, Deafness, Epilepsy, Gout, Sciatica,
 Lumbago, Rheumatism, Spinal Complaints, Falsy, Asthma, Stiff Joints,
 Diseases of the Prostate Gland, &c.
 Mr. NEWTON, 20, Boulevard-street, London.

ACHILLI v. NEWMAN.
 Now ready, price One Shilling and Sixpence.
THE CORRECT and AUTHENTIC REPORT
 of the Trial and Preliminary Proceedings in the case of The Queen
 (on the Prosecution of G. Achilli) v. J. H. Newman, D.D. With the
 Documents, Affidavits, and Pleadings, and an Introduction, containing
 Comments on the Legal and Moral Bearing of the Case, and on the
 Course and Conduct of the Trial; together with copious Notes, illus-
 trative of the Character of Religious Houses, the Influence of the Con-
 fessional, and the Constitution and Practice of the Court of Inquisition,
 &c., &c. By WILLIAM FRANCIS FINLASON, Esq., of the Middle
 Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Leading Cases on Pleading," &c.
 Published by C. DOLMAN, 61, New Bond-street; and sold by all
 Booksellers.

DR. CULVERWELL ON NERVOUSNESS, DEBILITY, AND INDIGESTION.
 Price 1s.; by post, 1s. 6d.

WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID.
 "Abstinentia, multum curatur morbi."
 An Address to the Young, the Delicate, the Valetudinarian, and
 Invalid, instructive to how to avert many of the illnesses of life, and
 showing also the resources we have within ourselves to remedy them,
 and live again.
 SHERWOOD, 23, Paternoster-row; MANN, 39, Cornhill; and the
 AUTHOR, 10, Argyl-place, Regent-street.
 Consultation Hours Ten till Five. Evenings, Seven till Nine.

COLT'S REVOLVERS, OR PATENT

REPEATING PISTOLS.
 1st.—ARMY, or HOLSTER PISTOL.
 2nd.—NAVY, or BELT PISTOL.
 3rd.—POCKET, THREE-INCH BARREL.
 4th.—POCKET, FOUR-INCH BARREL.
 5th.—POCKET, FIVE-INCH BARREL.
 6th.—POCKET, SIX-INCH BARREL.

The Bullet Mould, Nipple-wrench, and Screw-driver, Powder-flask,
 and Box of Caps, with printed directions for loading and cleaning, form
 the only fittings necessary for the Pistol-case.
 The peculiar excellencies of Colt's "Revolver" are well known. For
 safety, simplicity, durability, accuracy, and celerity of fire, force of
 penetration, and security against moisture, they possess important ad-
 vantages both for public and private service. The barrel is rifled bore.
 The lever or rammer does away the need of wadding or patch. The
 hammer, when at full cock, forms the sight by which to take aim, and
 it is readily raised to full cock by the thumb, without using both hands;
 and it has been tested, by long and actual experience. This arrange-
 ment is superior to those weapons in which the hammer is raised by
 pulling at the trigger, the strength of the pull necessary for this pur-
 pose interfering with the correctness of aim, which is of so much im-
 portance.

SPECIMENS OF COLT'S FIRE-ARMS, which attracted universal at-
 tention, and obtained unqualified approbation at the GREAT EXHIBITION,
 may be seen, and instructions obtained for procuring them for the use
 of Officers in His Majesty's and the Hon. East India Company's
 MILITARY and NAVAL SERVICES, &c., on application at
 Colonel Colt's Office.—No. 1, Spring-gardens, Cockspur-street, London.
 Address of the Manufactory.
 New York, and Hartford, Connecticut, United States.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The SCALE of CHARGES for ADVERTISEMENTS is as follows:
 Five lines 5 0
 Each succeeding line 0 6
 Country Readers who wish to reach the cost of their advertisements
 with the orders for inserting them, are requested to observe that each
 line of print contains, on an average, ten words.

CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES:—	
Shakespeare and Mr. J. F. Collier	367
The Literary World: its Sayings and Doings	367
A Life Drama. By A. Smith	368
ENGLISH LITERATURE:—	
Biography:—	
Henry's Memoirs of the Life of Henry Lord Langdale	369
Miss Pardee's Life of Marie de Medicis	370
Foyages and Travels:—	
Fortune's Journey to the Tea Countries of China	371
MacKinnon's Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches	371
Honan's Personal Adventures of "Our Own Correspondent" in Italy	371
Feet's Ride through the Nubian Desert	371
Forbes's Physician's Holiday, or a month in Switzerland in 1845	371
Fiction:—	
The Lost Inheritance	374
Glen Luna. By Amy Lothrop	374
The Waverley Novels	374
Notices of Small Books	374
Poetry and the Drama:—	
Moir's Poetical Works. By T. Aird	374
Miscellaneous:—	
Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling	376
Foot's General Highway Act	377
Cox and Lloyd's County Courts Improvement Act	377
Notices of Small Books	377
Periodicals and Serials	378
FOREIGN LITERATURE:—	
The Critic Abroad	378
France:—	
From our Paris Correspondent	379
Cherrier's Histoire de la Lettre des Papes et des Empereurs de la Maison de Bourbon	379
Naples:—	
From our own Correspondent	380
SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.:—	
Science and Inventions:—	
Summary	381
Art and Artists:—	
The Art Journal	381
Talk of the Studios	381
Music and Musicians:—	
Summary	382
Musical and Dramatic Chat	382
Natural History:—	
Henry's Vegetation of Europe	382
Burton's Falconry in the Valley of the Indus	383
Summary	383
Gossip of the Literary Circles	383
Drama and Public Amusements	383
Correspondence:—	
Architecture as an Art	384
Lord Chesterfield's Letters	384
Dictionary of Living Authors and Artists	384
Deaths	385
List of New Books	385
ADVERTISEMENTS	385, 386, 387, 388, 389

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. P." (Kingston, Surrey).—We are much obliged for the communication, and shall be always glad to receive such facts and criticisms.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

To ensure regularity of account, we shall be obliged by transmission of the subscriptions due at Christmas, and future payments at Midsummer and Christmas. If, to save trouble to both parties, subscribers will add the subscriptions for a year in advance, and transmit it by post-office order, the cost of the order may be deducted, but not otherwise. Post-office orders should be made payable to Mr. John Crookford, at the Strand Office.

THE SECOND QUARTERLY PART, for 1852, is now ready, price 3s., or the monthly part for March, price 1s., for convenience of Book-club Colonial and distant provincial circulation. Covers for binding the volume for 1851 can be had at the office, or through a bookseller. Price 2s. 6d.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

SHAKSPEARE AND MR. J. P. COLLIER.

WITH much prelude and circumstance, and some little ostentation, Mr. J. P. COLLIER has introduced to the reading public, in the columns of *The Athenæum*, specimens of what he calls 'early manuscript emendations of SHAKSPEARE's text,' a more appropriate designation would have been, manuscript impertinences, &c., whether early or late, is of no importance. Unfortunately such things are as likely to be done now as they were 200 years ago.

To those who understand SHAKSPEARE, comment and caution are alike unnecessary, the proposed alterations carry their condemnation with them, and to this fact I attribute the utter silence with which, as far as I know, they have been received. But our great dramatist is the common property of all who read his language, and it is our duty to posterity to preserve him as far as possible in his original integrity, rather allowing the few defects (or what may be considered such) to remain as he probably left them, and trusting to time and increased knowledge to throw lights upon them, than, by hasty alteration and substitution, to run the risk of disturbing the consistency and coherency of the whole.

If, as has been said, SHAKSPEARE invoked a curse upon those who should interfere with his perishing bones, what severer malediction would he have bequeathed for those who should seek to corrupt his imperishable works; this, whatever it may or might have been, Mr. COLLIER has incurred. The scribbler whom he quotes, merely spoiled his own property—Mr. COLLIER, by printing such follies, has done his best to injure the inheritance of ages yet unborn.

I will endeavour to support this assertion by a few remarks on some of the proposed alterations.

The first example is from *The Tempest*, Act i. 2, the usual reading is:

—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie.

Mr. COLLIER very innocently remarks upon this: "It is very clear that Antonio could not make 'a sinner of his memory' by telling 'truth,' but by telling untruth;" and thereupon quotes his folio, thus:

—like one,
Who having, to untruth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie.

He then proceeds: "There can surely be no hesitation in substituting *to untruth* for 'unto truth,' because the substitution at once removes all difficulty, and while it clears the poet's grammar, makes his meaning indisputable." I can see neither how 'it clears the poet's grammar' nor how it makes his 'meaning indisputable.' To my mind the one is as much involved as before, and the other much more so.

'It is very clear that' one 'could not make' 'a sinner of his memory' 'to untruth'—but 'unto truth'—"to credit his own lie," "by telling of it." 'There can surely be no hesitation in' leaving the passage unaltered, 'because' 'the poet's' 'meaning' is then 'indisputable.'

The next is from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv. 3:

Madam I pity much your grievances,
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you.

Of this passage Mr. COLLIER says, "that it is defective is clear, because it is not *Silvia's* 'grievances' that are 'virtuously plac'd,' but her love for *Valentine*." He therefore proposes to interpolate between the first and second lines quoted above, the MS. line,

And the most true affections that you beare,

found in his folio.

Granting for a moment that the passage 'is defective,' as Mr. COLLIER asserts, does not this addition make confusion worse confounded, by putting *Silvia's* grievances and affections in the same category, and making them equally objects of pity, and that too, without removing Mr. COLLIER's objection, for the

grievances still remain as 'virtuously plac'd' as they were before the interpolation; but the passage really requires no tinkering, the sense being sufficiently obvious to any ordinary understanding.

The next is a smaller matter, but equally injudicious. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. 3.

Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; * * she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation.

Here Mr. COLLIER proposes to substitute *carves* upon the authority of his folio, for *carves*; I see no necessity for the alteration; we hear of measuring with the eye, why not of carving? It appears to me to be merely another version of the 'judicious eyliads,' with which *Falstaff* shortly after says *Page's* wife (not *Mrs. Ford*, as Mr. COLLIER has it,) had 'examind' his 'parts.'

Mr. COLLIER proceeds: "An embarrassment of a more important kind meets us at the very outset of *Measure for Measure*, where the Duke * * * observes:

Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me 't'act speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency as your worth is able,
And let them work.

"The meaning is pretty evident; but the expression is obscure and corrupt," &c. He then gives the lines according to the new reading in which *apt* is substituted for *put* in the third line, and the last two lines read:

But add to your sufficiency your worth,
And let them work.

The meaning is, as Mr. COLLIER says, 'pretty evident,' and I think the alterations make it more 'obscure,' &c. The words 'I am put to know,' mean simply, I am in a position to know; while 'I am apt to know' can only imply, I am fit, or disposed, or inclined to know. The word *apt* is used in this sense by SHAKSPEARE in *Hamlet*, "I find thee apt;" but it cannot give the intended meaning here, which the original word certainly does. The latter part of the passage is more difficult; but while the proposed alteration improves the metre, it neither makes the sense more clear nor the construction more grammatical.

Then follow half-a-dozen verbal corrections in passages from several plays, all perfectly unnecessary, and showing the complete uncongeniality between the mind of the author and that of the wanton scribbler who was marring him.

The last example in Mr. COLLIER's first letter is from *Othello*, Act i. 1:

Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves.

Upon which Mr. COLLIER says: 'the expression "trimm'd in forms and visages of duty" is at least unusual, if not forced and unnatural.' That the expression is 'unusual' may be admitted, but it is to be hoped that neither Mr. COLLIER nor any one else will take upon himself to alter all the unusual expressions in SHAKSPEARE, into usual or common ones. That it is forced or unnatural I deny. It is in perfect keeping with the rest of the speech; but the following is the proposed emendation:

Others there are,
Who, learn'd in forms and usages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves.

Mr. COLLIER then takes the unnecessary trouble of explaining how the *mistakes* arose, not having the slightest doubt as to the propriety of the alteration. It is rather surprising that he should have overlooked the fact, that his new reading entirely destroys the antithesis between 'visages of duty' and 'hearts attending on themselves'—that he should have failed to perceive and admire the picture shadowed out in the original line, is only what every one who has read his two letters would have expected.

At the commencement of his second letter, Mr. COLLIER, after consultation with friends of his, proposes a further emendation of the passage last quoted by substituting *train'd* for *learn'd*—so, that THOMAS PERKINS, or whoever the anonymous scribbler of the seventeenth century may have been, will have to answer, not only for his own misdeeds with respect to SHAKSPEARE, but also for those of others occasioned by them.

The next passage, from *The Merchant of Venice*, is a matter of mere punctuation, and though something may be said for the proposed alteration, it is by no means certainly to be adopted.

Then comes a passage from *Love's Labour Lost*, Act i. 1.

So you to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

This is to be amended as follows:—

So you by study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house-top to unlock the gate.

The last line is certainly better metre, but the substitution of *by* for *to* in the first entirely destroys the

sense of the passage and its consonancy with what precedes this summing up; the matter in question is—"What is the end of study?" in relation to a scheme proposed, but not yet entered upon, and therefore the original passage has a future sense, as—so you, by your resolution to study now it is too late, will be climbing o'er the house, &c.; the introduction of the word *by*, gives the sentence a present sense not warranted by the context. The next is a wanton and unnecessary alteration; and the last is, perhaps, the most outrageous of all, although Mr. COLLIER 'is quite certain' that the 'gross blunder' will be rectified in all succeeding editions of SHAKSPEARE: it is in *Cymbeline*, Act iii. 4.

Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him.

The proposed reading is:

Some jay of Italy,
Who smother's her with painting!!! hath betray'd him.

Let the reader of SHAKSPEARE summon to his mind's eye the hideous picture suggested by this sentence, and then say whether the immortal bard would have put into the mouth of *Inogen*, in language so coarse, an image so disgusting and so utterly disparaging to herself and her lord. Granted that the meaning of the passage is obscure, but rather a thousand times leave it so, than, by converting it into such barbarous vulgarity, preclude all future attempts at explanation.

I think it will appear, from the foregoing, that Mr. COLLIER, from a deficiency in the critical taste and judgment necessary for any one who would assume the office of an emendator, attaches too much weight and value to the "base authority from others' books," and is much too ready to adopt alterations, merely, as it would seem, because they are alterations.

It would be no difficult task to find, or to manufacture, thousands of such emendations, and when Mr. COLLIER declares that he 'cannot avoid thinking that this discovery must hereafter occasion very considerable changes in the received text of SHAKSPEARE's plays,' it behoves every one to protest against unwarranted alterations in that text, and unnecessary additions to the already encumbered pages of our annotated editions.

Let, then, the admirers of SHAKSPEARE, one and all, exclaim to Mr. COLLIER, in the language addressed to a more venial sinner:—

Tandem nequitie fige modum tux,
Famosisque laboribus.

C.

THE LITERARY WORLD: ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Literary Interest has this year fair reason to be surprised, for once, that all mention of it was omitted in the speech from the Throne which preceded the dissolution of Parliament. It is not merely, or at all, because we have now a literary Chancellor of the Exchequer, that such an omission may naturally excite attention. But when Her Majesty spoke of "unceasing endeavours" to "develope and encourage art and science," perhaps Literature might have been permitted, without any disloyalty, to whisper to itself, "Have not I, as well as Art and Science, some claims upon the State?" By a curious coincidence, on the preceding day, Lord MONTEAGLE, in the House of Peers, had called the attention of the Government to the practical importance of undertaking a considerable literary enterprise, the collecting and popularizing the Ancient Laws of Ireland. His Lordship read an extract from the able report of the Commissioners appointed to investigate the matter, and it was to the effect that much of the popular discontent in Ireland was owing to a belief that the earlier period of Irish history was a golden age of freedom, peace, and plenty, and the Commissioners were of opinion that a knowledge of those laws would go far to dispel this conviction. Past versus Present is a controversy still unsettled, and even not yet fully and clearly stated, in other countries besides Ireland. Much of COBBETT's dangerous indignation was founded on the alleged superiority of the Past, and the same notion it was that gave birth, not many years ago, to the Young England party, which has contributed two members to the Cabinet. All the "encouragement" or "development" which English literature at present receives from the State may be summed up in a mention of the compilation of a few school-books for the Irish National Schools. Surely, inquiries into its own ancient history have a reasonable claim on the public purse of the greatest and wealthiest nation in the world. The State employs artists to paint scenes from English history, and to carve statues of English monarchs for the adornment of the Palace of the Legislature. But their literary treatment is left to chance and "voluntary effort," and, apart from

the unsightly gap left in our literature by such a neglect, the "war of classes" is made more fierce and irrational by the prevailing ignorance—witness the exasperating effects produced by the gentleman who calls himself JOHN HAMPDEN, junior.

SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE, the Deputy-Keeper of the Records, has presented his annual report to Parliament, recapitulating in it, among other things, the improved "right of search" granted by the Master of the Rolls, and with which literary people seem generally satisfied. A strong feeling of dissatisfaction, on the other hand, is growing up among the London booksellers, in connection with the British Museum. MR. ANTHONY PANIZZI has been making a raid among them, and haling to the dock of the police-office members of the trade who have forgotten or neglected to send to the Museum their new publications, as required by the Copyright Act. That Mr. PANIZZI should have behaved with rudeness and harshness, is very supposable; but it is not easy to point out a practical remedy. *The Leader* recommends that the booksellers should complain to the trustees; but to those who know them it is very doubtful whether the latter would interfere. A protest from a powerful and united Booksellers' Association might have had some effect, but such a body has ceased to exist, thanks to exertions of which *The Leader* approves. One thing is pretty clear:—The copy of each new book legally due to the Museum from the trade is a tax, and its payment should not be enforced with greater harshness or severity than is employed in collecting other taxes. Yet summonses have been enforced, and respectable booksellers placed in the dock, after they had actually proffered at the Museum the works demanded! What other tax-gatherer in the kingdom has such powers put into his hands? It may be said that the books due to the Museum should be collected by hand, like other taxes, and so far as the case of the metropolis goes, the arrangement would work well enough; but how would it answer with regard to provincial publications? The aggrieved booksellers should, meantime, however, see that the law is equally and impartially administered, and that the publishers of *The Edinburgh Review* are not allowed to escape, while the printers of *Punch* are brought before a magistrate. A friend of ours inquired lately at the Museum for *Leigh Hunt's Journal* (the second series, published last year): it was not in the Library! As it professes to be MR. HUNT's, and to be published "at the office," MR. HUNT, we suppose, is the person legally responsible for its non-delivery at the Museum. It would be an amusing sight, would it not? LEIGH HUNT in the felon's dock at a police-office, placed there by MR. ANTHONY PANIZZI! But this matter, like so many other matters, only serves as an additional proof of the need for an organization of the bookselling trade, like that presented for imitation by the *Cercle de la Librairie* at Paris.

An ingenious Yankee has propounded a practical solution of the difficulty respecting International Copyright with America. An American, he says, has copyright in England, an Englishman has none in America: let every popular English author become an American citizen, by the short residence in the States which is all that the law requires, and then he will have copyright in both countries! The solution is very ingenious, but most English authors would think they were paying rather dear for their whistle in denationalizing themselves for the sake of American dollars, and to some of them even a year's residence in the United States would be an insuperable objection. The American condition of citizenship would, for instance, suit MISS MARTINEAU very well, but what would become of poor Mrs. TROLLOPE, if she ventured to show herself again among the most enlightened people upon 'airth? Would MR. DICKENS, after his *American Notes*, escape even with tar and feathers? Or MR. CARLYLE, who has printed his conversational reply to MR. COBDEN: "What do I think of America? I think that it has produced, with unexampled rapidity, sixteen millions of the greatest bores upon the face of the globe!"

MR. GLADSTONE, who was so zealous to reform the book trade with which he had nothing to do, and so backward to reform Oxford University with which he had a great deal to do, is reported to have changed his views in the latter particular, and it is hinted that he has privately given an assurance to that effect to those University Reformers who are Members of the University—persons that do exist, fit and few! It was by the

late ministry that the Oxford University Commission was called into existence; but after the recent sweeping law reforms, those who wish much to see an improved literary tone communicated to Oxford may be of good hope. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance to literature of such changes in the education at the chief seats of learning as will place the aristocracy on a par with those socially beneath them. The late SIR ROBERT PEEL, in the course of an educational speech at Tamworth, once said that the children of the working classes were beginning to enjoy a better education than that received by the children of the middle classes. And there would be little exaggeration in carrying out SIR ROBERT's sentiment, and saying, that the young men of the middle classes, freely open to so many influences against which Oxford has been hermetically sealed, are in the way of receiving a really higher education than is imparted in those classical and "cloistered halls."

The Literary World watches just now with curiosity, more than ever eager, the changeable aspects of the Political. LORD JOHN is "in" for London:—we shall not have so soon, then, as otherwise what is to be entitled: "Memoir, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. Edited by the Right Honourable LORD JOHN RUSSELL," and is estimated to fill ten volumes! The Literary Executors of the late SIR ROBERT PEEL, LORD MAHON and MR. CARDWELL, have been rejected by their several constituencies: will they try their luck successfully elsewhere, and so delay the appearance of the wished-for Memoirs of SIR ROBERT? MACAULAY sits once more for Edinburgh; so much the worse for the completion of his History. Is there any truth in the rumour that, finding the ground cut from under his feet by MR. DISRAELI's recent manifesto, and stung by the frequent reproaches of a want of practical acquaintance with naval and military matters, MR. COBDEN proposes to accompany the American expedition to Japan, as a sort of amateur historiographer; and that the Literary World may one day expect from his pen an account of the contest written with his usual unadorned eloquence? Certainly a country like Japan which has long flourished under a rigid system not merely of protection but of exclusion will be a curious field of contemplation for RICHARD COBDEN, if he and his American friends can get into it!

Although we are on the verge of autumn, and politics seem so all-engrossing, yet there is activity and there is promise in Paternoster Row. Beyond the Atlantic, publishers announce as forthcoming TENNYSON's talked-of new poem, and one by FESTUS-BAILEY:—so that, if dependence is to be placed on the word of American, two such new poems must be forthcoming here. While MR. PAYNE COLLIER is busy with his new SHAKSPEARE, to comprise the emendations suggested by the wonderful M.S. notes of that wonderful quarto, MR. J. O. HALLIWELL puts forth a prospectus of a new edition on a scale of unheard-of magnificence, to cost forty guineas, and to be of only 150 copies:—there will not, we venture to predict, be a great demand for more. There have been *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*; there are to be *Lives of the Laureates*; MISS AGNES STRICKLAND is following up her *Lives of the Queens of England* with a *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, of which a third volume is under way, containing a biography of MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS; and MR. BENTLEY intimates as looming in the distance a *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, which might be made a very interesting book. Is MR. CROKER's *Life and Works of Pope*, announced once more, intended ever to appear? It might have been thought that MR. NAPIER's almost life-long manipulation of the biography of the Marquis of MONTROSE would have warned off any possible aspirant. But no! MR. JAMES GRANT, the author of the recent *Memoirs of Kirkcaldy of Grange* fancies he has access to new documents, and is at work on a new life of the dashing cavalier. From the Marquis of MONTROSE pass we to a very different topic:—MR. JOHN MACGREGOR once more (!) M.P. for Glasgow, has printed a huge, unwieldy, undigested series of Commercial Tariffs, edited (?) with a Free Trade tendency. MR. NEWDEGATE, with a different tendency, is editing a translation from the German of *The Commercial Tariffs of all Countries*. By OTTO HUBNER, Member of the Prussian Board of Trade. And published under the sanction of the Prussian Government.

LORD JEFFREY (not an over-modest man), when editing *The Edinburgh*, was constantly in fear

that it was growing dull, and kept pressing his friends to send him some "clever young men." Most of the editors of our chief periodicals seem unacquainted with LORD JEFFREY's fear, and the dullness of the magazines for the present month is really portentous. By the way, how the anonymity of the periodical press is breaking down! Thus Messrs. LONGMAN advertise in a separate form, an article from *The Edinburgh Review* for April last, *On Investments for the Working Classes*, and publish its writer's name, that of MR. W. R. GREG, the brother of MR. R. H. GREG, once Chairman of the Anti-Corn-Law League. MR. W. R. GREG is the chief sage of *The Economist*, and his hand is to be found in almost every liberal Review. People ascribe to him an article on *Sir Robert Peel*, in the new number of CHAPMAN's *Westminster Review*, the praises of which (the new number, to wit) are they not (rather too loudly) sung by one of its chief contributors in a certain weekly newspaper? Its opening article, on "Secular Education," is a very dull and dry one, from the pen of GEORGE COMBE of Edinburgh. COMBE is an Edinburgh attorney who made a noise many years ago by a book on *The Constitution of Man*, in the jargon of which you recognised with surprise, as JOHNSON says of POPE's *Essay on Man*, "the talk of your mother and your nurse." The article on "Lord Jeffrey's Life" is by MR. WILLIAM WEIR, one of the editors of *The Daily News*, who promised, some time ago, a work, which makes no sign of appearing, on London literary society in Dr. JOHNSON's day, from the papers of a literary veteran. Of course there is a speculative paper by the Rev. JAMES MARTINEAU, the Unitarian Minister of Liverpool, the oracle, in those parts, of that small sect, and whose review-articles a clerical friend of ours once happily called "boiled sermons." The article on "Female Novelists" is from the pen of MR. G. H. LEWES, lively, like all he writes; but, though French literature has not been very copious of late, his so-called "summary" of it in the present number cannot, on the most charitable interpretation, be pronounced to deserve its title. The summary of English, and that of American literature, especially the latter, are executed in an able and workmanlike manner. That of German literature, understood to be the joint product of MR. JOHN OXENFORD and MRS. PERCY SINNETT, is very indifferently done. Thus, TALVJ, the pseudonym of the accomplished German-American authoress, MRS. ROBINSON, is mis-spelt, and the Summarists appear to be perfectly ignorant who she is!

FRANK GRAVE.

A LIFE-DRAMA.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

(Continued from page 314.)

SCENE FIFTH.—WALTER, wandering down a rural lane. Evening of the same day as Scene Fourth.

WALTER.

Sunset is burning like the seal of God
Upon the close of day.—This very hour
Night mounts her chariot in the eastern glooms
To chase the flying Sun, whose flight has left
Footprints of glory in the clouded west:
Swift is she hailed by winged swimming steeds,
Whose cloudy manes are wet with heavy dews,
And dews are drizzling from her chariot wheels.
Soft in her lap lies drowsy-lidded Sleep,
Brainful of dreams, as summer hives with bees,
And round her in the pale and spectral light
Flock bats and grisly owls on noiseless wings.
The flying sun goes down the burning west,
Vast night comes noiseless up the eastern slope,
And so the eternal chase goes round the world.

Unrest! unrest! The passion-panting sea
Watches the unweild' beauty of the stars
Like a great hungry soul. The unquiet clouds
Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,
And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.
Summers, like blushes, sweep the face of earth;
Heaven yearns in stars. Down comes the frantic rain;
We hear the wail of the remorseful winds.
In their strange penance. And this wretched orb
Knows not the taste of rest; a maniac world,
Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.

[A Child runs past; WALTER looks after her.]

O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God;
The motions of thy dancing limbs are sway'd
By the unceasing music of thy being!
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
'Tis ages since he made his youngest star:
His hand was on thee as I were yesterday.
Thou later Revelation! Silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow! O bright and singing babe!
What wilt thou be hereafter?—Why should man
Perpetuate this round of misery
When he has in his hand the power to close it!
Let there be no warm hearts, no love on earth.
No Love! No Love! Love bringeth wretchedness.
No holy marriage. No sweet infant smiles.
No mothers bending o'er the innocent sleep
With unvoiced prayers and with happy tears.
Let the whole race die out, and with a stroke,

A master-stroke, at once cheat Death and Hell
Of half of their enormous revenues.
[WALTER approaches a cottage a peasant sitting at the door.
One of my peasants. This is a fair eve.

PEASANT. Ay, Master!

How sweet the smell of beans upon the air;
The wheat is earing fairly. We have reason
For thankfulness to God.

WALTER (looking upward.)

We have great reason;
For He provides a balm for all our woes.
He has made Death. O blessed be His name.

PEASANT.

He has made Heaven—

WALTER.

To tawn eternities.
Did I say Death! O God! there is no Death.
When our eyes close, we only pass one stage
Of our eternal being. Your hand, my friend!
For thou and I are sharers in one doom:

We are immortals; and must bear such woe
That, could it light on God, in agony
He'd pay down all His stars to buy the death
He doth deny us.—Dost thou wish to die?

PEASANT.

I trust in God to live for many years.
Although with a worn frame and with a heart
Somewhat the worse for wear.

WALTER.

O fool! fool! fool!
These hands are brown with toil; that brow is seam'd;
Still you must sweat and swelter in the sun,
And trudge, with feet benumbed, the winter's snow,
Nor intermission have until the end.
Thou canst not draw down fume upon thy head,
And yet would cling to life! I'll not believe it;
The faces of all things belie their hearts,
Each man's as weary of his life as I.
This anguish'd earth shines on the moon—a moon.
The moon hides with a cloak of tender light
A scar'd heart fed upon by hungry fires.
Black is this world, but blacker is the next;

Each man looks back on his unworthy years
With as great loathing as a mother looks
Upon her child, the offspring of a rape.
There is no rest for any living soul:
We are immortals—and must bear with us
Through all eternity this hateful teing;
Restlessly flitting from pure star to star,
The memory of our sins, deceits, and crimes
Eating into us like a poisoned robe.
Yet thou canst wear content upon thy face
And talk of thankfulness! O die, man, die!
Get underneath the earth for very shame.

[During this speech the Child drags near, at its close
her Father presents her to WALTER.
[Looks at her earnestly.

Is this thy answer?

O my worthy friend,

I lost a world to-day and shed no tear;
Now I could weep for thee. Sweet sinless one!
My heart is weak as a great globe, all sea,
It finds no shore to break on but thyself:
So let it break.

[He hides his face in his hands,
the Child looking fearfully up at him.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Right Honourable Henry Lord Langdale. By THOMAS DUFFUS HARDY. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1852.

ALTHOUGH very little public interest is commonly attached to that life which is spent apart from both civil and religious strife—passed neither in the battle of politics nor in the ranks of literature or science—some modern biographers have taught us to discover, in the calm equable scenes of a judicial life, food for study and reflection, and have not thought it fruitless to exhibit in the judges of the land such examples of intellectual industry and unblemished probity of life as cannot but raise the standard of opinion in estimating the qualities and characters of men. HORACE TWISS, in his *Life of Lord Eldon*, and LORD CAMPBELL, in his *Lives of the Chancellors*, have done excellent service to society in this department, and the profession of the law stands peculiarly indebted to them for holding up such bright and conspicuous examples to the emulation and admiration of neophytes. MR. THOMAS DUFFUS HARDY, too, in selecting his subject, deserves well of his readers. In all the ranks of our bench—a body of men of whom, with some rare exceptions, we ever have been, and still continue to be, proud—none certainly is more entitled to the admiration of his fellow men than the late LORD LANGDALE. Not only was his life a constant performance of beneficial duties in the sphere of action he had adopted; not only was it spent “in the philosophic endeavour to amend the existing law, and in dispensing justice with an even hand;” but it was an unceasing struggle against evil in whatsoever form it might present itself: it was an adherence to conscientious principles unsurpassed by any man, at any time: it was a practical refutation of the vulgar error that to be a good lawyer a man must be a skilful knave.

LORD LANGDALE is but very lately snatched from among us. His form, manner, countenance, and speech are yet present to our memories; and it is but as yesterday when we saw him sitting in silken dignity, administering, after his placidly jovial style, the duties of his office. Who does not remember that cool and pleasant court in the Rolls Garden, Chancery-lane? Who has not sought that shaded, peaceful retreat from the burning rays of a July sun? It was a perfect bower in the summer. The presiding judge, the officers of the court, the counsel, perfectly cool; always excepting the suitors and the solicitors, who awaited with perspiring brows the judgments soon to flow mellifluous from those dignified lips. Pleasant little *matinees legales* were those in the Rolls Garden: more like the garden of the epicurean school than a court of law. Little, easy, good-tempered discussions upon moot points as they arose, ever and anon, out of the case under immediate consideration, appeared always to be the great matter in hand: the bar in general taking part in the argument; MR. G. TURNER (now V.C.) chiming in as *amicus curiæ*; and, above all, his Lordship, shedding the light of his handsome luminous countenance, and his not less luminous intellect, over the knotty quibble under consideration, as if there were no such things as decrees involving pounds, shillings and pence, or no such place as the Accountant-General's

Office, within a thousand miles of his tribunal. Not that business was neglected here; for beneath this stream of discussion there flowed a rapid stream of real work, and, ever and anon, his Lordship would check the digressive talk, and bring the powerful forces of his mind to bear upon the business of the suitors in a manner that soon swept away any arrears caused by the momentary delay. It is interesting to reflect how, in spite of this apparent *dolce far niente*, the business of the Rolls Court really was disposed of: several times during his holding office LORD LANGDALE had to report to the Lord Chancellor that his list was exhausted, and there was neither cause nor motion remaining to be disposed of. Once, indeed, he proposed to take references, arguing, justly, that as Head Master of Chancery he was competent to perform the duties of a Master; and even when his list was empty he would attend daily at the Rolls, prepared to meet any case of emergency, and to render assistance to the Chancellors, if needed. This avidity of work proved, indeed, fatal to him eventually, and it was doubtless owing to the unremitting attention he had paid during life to the duties of his profession, that his sudden and unexpected end must be attributed.

Although, perhaps, the particular details of LORD LANGDALE'S life would more assimilate with the spirit of a legal than of a literary publication, we shall lay before our readers the outlines of his career, avoiding, as much as possible, all that is technical or recondite.

HENRY BICKERSTETH, the subject of these memoirs, was born at Kirkby Lonsdale on the 18th of June, 1783, and was the third son of MR. HENRY BICKERSTETH, a surgeon, of that place. JOHN, one of his elder brothers, is the present Rector of Sapcote, and a very popular divine; and his youngest brother ROBERT is one of the most celebrated medical practitioners in the town of Liverpool. After relating the usual modicum of puerile anecdotes common to most infancies, but only recalled to mind when the heroes of them turn out to be remarkable men, the biographer proceeds to inform us that HENRY was placed in the grammar school of Kirkby Lonsdale, under the Rev. JOHN DAWSON, where he obtained the first prize for translating one of MARTIAL'S Epigrams into English verse. At the age of fourteen his parents, intending him for the medical profession, withdrew him from school, and he was at once apprenticed to his father, and two years afterwards he proceeded to London under the care of MR. HENRY BATTY, his maternal uncle, for the purpose of prosecuting his professional studies. It was during his stay in London that he began to conceive a disgust against the medical profession, and his sentiments upon this point may be gathered from the following extract from a letter to his father upon a desire expressed by his brother ROBERT to embrace the profession:

Before Robert enters on the profession, ask him if he could endure to have it said that he *killed* his patient, after he had been taking every proper pains, and using every proper endeavour, to save him; or to receive the praise of having saved his life, when he was conscious of having used measures directly opposite to those which would have been right. If he answers these questions in the affirmative, he has prepared his mind to practise medicine.

Nevertheless, at this time, he was unremitting

in his attention to his professional studies, and he writes his father that he had much rather wear a shabby coat than abridge himself of anything which conduced to his instruction. In the summer of 1801 he was sent to Edinburgh, by his uncle's advice, for the purpose of there completing his medical studies.

It is much to be regretted that this portion of the book is unnecessarily enlarged by the insertion of matter that can scarcely be interesting to the general mass of readers; observations are given in the text which are afterwards found to be contained, in precisely the same words, in letters by BICKERSTETH given at full length; a mass of letters giving very prosy accounts of the progress of his medical studies, with such postscripts as are commonly appended to the home letters of students, acknowledging the receipt of “the ten pound note,” are marshalled at tedious length; indeed we are bold enough to suggest that MR. HARDY would have made his work twice as entertaining if he had curtailed it by half its length. Not that young BICKERSTETH himself appears to have considered these letters any small matter, for at the end of one to his father we find the following proviso, rather singular as coming from a youth of sixteen:

Excuse me for reminding you of a sort of contract we made,—“My letters are not so studiously written as to make them fit for publication.”

In the month of June, 1802, he matriculated at Cambridge, and entered his name on the books of Caius College, intending to take a degree in medicine, but, his health failing, he shortly afterwards proceeded to the continent for the purpose of joining the Earl of OXFORD'S family in Italy, in the capacity of their travelling medical attendant. To follow him through this trip would be somewhat tedious,—how he loaded his pistols before the landlord and waiters of the inn at Porto Fino, and thereby saved himself from spoliation,—how he threatened to blow out the brains of the captain of a fishing-smack if he surrendered LORD OXFORD and party to the French, and how at Venice “he acquired great skill in rowing the gondola,” we cannot set down here at length; suffice it to say, that on his return to England, with renovated health, he accompanied LORD OXFORD'S family to Egwood, and took up his abode there until March, 1805, when he returned to his studies at Cambridge. At this time his own opinions as to his future prospects appear to have been very unsettled indeed; an inclination towards the army sprung up, arising from the supposition that LORD OXFORD'S influence would be of use to him in that respect, but this was promptly discouraged by his parents, despite his representation that “the greatest philosophers and historians of old were many of them soldiers;” and, finally, acting under the advice of his tutor, DR. CHAPMAN, who discerned seeds of talent in the youth, he resolved to read for honours, and take his degree as Master of Arts, rather than as Doctor of Medicine. The account of his student-life at Cambridge, given by his contemporary, the celebrated Professor SEGWICK, is interesting, because indicative of his future fame:

He led the life of a severe student, and almost of a recluse, during the first two terms of his undergraduate-ship. It was not until my third Cambridge year that I heard of Henry Bickersteth, a desperately hard student

of Caius College, who would probably be captain of his year; and I well remember the day, in the winter of 1806 and 1807, when he was first pointed out to me. * * * He had the look of a man who was taxing his health by over-work in his study, and was older than the average age of an under-graduate. * * * Whenever he came to visit me, all my friends were anxious to be invited, for he was one of the great lions of the year. He had no reserve, but threw out his sentiments vigorously and brilliantly; his manners were firm and gentlemanlike, and in knowledge of the world he was greatly our superior. He had no apparent objection to any argument, and he knew how to listen to his opponent; but if ever he had to deal with a man who seemed to be defending what was mean or base, he was not sparing in invectives. I have heard that, on one or two occasions, at the Debating Society, his invectives and sarcasms were most overwhelming and withering. * * * In his habits he was temperate even to singularity, at a time when deep drinking was too often the habit of the day, and in conversation he was chaste and pure. I never heard an indecent word or indecent allusion pass his lips.

This habit of using withering and overwhelming words against that which was mean or base, so graphically recorded by the Professor, did not desert Lord LANGDALE in after life. Many of his bar will remember how, when some illstarred counsel imagined that misquoted law or mistated facts could pass muster at the Rolls, the storm would gradually arise, and the judge would descend in all the plenitude of his power upon the head of the devoted wight, and overwhelm him in an avalanche of crushingly indignant words. It is to be regretted that this passion for the truth carried him sometimes into a loss of temper, and he has been blamed for giving way to the impulse of what was, perhaps, a just indignation, in a manner that excited too often the anger rather than the repentance of the culprit.

This course of severe study, so manfully sustained during the three years of his under-graduateship, was so productive of fruit that, although at the commencement of his career he was almost entirely ignorant of mathematics, at the close thereof he attained to the highest honours the University had to confer, that of being Senior Wrangler and Senior SMITH'S Prizeman, and, as if to add to the lustre of the signal triumph, the year was more than usually conspicuous for the number of first-class men that competed in it, SEDGWICK himself ranking as fifth wrangler.

It is a curious coincidence and worthy of notice, that at the same time, four men were numbered among the judges of the land who had successively attained the abovementioned honours, namely, Sir F. POLLOCK, Lord LANGDALE, Baron ALDERSON, and Mr. Justice MAULE.

After resting from his toils sufficiently long to enable him to enjoy the fruits of his triumphs in the bosom of his family, HENRY BICKERSTETH, who had now finally abandoned all idea of adopting the profession of ESCULAPIUS, entered his name as a student in the books of the Inner Temple. The entry bears date the 8th of April, 1808, and in the beginning of 1810, we find him learning to draw Chancery pleadings in the Chambers of the renowned "JOCKEY" BELL. This singular character, whose memory will be fresh to every one who has known anything of the history of the bar during the last half-century, appears to have taken very little notice of young BICKERSTETH at first. It is true that the latter writes home to his father "whenever I see him (BELL) he shows me the greatest civility," but these golden opportunities partook too much of the character of angels' visits to be very productive of advantage to the young neophyte, and JOHN BELL was evidently too much occupied with his clients' business to spare much time for his pupils. BICKERSTETH very naively hints this when he says—

He (Bell) has much more business than he can possibly get through, though he works from morning till night, and thinks of nothing in the world besides. His is certainly no enviable life, and I cannot but wonder that a man who is independent enough to command leisure should make himself so complete a slave to his profession.

It was not many years ere BICKERSTETH ceased "to wonder" how a man should make himself "a slave to his profession," or ere he learned the lesson that the duties that belong to the profession of a man's adoption, are sacred duties and cannot be left unperformed without openly breaking faith, not only with his own conscience, but with the public.

It was at this period that the short political

career in which BICKERSTETH indulged, may be said to have commenced. During his residence abroad, accident had thrown him into the company of Mr. JONES BURDETT, who, on his return to England, introduced him to his brother, Sir FRANCIS, an acquaintance which soon ripened into friendship. Dazzled by the prospects of a reform to be bounded only by the limits of the Utopia, BICKERSTETH entered heart and soul into the plans of Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, and, taking advantage of his acquaintance with JEREMY BENTHAM, we find him actually negotiating the terms of a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, to be entered into by these potent leaders of the people. The notorious acts of intimacy which he consummated in the eyes of the world, rendered BICKERSTETH somewhat odious in the nostrils of his brethren at the bar. It was BICKERSTETH who was found consoling the contumacious member for Westminster in the donjon-keep of the Tower, whither he had been consigned for his "libellous and scandalous letter reflecting upon the just rights and privileges of the House of Commons." It was BICKERSTETH who accompanied the liberated knight when he flitted away from that fortress by water, so much to the discomfiture of the procession of gentlemen in blue cockades, "headed by Major CARTWRIGHT and Colonel HANGER, with an oak stick in his hand," that waited upon Tower Hill to convey the people's martyr back again to Piccadilly with all the circumstances of a Roman Triumph. It was BICKERSTETH who formed a prominent member of Sir FRANCIS BURDETT'S Committee on that great Westminster election (a monster election truly!) when ROMILLY, MAXWELL, BURDETT, KINNAIRD, HUNT, and CARTWRIGHT solicited the suffrages of the electors of Westminster, which lasted for five days, during which 15,469 electors polled, and which ended in the return of Sir SAMUEL and Sir FRANCIS. For the part which he took in this last event, however, BICKERSTETH did not pass unscathed; he himself records that clients said to his clerk that they would like to give his master business "if he were not such a radical," and that when he first entered Lincoln's-Inn Hall after the election, most of his old friends turned their backs upon him, for the Bar was friendly to ROMILLY.

The effects of this political shower, however, soon passed over, and when we resume this account of his progress, it will be found that he speedily attained to a large and lucrative business with much less of difficulty and annoyance than commonly strewed the path of the aspirant to forensic honours.

(To be continued.)

The Life of Marie de Medicis. By Miss PARDOE. 3 vols. London: COLBURN & Co. 1852.

(Continued from page 318.)

No sooner was the corpse of HENRY IV. laid in state in a *Chapelle ardente*, with all the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion, asperged (to use the somewhat pedantic expression of Miss PARDOE) with holy water, than the kingdom was plunged into very great confusion. LOUIS XIII. was only nine years of age. Those reins of government, which the strong grasp of HENRY could scarcely command, sat very loosely in the hands of the Regent-Mother; and for this several causes may be assigned.

Although MARIE DE MEDICIS was gifted, as we have before indicated, with a very high and queenly spirit, selfishness appears to have been the predominant quality of her nature. Proud and imperious in success, utterly reckless of consequences, so that what she conceived to be the dignity due was secured to herself, she could, when her own interests required it, bend like any sycophant and assume the most abject and degraded position. This was why, although loudly complaining, as an honest wife had every right to do, against the illicit influence of Madame DE VERNEUIL, she was constantly making the most humiliating concessions whenever that wary lady could do for her any advantageous office. This was why, after domineering over her son with a tyranny that his gloomy, brooding disposition could ill brook, even subjecting the young sovereign to the punishment of the rod, she quailed before that son when he threw off her yoke and declared to act upon his own responsibility. Thus, alternately commanding and entreating, she incurred the hatred without securing the respect of all her adherents, who, from CONCINI to RICHELIEU in turn betrayed her, because she had taught them, by the force of

example, to care more for their own interests than for hers. Added to this, the state of political morality among the nobles of France was such that the fidelity of the best among them was to be purchased with money, and their allegiance was bought and sold like the most common merchandize in the land: a fact which will be readily believed when it is stated that no less a sum than thirteen millions of francs (equal to about four millions of pounds present currency) was distributed, within a year of HENRY'S death, among nine of the chief nobles. These things combined to render MARIE'S position very precarious and untenable.

No sooner was the King's death known in the palace, than MARIE DE MEDICIS, "profiting by the advice of the Chancellor, made a violent attempt at composure." Nor did the effort appear to cost her much. Scarcely was the King laid in his grave when the walls of the Louvre again resounded with the notes of gay festivity. Upon the admission of her self-elected panegyrist, "the besetting sin of MARIE DE MEDICIS was a love of magnificence and display," a fact which we may readily concede when we find that scarce five months after her husband's terrible death had elapsed when the bereaved widow was giving one of her favourite *ballets* in the very palace to which his remains had been conveyed. "I took the liberty," says RAMBURE (the *Pepts* of the court) of representing to the Regent that the people would murmur on witnessing balls at court while she was still in mourning; but she only laughed at me, and bade me dismiss such an idea from my thoughts, at which I was not at all pleased, from the respect that I entertained for the memory of His late Majesty." SELLY, too, the great minister, took dire offence at the goings on at court, and in high dudgeon gave up the office which he had so long and so ably fulfilled. The scene in which he is represented as resigning the insignia of his office into the hands of the infant King, is both amusing and instructive.

While engaged in the necessary explanation, he remarked that the antiquated fashions of his costume, which he had not changed for years, had excited the hilarity of the younger courtiers. He suddenly paused, and, after glancing coldly round the giddy circle, looked fixedly at the young monarch, and said, with a dignity which cleared in an instant every inclination to mirth in the bystanders, "Sire, I am too old to change my habits with every passing wind. When the late King, your father of glorious memory, did me the honour to confer with me upon state affairs, he was in the habit of previously clearing the apartment of all buffoons and mountebanks."

Of these scenes, however, Miss PARDOE is much too fond, and oftentimes, we fear, they are not based upon such good authority as the one we have just quoted. The scenes between the young LOUIS and his favourite ALBERT DE LUYNES, the maudlin pieces of nonsense between MARIE and her favourite LEONORA GALIGAI, proceed from no other source than Miss PARDOE'S own fertile imagination, and where that extraordinary speech is reported which she represents as having been delivered by MARIE DE MEDICIS before the war council, after the arrest of the Prince DE CONDÉ, for *lese majesté*, which she prefaced by impressively rapping the table with her fist, and which was so tremendously overpowering, that "even RICHELIEU, as if crushed beneath the impassioned eloquence of the Regent, sat with drooping head and downcast eyes," we should very much like to be informed. We fancy that it was the anticipation of Miss PARDOE'S eloquence, not the literal words delivered by MARIE, under which RICHELIEU so terribly suffered.

This, we are aware, is an old accusation against Miss PARDOE, and she refers to it in her preface, by stating that "contrary to my previous system, but in justice to myself, I have multiplied the foot-notes, in order to give with precision the several authorities whence I deduced my facts!" This is a very ingenious mode of disarming criticism; but it appears to us, after a careful examination of the book, very like proving part of a case, and then begging the remainder. That she has cited her authorities, in part, we freely admit, but many, many scenes, are contained in these volumes for which not the slightest vestige of authority is or can be cited; and which, in fact, would sit much better upon the pages of a novel than of a work which assumes the credit due to an authentic history.

The training of young LOUIS XIII. was not such as was likely to render him either a good prince or a good son: spoiled and petted by his mother when a child, tyrannically and violently

corrected by that mother when the seeds of such injudicious culture began to germinate, and eventually left to himself and to his favourites while she was trying to play the despot over his kingdom, he became a revengeful, brooding, weak, and easily misled King. His very preceptors were badly chosen; albeit of M. VANGUELIN DES IVETAUX, the first under whose care he was placed, Miss PARDOE records the singular verdict that "he was a man of great talent, and quite equal to the task of forming the mind and intellect of a prince, BUT OF DISSOLUTE PRINCIPLES AND SENSUAL HABITS." If LOUIS XIII. had remained long under the influence of DE LUYNES, dire, indeed, would have been the consequence to France, but under the dominating genius of RICHELIEU, this very weakness of the King proved the salvation of the kingdom, for had the strong domineering will of the cardinal found in him any resistance to his projects of government, it is impossible to say what might not have been the consequences to the nation.

It appears a strange, though by no means singular coincidence, that in times of particular peril to a nation, men have ever been raised up to meet the emergency, who, by the extraordinary force of a commanding and superior genius, have obtained the obedience of all men among whom they lived. Such a man was ARMAND JEAN DUPLESSIS, bishop of LUÇON-RICHELIEU, afterwards the celebrated Cardinal DE RICHELIEU. A crowd of conflicting recollections throng upon the memory at the mention of this extraordinary man. He was truly the most remarkable man of his times. Endowed with a powerful intellect and indefatigable industry, nothing was too great for his mental strength—nothing too insignificant for his subtlety. A crafty priest, and a great statesman, he united within himself all that was necessary to sway the conflicting social elements by which he was surrounded. A reputation like his was, of necessity, not the work of a moment. As his position was impregnable, it was not attained without labour and care. Introduced to court by the accident of presenting an address, he obtained a footing there as the creature of MARIE DE MEDICIS, and of her favourite, that Italian upstart, the MARECHAL D'ANCRE, the husband of LEONORA GALIGAI. This singular part he played only so long as it suited his purposes; for when MARIE herself fell into disgrace, and the mushroom MARECHAL was expiating his folly in the courtyard of the Louvre, we read that, although possessed of information which would have enabled him to avert the blow, the Bishop of LUÇON-RICHELIEU remained quietly in his chamber until he was apprised by the tumult without that all was over.

The account given of MARIE's conduct at this trying juncture is very striking indeed, and abundantly shows how far she deserves the commendations heaped upon her by Miss PARDOE. We can detect in it nothing but the most heartless and intense selfishness.

"Madam!" exclaimed the terrified attendant, as she rushed to the side of the Queen-Mother. "M. le Marechal has been killed by order of His Majesty."

Marie de Medicis started from her seat; her cheeks were blanched, her lips quivered, and she wrung her hands convulsively, as she gasped out, "I have reigned seven years. I must now think only of a crown in heaven." Soon after she exclaimed, "I do not regret that my son should have taken the life of Concini; if he believed it necessary to the safety of his kingdom; but his distrust of myself in concealing such a project from my knowledge is more than I can bear."

On one of her attendants suggesting that the Queen herself would condescend to inform her favourite LEONORA of her bereavement—

Marie de Medicis suddenly raised her hand, swept back her dishevelled hair from her face, and fixing her flashing eyes upon the officious gentleman, passionately replied, "I have other things to attend to at this moment. If no one can tell the Marchale that her husband has been killed, let them sing it to her. Let me never hear again the name of those people."

When poor LEONORA was carried off to her dungeon in the Conciergerie, and from thence to the scaffold, MARIE DE MEDICIS made not one single effort to save her, but allowed her foster-sister, the companion of her life, to suffer a miserable and shameful death without a murmur and without a tear.

We cannot closely follow MARIE DE MEDICIS through her long and devious wanderings. Her stay at Blois, with RICHELIEU, acting apparently as her friend and adviser, but really spying her

movements on behalf of her son and his favourite DE LUYNES; her escape from this galling captivity; her temporary reconciliation with her son; and her final and complete abasement by the instrumentality of the very man whom she had herself elevated into power would occupy us very long to discuss in detail. After her fall she sought a precarious refuge in the court of her daughter HENRIETTA, the Queen of CHARLES I. of England, himself unable to preserve his own family from misery and disgrace; driven from thence by the tempestuous condition of politics in England, she sought a momentary retreat in the house of her protégé RUBENS, the painter-prince, as she delighted to call him; with an ingratitude scarcely to be credited, RICHELIEU used all his immense powers of intrigue to prevent any reconciliation taking place between the Queen-mother and her son, and on the 2nd of July, 1642, she died wretchedly at Cologne, in poverty, almost in want and with not a friend, far less a son, to close her dying eyes. Thus died this princess, who was apparently born to such high destinies, and who had, during her life, attained to such a glorious station. We do not hold with Miss PARDOE, that this is "the only authenticated instance of a total abandonment on the part alike of her family and friends;" but, deserved or undeserved, it was a wretched and lamentable end. Whatever may have been her faults, and they were neither few nor small, her disgrace might have come from other hands than those of her son, at the instigation of some other adviser than the creature of her own bounty.

Alas for human vanity! And shame on human hypocrisy!

For the space of four days Louis XIII. abandoned himself to the most violent grief, but at the expiration of that period he suffered himself to be consoled; while Richelieu, who, even when persecuting the Queen-Mother to the death, had always asserted his reverence for, and gratitude towards his benefactress, caused a magnificent service to be performed in her behalf in the collegiate church.

Tardy were the lamentations, and tardy the orisons, which reached not the dull ear of the dead in the gloomy depths of the royal abbey.

His conduct towards MARIE will ever remain one of the foulest blots upon the reputation of RICHELIEU. It was finely said by DE RETZ, of the Cardinal, that "he had no great quality that was not the effect or the cause of some great defect," and assuredly his greatest defect was ambition—ambition of the most absorbing and comprehensive nature; not content with swaying the sceptre of absolute power over France, he would have his supremacy acknowledged in everything; whether in love or letters; whether as the adorer of MARION DE LORME or as the dramatic author, RICHELIEU would exact admiration and obedience, and woe to those who did not freely accord it! their disgrace was certain. Such a man as this could ill-brook near his sovereign a woman whose temper so closely accorded with his own; a woman, too, armed with all the prestige and authority of a mother. To effect a complete and irreparable rupture between this imperious mother and this plastic son, was the object of RICHELIEU's chiefest ambition; and although the deed is of course indefensible upon the grounds of morality or even of common humanity, having regard to the character of MARIE DE MEDICIS and her tendency towards absolutism, it cannot be doubted that it was productive of the greatest benefit to France.

With reference to the book itself, we must say, in conclusion, that Miss PARDOE is a little too garrulous a gossip to be a trustworthy historian. With a woman's weakness she is too fond of finery to be very deep in political economy. She would rather tell you of the courtiers, what their pourpoints were made of, than inform you accurately as to what manner of men they were. She will tell you that "the King was attired in a vest and *haut-de-chausses* (scotice breeks) of white satin, elaborately embroidered with silk and gold;" but of his moral and mental qualities, and how the policy of his government effected so completely and so rapidly the restoration of the French nation into wealth and power, she leaves you lamentably ignorant. Whatever may be the exact position assigned her by a contemporary critic, between "the frescoed galleries of THIERRY and the philosophic watch-tower of GUIZOT," in our estimation she gives too much rein to her fertile imagination. Many scenes are given in this book for which not the slightest warrant can be shown: a pardonable, even a necessary, liberty in a novelist, but, in one who professes to compile

a correct history, a dangerous and even criminal licence. For all this, Miss PARDOE is a most agreeable writer. She is gifted with a flow of elegant language, which renders her pages exceedingly attractive, and if she will only elect for the future between the historical novel, and the history proper, we shall gain either a very brilliant novelist or a very excellent historian.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Journey to the Tea Countries of China, including Sung-lo and the Bohea-hills; with a short Notice of the East India Company's Tea Plantations in the Himalaya Mountains. By ROBERT FORTUNE. Author of "Three Years' Wandering in China." With Map and Illustrations. London: Murray.

Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches Afloat and Ashore. By CAPTAIN MACKINNON, R.N., Author of "Steam Warfare in the Parana." In 2 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

The Persona's Adventures of "Our own Correspondent" in Italy. By MICHAEL BURKE HONAN. In 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

A Ride through the Nubian Desert. By CAPTAIN W. PEELE, R.N. London: Longman and Co.

MR. FORTUNE's account of the *Tea Countries of China* is something more than a formal report upon the tea plant and its cultivation. Disguised as a Chinaman, he was enabled to penetrate into the heart of the country, and to see much that has not been before opened to the inspection of an European. His adventures in his assumed character are extremely amusing, while his descriptions of the scenery and vegetation are quite pictorial: he brings them vividly before us in a few words, and his professional knowledge is only seen incidentally; it is not thrust forward obtrusively. He displays to us a country far advanced in civilization, and, upon the whole, very well governed. All the arrangements of a society of settled habits are to be found as in Europe. Roads are few and not good, passage boats on the canals being the established mode of travelling, and these ply with all the regularity of coaches in England. The inns are quite equal to our own in number, in splendour, in comfort, and in charges. The shops are very handsome and abundantly supplied; the streets are thronged with people apparently as earnestly engaged in business as those in our own mercantile cities; there are theatres, tea-houses, public gardens, horticultural exhibitions—in short, China appears to be at least as far advanced as we were fifty years ago.

He thus describes a district renowned throughout the world, and a remarkable tree which he discovered there.

THE BOHEA MOUNTAINS.

We arrived at last at the celebrated gate or huge doors which divide the provinces of Fokien and Kiang-see. The pillars of these gates have been formed by nature, and are nothing less than the "everlasting hills" themselves. The arched doorways of the place bore a great resemblance to the gates of a Chinese city. As we passed through the archway, I observed a guard of soldiers lounging about, but they did not take any notice of us, or attempt to examine our baggage. We were soon through the pass, and in another province. The province of Kiang-see had been shut out and left behind us, and our view now opened on Fokien. Never in my life had I seen such a view as this: so grand, so sublime. High ranges of mountains were towering on my right and on my left, while before me, as far as the eye could reach, the whole country seemed broken up into mountains and hills of all heights, with peaks of every form. While gazing with wonder and admiration on the scene, my attention was arrested by a solitary pine tree of great size, standing about a hundred yards from the gateway. No other trees of any size were near it. Its solitary position near the pass, and its great height and beautiful symmetry, made it appear a most striking object. "What could it be? was it new, or did we already possess it in England?" I must confess that for a few seconds I had eyes for nothing else. Chair, coolies, and mountains were all forgotten, and I believe, had the guard of Celestials attempted to prevent me from going into Fokien, the only boon I should have asked at their hands would have been to be allowed to go and inspect this noble pine. The Chinese guard, however, had not the slightest intention of interfering with my movements, and, as the tree was on the road-side, I soon came up to it, and found it to be the Japan cedar (*Cryptomeria japonica*), a tree which I had already introduced into England, and which even in a young state, had been greatly admired there. I had

never before seen such a noble specimen, and, although I had rather it had been something new, I yet felt proud of having been the means of introducing into Europe a tree of such size, symmetry, and beauty. It was at least one hundred and twenty feet in height,—it might be much more,—as straight as a larch, and had its lower branches drooping to the ground. It had not been "lopped," like other Chinese trees, and was evidently preserved with great care. My Chinamen looked upon it with great admiration, and informed me it was the only specimen of the kind in this part of the country, and that it had been planted by some former emperor when he crossed the mountains.

There is another tree for the introduction of which we are much indebted to him. It will probably be naturalized with us:

THE WEEPING CYPRESS.

But the most beautiful tree found in this district is a species of weeping cypress, which I had never met with in any other part of China, and which was quite new to me. It was during one of my daily rambles that I saw the first specimen. About half a mile distant from where I was I observed a noble looking fir-tree, about sixty feet in height, having a stem as straight as the Norfolk Island pine, and weeping branches like the willow of St. Helena. Its branches grew at first at right angles to the main stem, then described a graceful curve upwards, and bent again at their points. From these main branches others long and slender hung down perpendicularly, and gave the whole tree a weeping and graceful form. It reminded me of some of those large and gorgeous chandeliers, sometimes seen in theatres and public halls in Europe.

What could it be? It evidently belonged to the pine tribe, and was more handsome and ornamental than them all. I walked—no, to tell the plain truth, I ran up to the place where it grew, much to the surprise of my attendants, who evidently thought I had gone crazy. When I reached the spot where it grew it appeared more beautiful even than it had done in the distance. Its stem was perfectly straight, like *Cryptomeria*, and its leaves were formed like those of the well-known arbutus, only much more slender and graceful.

This specimen was fortunately covered with a quantity of ripe fruit, a portion of which I was most anxious to secure. The tree was growing in some grounds belonging to a country inn, and was the property of the innkeeper. A wall intervened between us and it, which I confess I felt very much inclined to get over; but remembering that I was acting Chinaman, and that such a proceeding would have been very indecorous, to say the least of it, I immediately gave up the idea. We now walked into the inn, and, seating ourselves quietly down at one of the tables, ordered some dinner to be brought to us. When we had taken our meal we lighted our Chinese pipes, and sauntered out, accompanied by our polite host, into the garden where the real attraction lay. "What a fine tree this of yours is! We have never seen it in the countries near the sea where we come from; pray give us some of its seeds." "It is a fine tree," said the man, who was evidently much pleased with our admiration of it, and readily complied with our request. These seeds were carefully treasured; and as they got home safely, and are now growing in England, we may expect in a few years to see a new and striking feature produced upon our landscape by this lovely tree. Afterwards, as we journeyed westward, it became more common, and was frequently to be seen in clumps on the sides of the hills.

Here is another discovery, the value of which travellers will appreciate.

MOSCHETO TOBACCO.

Various substances are employed by the Chinese to drive away moschetoes. This which we had just purchased was made with the sawings of resinous woods—I believe procured from juniper-trees—and mixed with some combustible matter to make it burn. A piece of split bamboo, three or four feet in length, is then covered all over with this substance. When finished it is as thick as a rattan or small cane. The upper end of the bamboo has a slit in it for hooking on to any nail in the wall, or to the roof of a boat. When once lighted, it goes on burning upwards until within six inches of the hook, beyond which there is no combustible matter, and it then dies out. A somewhat fragrant smell is given out during combustion, which, at a distance, is not disagreeable. Sometimes the sawdust is put up in coils of paper, and is then burned on the floors of the houses. Various species of wormwood are likewise employed for the same purpose. The stems and leaves of these plants are twisted and dried, and probably dipped in some preparation to make them burn.

The moschetto has a mortal aversion to all these substances, and wherever they are burning there the little tormenters will not come. I procured the sticks in question, and burnt them daily, after this; and although the insects were often swarming when I

entered the boat or an inn, the moment their "tobacco" was lighted they quickly disappeared, and left me to sit at my ease, or to enjoy a refreshing sleep. Whoever discovered this precious tobacco was a benefactor to his country, and should have been honoured with the blue button and peacock's feather at the least. But I suppose, like all other Chinese discoveries, it is so old that the name of its original discoverer cannot now be traced.

Travellers in China are not troubled by passports or police; there is no difficulty in moving about, for although Mr. FORTUNE was suspected to be a foreigner, no person chose to know it: he was a welcome guest, they took his money, obeyed his orders when paid for it, and asked no questions. Thus it was in the heart of the tea district:—

Wang, who had been sent on shore at daybreak to procure a chair, and coolies for our luggage, now came back and informed me that he had succeeded in arranging all this at an inn hard by, to which we must go. Leaving the boat, we walked up a crowded street for nearly a quarter of a mile, and then entered the inn in question. No one took the slightest notice of me; a circumstance which gave me a good deal of confidence, and led me to conclude that I was dressed in a proper manner, and that I made a pretty good Chinaman.

Our Shanghai boatmen accompanied us, carrying our luggage; indeed I believe they had recommended us to the inn at which we had now arrived. To my astonishment, they at once informed their friend the innkeeper that I was a foreigner. Having been paid their fare, they had nothing more to expect, and I suppose could not contain the secret any longer. I now expected that some difficulties would be experienced in procuring a chair, either through fear of the mandarins, or with the view of extorting money. The old man, who made his living by letting chairs and selling tea, took everything very quietly, and did not seem to despise a good customer, even if he was a foreigner. A chair was soon ready for me to proceed on my journey. The bearers were paid by the master of the house to take me one stage—about half way; and a sum of money was given them to engage another chair for the remainder of the journey, to a place called Kan-du, which is situated on the banks of the large river which here falls into the bay of Hang-chow.

Captain MACKINNON is a man of movement—fond of enterprise, loving novelty, of thoroughly "go-ahead" temperament, and, therefore, sympathizing with the restless energies of the Americans, of whom he professes himself the hearty admirer. His Tour in the United States, which occupies the first of the two volumes before us, is distinguished from the many other reports received from travellers in the same familiar localities by this uncommon feature, and also by the particular attention which he has paid to the naval power of America. He visited the dock-yards, and inspected the arsenals, and from his account it appears that the greater portion of the work-people are Englishmen, while the fleet is almost entirely manned by our sailors. Let our own Government look to this.

America is thought to be the land of cheapness and plenty. But the hotel charges do not bear out the assertion, as witness these

HOTEL BILLS IN NEW YORK.

A gentleman who went incautiously to a large Broadway establishment, without making a bargain, found that his week's bill amounted to 180 dollars; equal to 37*l*. A member of Congress informed me that on his way to Washington he stopped three hours in bed at the Astor House, and was charged for his brief nap one and three-quarter dollars (nearly 8*s*.) Thus it appears that the citizens are victimized equally with strangers.

The truth is, probably, that innkeepers are much alike all over the world. They make profits when they can. But all Hotels do not enjoy the opportunities of those in New York, and therefore they are cheaper.

The manners most admired by Mr. MACKINNON are those which to us would appear most strange and unbecoming. We like a little show of state upon occasion. But the "free and easy" style, of all others the most offensive to an Englishman, is the most affected by the Americans, and they carry into all the affairs of life, public and private. This is an account of

A PRESIDENT'S LEVEE.

As I was proceeding out of the front door, to engage a carriage for Trenton Falls, I was politely accosted by an American gentleman.

"The President," said he, "will receive this morning, Sir. Would you like to be presented?"

"Very much," I replied. Then, looking aghast at

my shooting-jacket and careless costume, I added: "But will not this dress prevent my having that honour?"

"Not at all," replied the stranger who had accosted me; "your dress is quite good enough. This is a free country."

My turn at length came; and I had the great honour of shaking hands with Mr. Fillmore, who addressed me in a manner full of natural dignity.

"I am extremely sorry," said he, "that I was unable to receive you at Washington;" alluding to a death in his family, which stopped his receptions.

The President is a portly man, with frank and simple manners. His countenance bears strong indications of amiability and kindness of heart.

On turning to retire, I was invited to remain, and gladly took advantage of the opportunity. The good citizens continued to pour in without the slightest bustle or confusion. Occasionally a lady appeared; and all grasped the President's hand in a hearty and affectionate manner.

As this was the first time I had ever beheld such a sight, I looked on with intense interest. Although there was a considerable crowd, and no police, the utmost order and regularity prevailed. In the course of my experience, I never beheld so courteous and well-conducted a crowd, altogether forming a strong contrast to the demeanour of the "brilliant mob" in a similar ceremony in England.

In Democracies the object is to conceal differences of rank and intellect, while in Monarchies it is the purpose to display them. Self-esteem is the ruling sentiment in the former, veneration in the latter.

The most interesting portion of these volumes is that which describes the expedition into the States of the Far West, of which we have hitherto received from English tourists but very imperfect information. But the roads are very bad, and by no means calculated to tempt travellers who seek pleasure. Where roads are almost impassable by reason of ruts, they lay down planks, and these plank-roads appear to answer their purpose very well. The comparison between the two kinds of roads settles the question. "The unplanked part of the road was twenty-four miles, and occupied two days in passing with six upsettings. The planked remainder (sixteen miles) was easily passed over in two hours." The importance of these plank-roads to the farmer is *incalculable*. Land will not find a tenant that has not such a road near it, because its produce could not be carried to market.

The greater portion of the second volume is occupied with a miscellaneous gathering of travelling scenes and recollections in various parts of the world, and which read very much as if they had been composed for the pages of a magazine. They are too much like "articles;" evidently they are written with pains, for the sake of effect. He makes a story, instead of simply narrating what he has seen, as in this graphic and vigorous sketch of

A BULL HUNT.

After progressing about two miles, we observed, just over the crest of a hillock, a black ridge or eminence, like a bush or small rock, which suddenly started into life, developing a huge head and a pair of horns. It was a bull, grazing; and a magnificent creature he appeared to be.

These wild fellows are very different from their species in a tame state. I cannot more fitly describe them than by saying they have a *terrible* aspect, so much so, that some of our men and one officer, although as brave and careless of their personal safety as any could be, were never able to get over their dread of the gorgon-like visages of these beasts, which operated so powerfully on one or two occasions as to prevent the individuals in question from venturing on the main land. This peculiar terror on the part of men of high courage, must, I imagine, have arisen from early impressions made in childhood, similar to the dread some persons have of being alone in a dark place.

While considering how best we might attack the brute, a herd of about forty or fifty was suddenly exposed to our view. Starting *La Porte* at them, and enjoining my brave young companion to keep close to me, we ran full speed towards the animals, the whole of which seemed panic stricken, and scoured off. One bull took a direction across my path, at a distance of about fifty yards. I levelled my rifle at his fore shoulder, and heard (immediately after its sharp crack) the dull sound of the bullet striking him. This enraged the animal, when, turning his head at me, on he came at speed, with tail high above his back.

In a moment I had changed guns, and, with my left knee on the ground, waited his approach. *La Porte* did all a dog could do to divert his course, but on me the bull had fixed his eye, and nothing could shake his

purpose. I must confess I felt as if I should have been much safer anywhere else; but it was too late to think of that.

The animal was within twenty yards when my first barrel opened on him. The ball entered his forehead, but not sufficiently deep to cause instantaneous death, or even to disable him for the moment. Regardless of pain, he still galloped forward, when, at ten yards, my remaining barrel pierced his left eye.

Mad and half blinded he now swerved from me, and rushed headlong on my boy, whom, without attempting to toss, he knocked down, trampled on, and passed over. Before he could turn, La Porte had him by the nose, and for a few seconds held him; but he soon threw the dog off, and came upon us streaming with blood. During the next two or three minutes we exerted every nerve and muscle to keep clear of his repeated though weakened charges, and only succeeded by La Porte's powerful assistance, who, when we were nearly caught, sprung upon him like a tiger.

At length the bull appeared to stagger slightly, and the dog pinned him. Drawing my hunting knife, which, by the by, I could shave with, I ran up, and was in the act of hamstringing him, when once more he threw off the dog and bounded at me. While making the third bound (and when I fancied I could feel his hot breath, he was so close), the tendon having been severed, the remaining cartilages of the leg gave way, and, with a loud bellow, he was stretched on the earth. The next moment my knife was sticking in his heart.

Mr. HONAN was the "Our own Correspondent" of *The Times* during the recent war of independence in Italy; and his volumes are interesting as showing how the news is collected by these missionaries of the London press, who penetrate everywhere, introduce themselves into all sorts of company, obtain information accessible to no other persons, and, such is the craving of all men, of all countries and classes, for public applause, not only ask but obtain facilities and secrets denied even to station and wealth. Mr. HONAN was just the man for such a mission. He is a bold, dashing, undaunted, unblushing Irishman, equally at home in camps and courts, quite familiar with princes and peasants, unconscious of danger, regardless of fatigue, with overflowing spirits, and a good humour that carries him readily through all obstacles and difficulties. There is a great deal of unnecessary braggadocio in these volumes, much that a nice conscience could not approve, still more that will be condemned by good taste; but, upon the whole, it is an agreeable narrative, introducing the reader to scenes which will not find a place in the more formal histories of the contest that are yet to be written, and the book-clubs may be sure that it will have a hearty welcome from their members. It should be stated that "the Adventures" are not a reprint of the communications made by the author to *The Times*, but a collection of his reminiscences of incidents that did not properly come within the province of his correspondence with the newspaper, but make excellent material for a book. Two or three passages will serve to show the manner of the author.

This was the progress of

THE REVOLT OF THE MILANESE.

In their route to the Hôtel de Ville, a patrol was met with, and it is a question on whose part the first act of hostility, which there occurred, took place. The people say the soldiers fired on them, but I have good reason to know that it was a young republican desirous of bringing matters to a head, who began the attack.

From that instant all idea of a *transaction* ceased; the people flew to arms, and in half-an-hour barricades were erected, and the tocsin began to sound. The first barricade was constructed with the carriages of the Viceroy, amidst the cheers and derision of the mob. With the speed of thought others were raised, and the centre of the town was cleared against the circulation of Austrian troops; women and children set to work, the pavement was taken up, and stones carried to every window from whence they could be hurled, and pots and pans, and every offensive domestic weapon, were brought to the point most favourable for attack.

Detachments of Austrians attempted to check this movement, by taking possession of the roof of the Duomo, and of other public buildings; but, as the barricades began to thicken, they were gradually withdrawn, their retreat being a signal for a hurricane of the missiles above alluded to. The vengeance of the people was principally directed against the Croats, of which the main force of the garrison was composed, and it is said that the officers and men of that nation committed cruelties the most revolting, by way of compensation, in all the houses where they entered.

The incessant clanging of the church bells, I am told, produced a wonderful effect on the ignorant Croats.

They felt as if heaven and earth were coming together, and that the tocsin was a thunderbolt to be launched from each steeple after it had rung their death-knell. So far did this superstitious dread of the tocsin affect their imagination, that, in the subsequent retreat, orders were issued in every village to muffle the bells, and assurances given that, wherever they were rung, the place would be abandoned to the men for plunder, or burnt to the ground.

I know not if the charges made against the troops in Milan were true, but it was generally said that in the pocket of one of them, who was shot at the bastions, there was found the hand of a lady, the fingers of which were ornamented with several valuable rings, and one of my friends assured me that all the members of a family of his acquaintance were placed on their knees in the centre of their own drawing-room, the Croats standing in a circle round with loaded muskets, pointed at their heads, while the officer sat down to the piano, declaring that, when he came to the *allegro* of the piece he played, the volley should be fired.

All these cases should be taken *cum grano*, though I have no doubt, where popular fury had full sway, that the soldier's vengeance in its turn followed.

On the second day of the revolution the circle of barricades was enlarged, and the troops excluded from the chief part of all the principal streets. To form these barriers, the owners of the adjoining houses sacrificed their carriages, chairs, sofas, tables, and many articles of ornamental furniture. The popular feeling could not be trifled with, and even the most retrograde among the nobility devoted everything suitable to that use, which their palaces contained.

These barricades were not such as I have seen in other towns. They were immense in size, nearly a yard in thickness, and eight or ten feet in height. By the rapidity with which they were erected, detached parties of the soldiers were cut off, and several of the public authorities intercepted in their retreat to the citadel or castle, where Radetzky had established his headquarters.

On the third day the city might be said to be evacuated, and the whole attention of the Austrians was given to the bastions which surrounded it, and to the several gates leading to the country. A struggle of another kind now commenced, the people directing all their force to the destruction of those gates, with the hope of cutting the Austrian lines, and, at the same time, opening a communication with their friends outside.

Very graphic is this sketch of a scene Mr. HONAN witnessed in the same locality:

By this time the moon had risen, and the effect her rays produced was most extraordinary, as they only lighted the tops of the barricades, whilst the intermediate space was left in darkness visible. No lamps or torches were permitted by the guardians of the night, for what reason I cannot now recollect; and, as the strictest silence was maintained, the pass-word being asked and given in a whisper, the whole was attended with an air of mystery of the most impressive nature. The barricades were not more than ten yards apart, a passage being made to admit one man only at a time on the right hand side, so that, to a person conducted through them, without a single word above one's breath being spoken, it appeared as if he were led within the wards of an interminable prison, to some place beyond the usual haunts of man. The effect was made still more singular by no person being allowed to loiter in any of those subdivisions, the sentinels who guarded them being concealed in the projecting shadow of the high wall, and not an indication of life being given until you touched the point of communication. The officer charged to conduct me, who headed our little party, gave the word to some persons at first invisible to us, but no sooner did we reach a particular spot, than one or two armed men rose up, as if by magic, and after receiving our "*pochi giorni*," sent us on with the solemn warning of "*adagio, silenzio*." The barricades were made up of every possible material; large stones, wide flagging, being combined with sofas, gentlemen's carriages, and other objects of luxury, drawn from the neighbouring palaces. Carriages were particularly acceptable, as they formed most comfortable sentry-boxes; and I was much amused on seeing two lads of not more than sixteen years of age, sons of the Marquis of —, retiring to their father's last London-built chariot, after having given me the usual "*adagio*."

As a specimen of his livelier moods, take this adventure:

"OUR CORRESPONDENT" AND DONNA LUCIA.

I took care, in the first place, not to alarm Donna Lucia's housewifery by any demands on her hospitality, or her domestic time. I sent in a small lamp and some wax-lights, dined at the Albergo, and passed up and down stairs with a velvet step, though I had nearly six feet height and fourteen stone weight to carry. The result was, that when I met the Signore and the

Signora next day in the passage, I was most kindly received by both, and the only complaints they made were, that I did not avail myself more fully of the accommodation of the house, and give more freely orders to their servant. Of course I replied in the most courteous terms, after which Don Pietro made me a low bow, and I remained alone with the Signora. Now or never was the battle to be fought, and so thanking Donna Lucia for her hospitality, I made believe to take a final leave; but it is not every day in the year that wild Irishmen are seen on the banks of the Mincio, and my charming hostess would not let me depart without obtaining some information about foreign parts — "Where was I born?" "In Ireland." — "Of what religion?" "A Roman Catholic, of course." — "You are then a Christian?" "An ugly man, but a good Christian." — "Did you know the great O'Connell?" "Did I not? he was my first cousin." — "E vero?" "Verissimo." — "Oh! what a blessing it is to have a cousin of the great O'Connell under our roof!" A low bow on my part, and an eulogy of the character of the Agitator, in which I exhausted my power of rhetoric, and all the Italian I possessed; after which Donna Lucia continued. "He was a great man, an honest patriot, and a true Christian. He died at Genoa. It was in Italy he breathed his last sigh. How I love his memory! What can we do to show respect for his great name, or to do honour to his cousin?" "Our own" again affecting to bid adieu: — "Adieu, Donna Lucia, eternal thanks for your kind hospitality; I must look out for a bed in the village, as I have business that detains me some days, and I cannot leave until I see the King." "No, Signore, no; your bed is here: when the officer returns we will find him other quarters, but the cousin of the great patriot shall not leave our house. Oh! Don Pietro," to her husband just returned, "only think, this gentleman is an Irishman, a Christian, and a cousin of O'Connell's." "Of the great O'Connell; give me your hand, Signore; I am truly glad to see you, contentissimo." "He wants to leave us, Don Pietro, but I say no; the cousin of the illustrious Hibernian must remain here." "Certainly, my dear wife; you will do us that honour, Signore?" "If I do not derange you." "We loved him whilst he lived; we cherish his memory now, one of his blood is dear to us." "You overpower me; I thank you in the name of his family and of my country; you affect me almost to tears." It was thus I won my battle of the Mincio, and it was thus I established head-quarters which served me to the last day of the campaign.

Captain PEEL is a son of the late Sir ROBERT PEEL, and the journey here so modestly and pleasantly described was undertaken with a view to promote the extinction of slavery by learning, in the very heart of the land that feeds it, what are the influences that give it vitality, what the obstacles to its abolition. In this holy enterprise, Captain PEEL was joined by Mr. JOSEPH CHURL. They crossed the Nubian Desert, but at Labayed both of them were seized with the fever that prevails there, and were compelled to turn back. This *Journey over the Nubian Desert* is described in the little volume before us, which is remarkable for its brevity, the author having carefully omitted all that was not new. Hence a book every page of which abounds in information — Captain PEEL being a keen observer, and catching the aspects of scenery, or traits of character, with extraordinary quickness and accuracy. He notices the

SAGACITY OF THE CAMEL.

On another occasion, we passed some camels grazing at such a distance from the Nile, that I asked the Arab attending, where they went to drink? He said, he marches them all down together to the Nile, and they drink every eleventh day. It is now the cool season, and the heat is tempered by fresh Northerly breezes. The Arab, of course, brings water-skins for his own supply. All these camels were breeding stock. They live on thorns and the top shoots of the gum-arabic tree, although it is armed with the most frightful spikes. But very little comes amiss to the camel; he will eat dry wood to keep up digestion if in want of a substitute. Instinct or experience has taught him to avoid the only two tempting-looking plants that grow in the desert; the green *esha* bush, which is full of milk-coloured juice; and a creeper that grows in the sand, where nothing else will grow, and which has a bitter fruit like a melon. I was surprised to learn that the leopard does not dare to attack the camel, whose tall and narrow flanks would seem to be fatally exposed to such a supple enemy. Nature, however, has given him a means of defence in his iron jaw and long powerful neck, which are a full equivalent for his want of agility. He can also strike heavily with his feet, and his roar would intimidate many foes. I never felt tired of admiring this noble creature, and through the monotony of the Desert would watch for hours his ceaseless tread and unerring path. Carrying his head low forward

and surveying everything with his black brilliant eye, he marches resolutely forward, and quickens his pace at the slightest cheer of the rider. He is too intelligent and docile for a bridle; besides, he lives on the march, and with a sudden sweep of the neck will seize, without stopping, the smallest straw. When the day's march is over, he passes the night in looking for food, with scarcely an hour to repose his limbs, and less than that for sleep. He closes the eye fitfully—the smallest noise will awake him. When lying down for rest, every part of the body is supported; his neck and head lie lightly along the sand, a broad plate of bone under the breast takes the weight of his deep chest, and his long legs lie folded under him, supporting his sides like a ship in a cradle.

This is his sketch of

TRAVELLING IN THE NUBIAN DESERT.

Our way lay amongst blackened hills and broken granite rocks, through a succession of wadis in a S.S.E. direction. We marched in silence, our camels advancing in line abreast over the broad pavement of close-packed sand. There was not a blade of grass, not even a withered straw, the remnant of some partial winter vegetation, and the heat was intense, a hot south wind blowing from the rocks with the breath of a furnace, and the sand was glaring with light. We halted at seven o'clock that night, but only to feed the camels; there was no time to make a fire; we therefore drank water and ate onions for our dinner. The march was then resumed. I never was more fatigued; my tongue was parched and the throat painfully swollen by the hot south wind. We came to a halt at twenty minutes past one o'clock, when I stretched my poor body on the sand to sleep, and my mind wandered by the side of rippling streams in the earthly paradise of England. At 5.15, having drunk water only for our breakfast, we were again on the march, and went on till 8.20 under the sickening heat of a morning sun, without food. Our halting place was on the side of a hill, under a deep ledge, which afforded shade till noon. The Arabs told us we were to sleep, and showed us the example, but the mind was too active, and I felt the necessity of supporting the body with food. I eagerly asked what we had brought, and then learnt that we had come to cross this desert without a stick of firewood, with no meat, no eggs, no vegetables, for even the onions were gone. I turned with the fierceness of an African tornado. What was the use of a Couwass? What was the use of a cook? what was the use even of my faithful Churi? The cook and the couwass retired, but Churi's temper is impetuous, and he loves me too well to care for my hasty words. He said he had tried his best; he thought I knew there was nothing. The fiery passion soon fell at his soft answer, and I asked kindly to know what there really was besides our tea and coffee. There was only a bag of rice and some stale bread, which we had bought at Esné, and had baked in the sun. We then made a fire with camels' dung and boiled the coffee and rice. This was our only food in crossing the desert, and it came twice a day; it was boiled rice and coffee in the morning, boiled tea and rice in the evening. Churi's diet was still more simple, for he confined himself almost entirely to soaked bread and water. The thermometer here at noon, under the shade of the deep rock, and held apart from the side, was 108°, the sky cloudless, with a moderate breeze from the southward. The aneroid had fallen considerably; its lowest range during the day's march was 28.25, being a difference of an inch and a quarter from what it was at Korusko, which gives an elevation of eleven hundred and thirty feet above the level of the Nile at that place. We left at 12.15 and marched till 6.15, when we halted an hour and a half for the evening meal, and at ten o'clock left the hills through which we had hitherto been travelling, and entered upon a vast plain of sand. There was an instant relief from the oppressive heat and the hot suffocating wind. The air of the plain was fresh and even cold. We halted at 2 A.M. The rocky country from which we had emerged lay to the northward, running in an east and west direction like a bold sea coast, and the vast plain, softened by the moonlight into a perfect level, seemed boundless as the ocean. It is the halt in the desert by night that forms so sublime a scene. Men, camels, and baggage lie stretched upon the plain; all are still and scattered, yet all seem bound together, all seem passing away; there is no other shadow but theirs to stain the soft purple of the sand.

Noon, under the shade of a sand-tree, close to the ground and near it, the coolest place, away from the draft; aneroid 28.461, thermometer 103°; a strong southerly wind, as hot as a furnace, painfully oppressive, cloudless sky; so oppressive, that a poor bird came to take a refuge in the same place, though aware of my presence. I put my hand out, and caught it; it was quite overcome. We gave it some water, which it took most greedily, and set it free; but it was too weak, and after flying short distances, it lay down on the sand

to die. The place the bird came to was by the bark in the sand-tree, close to the ground, and which I found, by the thermometer, to be the coolest place. The heat of the sand at noon was 140°. The surface sand was piled up round the thermometer, but it was too hot for more than a passing touch. * * *

The thermometer was suspended in the coolest part of the tent, but I forgot to look at it till just before sunset. It stood then at 114°, but must have been higher in the afternoon, particularly at half-past two, which is the hottest time of the day, for I found my white beaver hat had collapsed from the heat. Our two days here passed very pleasantly, for existence alone was a pleasure after so toilsome a march, and I lived like a water-rat, creeping out of the tent to dive into the stream below.

The Physician's Holiday; or, a Month in Switzerland in the Summer of 1848. By JOHN FORBES, M.D. Third Edition. London: Orr & Co.

DR. FORBES has told the care-worn, the over-laboured, the frail in health, how they may restore the vigour of mind and body by devoting a single month to wandering amid nature's most magnificent sights and purest atmospheres. How much can be seen and done in a month; and by what stages it is to be accomplished, and how the tourist is to travel, and what to take with him, and to eat and drink by the way, and where to sleep, and what the expenses, with proper precautions against undue exertions or over-indulgence—all this will be found in the narrative of Dr. FORBES'S *Physician's Holiday*, which has been found so useful to travellers and has so amused stay-at-home readers by the spirit of enjoyment that breathes in every page, that already it has passed into a third edition, of size compact for packing in the portmanteau, and no person should visit Switzerland without it.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

The Lost Inheritance. A Novel. In 3 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

Glen Luna. By AMY LUTHROP. London: Nisbet and Co.

THERE is much more of promise than of performance in *The Lost Inheritance*. The author wastes practice in composition, better to give utterance to his (or her) thick thronging thoughts. There are evidences of a teeming mind, of fervid feelings, of no small powers of reflection, of a poetical temperament, of a certain rude eloquence, that win and fix the reader's attention, and almost make the critic forget the faults of verbosity, and an injudicious or rather incorrect use of words that vex his eye and ear. Epithets are too lavishly employed. It is not in good taste to say, in the space of four lines, "she was a very delightful and a most fascinating creature," "the infatuating absorbing passion," "immense responsibility," "overwhelming influence," "sunny light," "balmy odours," "magic atmosphere," "happy love." It is the frequent fault of young writers thus to tack an adjective to every substantive, as if they conceived they were giving it strength, instead of weakening it. But there are merits that more than compensate for this defect. The characters are well conceived and drawn, and there is a dramatic propriety in the dialogues which gives uncommon life and reality to the speakers. We know not who is the writer of this new novel, but we should say, from internal evidence, that it is the production of some very clever but very young lady, who has begun to print rather too soon, before she has had sufficient practice to purify her composition from the fault we have named, and some other errors of youth which will be readily recognised by the reader. As a story, however, it is very interesting, and there is an earnestness about it and an air of honest truthfulness, that cannot fail to please, and that give most gratifying promise of great things to be done hereafter, as age and experience strengthen the author's capacities and correct her faults.

Glen Luna is a fiction in a single volume, but so closely though clearly printed, that in length it is probably equal to the regular three-volume novel. There is no preface or introduction, but it appears to us to be very like an importation from America. Whether it be so or not, certainly it displays a great deal of ability and the hand of a practised writer. The name upon the title-page is new to us, but it cannot long remain unknown, for *Glen Luna* is sure to be read extensively, and admired greatly. It is a tale of middle-class life, most unaffectedly told—a

transcript from the world about us, whose charm lies in its almost daguerreotype exactness to the original. Everybody in the book is just like everybody one meets in the world; all talk like men and women, and are moved by the ordinary impulses of human nature. The scenes amid which the personages are thrown are painted with uncommon accuracy and brightness, form pictures in the mind's eye, and, therefore, are not likely to fade away from the memory. It is not the fashion, we believe, for circulating libraries to keep novels in a single volume, because they do not pay for the lending. But if any of them ever break through the rule, they should do so in this case, and we can advise our readers to borrow it if they can; if not, to buy it rather than pass it unread.

Waverley Novels. Vol. III. *The Antiquary.* A. Black and Co.

THIS is the third volume of the new Library edition of SCOTT'S works. It aims not alone at cheapness but beauty. It is a regular library book—large octavo, in a bold type, fitted to take its place with the other classics of our language. All the author's notes are preserved, and each volume has a steel engraving and a vignette.

Bohn's Standard Library has received a valuable accession in MARY HOWITT'S translation of *The Neighbours, and other Tales*, by Miss BREMER. To MARY HOWITT the English are indebted for their first introduction to the charming novelist of Sweden, and in this cheap form they will doubtless have an enormous circulation. We trust that the enterprise will prove so successful that Mr. BOHN may be induced to give us translations of all the best works of fiction of the Continental authors. It would certainly pay, and who could so well undertake the selection and revision as MARY HOWITT?—*The Squanders of Castle Squander*, is one of W. CARLETON'S most clever Irish novels, originally written for and published in the columns of *The Illustrated News*, now reprinted in two handsome volumes, with all the clever and characteristic engravings that accompanied it in the newspaper. Like all of CARLETON'S writings it overflows with genuine Irish humour, in catching and describing which, no man is more happy. And there is a moral in this as in all his stories of Irish life. The originals of *The Squanders* may now doubtless be seen every day in the Incumbered Estates Court.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir (Delta.) Edited by THOMAS AIRD. With a Memoir of the Author. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1852.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

IN our last paper, we spoke shortly but sincerely of the life and the character of "Delta," and of the able and beautiful treatment of his biography by THOMAS AIRD. We have now a few remarks to make on his intellectual and poetical character. "Delta" undoubtedly was not what is called a great poet. He was too active, too peaceful, too happy, shall we say, too good a man, to be that The Great Poets of the Past, whatever may be the case with those of the Future, have been, as a general principle, not very virtuous, or well-conducted, or happy men. DANTE was virtuous, but was he well-conducted or happy? MILTON was alike virtuous and well-conducted; but was he happy? SHAKESPEARE,—was he any one of the three? The names of BURNS, SHELLEY, BYRON, and COLERIDGE, are enough to clench our argument with regard to the age just past. The fact is, Poetry is a disease—a splendid ulcer in human flesh: when well managed it becomes the glory, not only of the individual, but of the species—when not, it becomes the wonder and the disgrace of both; and the question of its management is one which has never yet been fully settled, nor ever can, till we become acquainted with the sources and the conditions alike of the disease and of the constitution to which it adheres. As it is, at present, the apparition of a Great Poet among us is dubious as that of an unfolded Ghost. Till the shroud is raised from his face, we know not from what side of Hades he has come—if his intents be "wicked or charitable"—if he "bring with him airs from heaven or blasts from hell," or what is at all his purpose in "revisiting the glimpses of the Moon?" Hence the uncertainty of his reception. If we cross him he blasts us; if we retire from him, he may send his curse along with us; and if we open our bosoms and admit him, who can tell what poisonous breath he may blow in upon our souls?

Even Death does not always settle the question.

We cannot till this hour, for instance, decide the exact moral purpose and nature of such men as BURNS and BYRON. They have come among us and retired, and, like certain sleep-walkers, have, in all their ravings, instinctively respected and kept the deep secret of their souls.

"Delta" was none of those awful Masters of the Lyre, who, like the lyre itself, were passively responsive to a superior and a changeful Voice. He was a man of fine intellect, taste and feelings, who had, from circumstances, education and scenery, become touched with the power of poetry. He was not so much a natural, as he was an artificial, magnet. He had imbibed, perhaps, the larger portion of his magnetic power from others; but most clearly, honestly, and successfully has he conveyed it to multitudes. And let us ever remember, and let us grant, specially in reference to "Delta," that as the artificial magnet must be of cognate substance to the natural, so the interpreter of great minds must be a man of genius himself. Indeed, what is literature, history, science, philosophy, but each a continuous series of interpretations—beginning with the Infinite Idea of God in each, and not ceasing till all of kindred nature are enlightened? It is much to stand, even midway, in this sublime declension of Thought, and there at least stood our amiable "Delta."

He is not the first of Poets—in an early age of the world he could never have been the *First Poet*, nor does he cope or even rank with the COLERIDGES, WILSONS and WORDSWORTHS of our own day. But he had the "particle of divine air" within him—he had the heart, the outward perception, the clear vision, the wide sympathies, and the ever-flowing and oft overflowing lyrical affluence of the Poet. He was a better if not brighter BURNS. That unhappy Bard kept, it is well known, a diamond pen, with which he was wont to inscribe his "thick-coming fancies" on the window panes of Inns, while superintending the burning of ale-barrels—while listening to drowsy or ranting sermons, such as the period could alone furnish; or even on the bark of trees, and the deal-tables of distrainted ale houses. "Delta," on the tablet of his happier soul, was in the habit of inscribing, with invisible pencil, all those shapes of thought or feeling, of joy or awe, of sentiment or sorrow, which met him in his daily or nightly rides amid the objects of his kind-hearted medical solicitude. And his poems are, on the whole, just the result or spray of his manifold wanderings in the discharge of his arduous professional duties.

These are, accordingly, of all kinds and of all merits. Mr. AIRD has practised a rather severe system of selection. He has rejected all inferior pieces. He has kept out, too, a number which, though good, were only the crude curdlings of future and better poems on similar subjects. Yet we could almost wish that he had sifted the book still more thoroughly. There are no weeds in the volumes; but there are a number of flowers of no great value, and which might have been gracefully dropped from the wreath. But this is more than compensated by the many exquisite morsels of pathos and elegant description, and sweet, yet solemn, moralizings which abound. Casa Wappy has been already characterised. It is the first and best of a little series of domestic verses—a series alone sufficient to preserve his name. For has he not spoken in them the sentiments of a million of forsaken or thinned nurseries? Who that has lost a dear child, whether his own or one related to him, that has ever hung over a child's coffin—ever agonised over a child's open grave—ever had his wounds torn wide open again by the sight of that child's toys, or the ruins of the houses it was wont to build, or the frock or hat it used to wear—cannot sympathise with "Delta's" plaintive verses, and must not thank, amid the very bitterness of renewed grief, their tender and true-hearted author, who has said all in that one simple expression—

We saw the world through thee, Casa Wappy.

There follow a series called "Elegiac verses," although they might perhaps be better entitled Meditative verses; for, although there is sorrow in them, it is sorrow sheathed and softened by the force of thought. The "Night-Hawk" has fine thoughts, as, where he calls it "The Arab of the Night." "To a Wounded Ptarmigan" is very picturesque; but how came "Delta" to commit such a blunder as to make Benvenuto bend over Loch Ketturin? No, we know right well that he, the "Great Mountain of the Lake," as his name implies, has looked from immemorial ages upon the silver breast of Loch Earn. "Delta"

was thinking of Benvenue, a lower giant in the same chain. "The Hymn to Hesperus" is one of his most finished and musical strains, but should scarcely have been included among elegiac effusions, seeing its spirit is as hopeful as its melody is sweet. But by much the best of these is that entitled "Stanzas on a Deserted Churchyard." The subject is so poetical that you doubt how it can be adequately treated. We see, with the mind's eye, our ideal of one at this moment lying amid the steep heathy mountains of Kincardineshire, on the brink of the dark waters of Loch Lea, only one house in sight, trees casting their calm or musical shadows over the silent tombs and turf; and, amid the pastoral dead around, one man of genius reposing, Ross, the author of the *Fortunate Shepherdess*—fortunate shepherd he, too, to have found such a resting-place.

"Delta" might have there written the following stanzas:—

There lay an ancient churchyard
Upon a heathy hill,
And oft of yore I loitered there
Amid the twilight still;
For 'twas a place deserted,
And all things spake a tone
Whose wild long music vibrated
To things for ever gone.

Yes, Nature's face look'd lonelier
To fancy's brooding eye.
The dusky moors, the mountains,
And solitary sky;
And there was like a mournfulness
Upon the fitful breeze,
As it wafted among the hoary weeds,
Or mounted through the trees.

Around were gnarly sycamores,
And by the wizard stream
I lay in youth's enchanted ring,
When life was like a dream.
And spectral generations past
Before my mind like waves—
Men that for creeping centuries
Had mouldered in their graves.

The scowl of Desolation
Hung o'er it like a shade,
And ruin there amid the moss,
Her silent dwelling made;
Only unto the elements
'Twas free and human breath,
Felt like unhalloved mockery
In that calm field of death.

Within that solitary place
No monuments were seen,
Of woman's love or man's regret,
To tell that such had been.
And to the soul's wild question,
"Oh dead! where are ye flown?"
Wared to and fro, in mournful guise,
The thistle's beard of down.

For ages there no mourner
To wail his loss had come,
The dead and his descendants,
Like yesterday, were dumb.
And sang the hoary cannach
Upon the casual wind,
A dirge for generations
That left no trace behind.

So dreary and so desolate
That churchyard was, and rude,
That fantasy upon the verge
Of Night and Chaos stood;
And like a sibil's chronicle
Mysteriously it told,
In hieroglyph and symbol,
The shadowy days of old.

Is not this rather too dreary after all? The sweetness is extracted from the solemnity, and the result is too sheer a gloom. Our feelings in that lonely churchyard at the east end of Loch Lea were less sombre. It seemed a mountain-guarded, tree-shaded, and lake-laved shrine for the departed; and we thought, in SHELLEY'S language, that it might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.

Of the next plot in this beautiful garden, entitled "Poems on Flowers," Mr. AIRD says, and we agree with him, "Young of Heart was 'Delta' to the last." The best of his Poems on Flowers, that charming parterre here laid out to the public, were his latest productions. They are graceful and beautiful exceedingly. The "Birth of the Flowers" is one of "Delta's" masterpieces. The "Genius of the Air" is delicately touched off. The "Birth of the Universal Daisy" might touch the ghost of CHAUCER with delight. Two of the finest poems on the Daisy, since CHAUCER'S many exquisite touches of affection for that flower, are by Dr. MASON GOOD, and by Dr. MOIR, of Musselburgh. Honour to the "Gold-headed Cane."

His poems on "Scottish Localities" are of various merit. He succeeds best, we think, in his meditations upon scenes of mild and tenderly shadowed interest. He is not a first-rate War Poet. His poems on Flodden-field and Pinkie are not quite equal, particularly the first, to the

themes. They do not give to the ear of imagination the "thunder of the captains and the shouting;" and even as wailings for the results of carnage, how inferior to that one tear-drop of BURNS' eye—the little song called "Drumossie Moor." He is better at coping with THOMSON'S birthplace, Roslin Glen, or that stupendous and ancestral stone of ocean, the Bass-rock, which rises above the grey surge like a half-drowned hill of the Deluge.

Then follow his occasional Poems. The best of these, by far, is that on BURNS. It is the highest compliment to say of it as we have said, that it is worthy of CAMPBELL; not, indeed, in his most finished style, but in that rapid, easy, and forceful manner in which he wrote his "Lines to Kemble," his "Battle of the Baltic," and many other of his minor poems. We cannot quote all "Delta" says of poor "blithe-hearted BURNS," as LANDOR calls him; but here are striking short passages:

To the champions of his genius
Grateful thanks we duly pay,
Currie, Chambers, Lockhart, Wilson,
Carlyle, who his bones to save
From the wolfish fiend, Detraction,
Couch'd like lions round his grave.

Again—

Judge not ye whose thoughts are fingers
Of the hands that witch the lyre,
Greenland has its mountain icebergs,
Etna has its heart of fire,
Calculation has its plummet,
Self-control its iron rules;
Genius has its sparkling fountains,
Dullness has its stagnant pools;
Like a halcyon on the waters
Burns' chart disdained a plan.
In his scorings he was Heavenly,
In his sinkings he was Man.

The last stanza is very noble—

As the Sun from on the orient
Pours a wider warmer light,
Till he floods both earth and ocean,
Blazing from the zenith's height,
So the glory of our Poet,
In its deathless power serene,
Shines, as rolling time advances,
Warmer felt, and wider seen:
First Doon's banks and braes contained it,
Then his country formed its span,
Now the wide world is its empire,
And its throne the heart of man.

Passing over his Sonnets—his Echoes of Antiquity—his Songs, Tales, and Ballads—many of which overflow with fine sentiment, imagery, and music, although in some of those departments he is evidently less at home than in others, we come to the last division of his poems, namely, his Miscellaneous Poems. These abound in beautiful things, which we well remember having flashed upon us from the pages of *Maga*, where they successively appeared. "Mine Own" is a delightful strain, especially in the moral purity and harmony which pervade it. Take one verse from it, and ask, who but one at once a poet and a good man could have written it?

Although afar, although afar,
Yet art thou with me still,
When evening's star and morning's star
Gleams o'er the twilight hill;
My beauty streams through all my dreams
The lone night watches through;
And cloudless skies recall thine eyes,
The Archangel's tearless blue.

The "Covenanters' Night-Hymn" specially interests us. We are engaged, be it known to all men by these presents, in a book on the Scottish Covenanters, and are taking, we hope, a dispassionate, impartial, measured, but, at the same time, enthusiastic view of the doings and sufferings of those indomitable men, and are rejoiced to find from the note preliminary to this poem of "Delta's," that he has expressed the very view, in a few sentences, which we hope more at length to vindicate and illustrate. "Delta," while acknowledging the excesses and prejudices, and even crimes, of that peculiar people, yet triumphantly appeals to the two facts, that they fought and gained the battle of an entire century; and that, secondly, their victory was the victory of the Protestant cause in Scotland. And hence, as WORDSWORTH finely and truly says, Scotland is "echoing still from side to side" with tales and traditions of the Covenanting days.

And far and near, o'er hill and dale,
Are faces that attest the same,
And kindle, like a fire new stirred,
At mention of its name?

The poem itself is fine, and quite worthy both of the preface and the subject.

In some of the rest of these miscellaneous poems, "Delta" has admirably caught and expressed certain of the more fleeting, fragile, and beautiful aspects of Nature. Such are his "Bloom

and Blight," his "Defeat of Winter," his "Hymn to the Moon," his "Sycamore," and his "Angler." There is another, finer than any of these, on the "beautiful Meteor of the Snow," which we have not time to transcribe. "The Unknown Grave" is a striking copy of verses in another style. But the most ambitious and elaborate of this class of poems, is his "Hymn to the Night Wind," which, with a good deal of Thomsonian turgescence, has a great deal of the force and splendour of *The Seasons*. It reminds us, at a distance, of that magnificent passage on the Torrid Zone, in which the soul of the poet sweeps like a tornado over the wide domains of his theme, and brings back with it all the beauties and the terrors, and the delicacies and the riches, of those lands of the sun. One passage, indeed, is directly copied from Thomson. "Delta," alluding to the wind of the wilderness destroying the caravan, says:

Long at Cairo wait
Their joyless friends expectant, long in vain,
Till hope deferred is swallowed in despair.

Who has forgot the almost identical passage in *The Seasons*, closing with that most melodious of all simple lines—

And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

No! not most melodious, since we remember that matchless line of MILTON'S—that line of *Italian English*—

Early may-fly, the Babylonian woe.

Altogether we have seldom read more pleasing and more varied volumes of poems than those of "Delta's." They are the cream of one of the holiest, tenderest, and truest of our modern minds, and contain in them not a few stanzas and entire strains which can never die.

We have been reading, since our perusal of "Delta's" delightful book, the works of another poet, who, perhaps, of all the poets of the age, furnishes the most direct contrast to "Delta"—we mean ROBERT BROWNING. We have not yet completed the perusal, it is no easy matter to follow his paths of intricate beauty, and dizzying grandeur, his volumes are no books for an after-dinner lounging perusal; but we have read enough of them to be impressed, in the first place, with the profundity, truth, and originality of his vein; and, in the second place, with deep regret, blended with condemnation, at the elaborate and sometimes affected obscurity, by which, in general, he contrives to deaden the effect, and to cripple the movement, of his fine powers. His works are a mass of blotched glory—sunlight in a puddle. The most beautiful lines and sentences loom through the mud—for it is not *mist*, but *mud*—and provoke and tantalize you all the more. It is not like any other writing we remember, except the worst of his own gifted lady's; SHAKESPEARE never wrote thus, nor any of the Elizabethan dramatists; nor MILTON, nor COLERIDGE, nor even SHELLEY, BERRIDGES, and BAILEY. BROWNING never tells his story clearly, never any length of time "makes his light shine forth before men" cannot connect any human interest vitally with the rich poetry, and noble sentiment, in which he abounds. It may be, that his genius is too big ever to be born. It may be, as CARLYLE always says, that, in becoming a poet, he has simply mistaken his profession, and misapplied his undoubted capacities. We rather trace his failure to a certain wilfulness of nature, which has led him to select models, alien from the original tendency of his powers, and to make capricious experiments on his genius. The author of some parts of "Paracelsus," such as these magnificent lines—

We get so near—so very very near.
'Tis an old tale. Jove strikes the Titans down,
Not when they set about their mountain piling,
But when another rock would crown their work;
And Phaeton, doubtless his first radiant plunge
Astonished mortals; but the Gods were calm,
And Jove prepared his thunder—all old tales.

should, by this time, have written an epic—a Crown to the poetry of the age, instead of merely weaving such idle, elegant, and fantastic *crochet-work*, as "Pippa-passes." Verily he is, as a poet, his own "Lost Leader." We know certain young and gifted poets who may take warning from BROWNING'S case, and should learn that not dullness or commonplace themselves are more to be shunned, or are more fatal alike to present popularity and to future power, than are over-subtlety and refinement, allegorizing, the cherishing of peculiar fastidious and fantastic moods of thought and obscurities of diction. Let those who are exposed to such dangers, set to a vigorous course of manly and healthy reading—let them give their "days and nights" to HOMER, to

DANTE, to MILTON, to SCOTT, to BYRON (one of the clearest of all Poets, although morally morbid), and even to MACAULAY'S *Lays of Ancient Rome*, which shine with the *terribilis fulgor* of a Roman helm.

"Delta," with powers very much inferior in depth and natural intensity to BROWNING, is destined, we think, to a surer and more enviable reward. While lives the memory of BURNS, his stanzas shall not be forgotten. While death continues to enter a nursery, his domestic verses shall be remembered. So long as a vestige of the old, odd, piquant Scottish manners remains, "Mansie Wauch" and its author shall have a niche of fame. And so long, we may add, as the poetry of his biographer endures, and as future students shall hang enraptured over "The Demoniac," and that awful dream on Acksbeck, "high and white," shall it be remembered that "Delta" was his friend, and the subject of one of his most finished and beautiful compositions.

Let us close with the last words of the Life:

In the great company of our Scottish Masters of Song—Dunbar, Douglas, Lindsay, Buchanan, Drummond, Thomson, Ramsay, Fergusson, Armstrong, Beattie, Home, Blair, Burns, Scott, Leyden, Grahame, Campbell, Wilson, Hogg, Cunningham, Pollock, Motherwell, Tennant, and the rest—Moir now takes his honoured place.

For this man bears an everlasting name.

APOLLODORUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling. By the Author of "Visiting my Relations." London: Pickering, 1852.

THE earlier chapters of this little volume consist of a series of rambling essays on things in general, distinguished by considerable good sense and good feeling; but without much profundity or originality of thought. There is, moreover, a great want of arrangement and of subdivision of the matter of which they are composed into separate subjects. As far as we are able to judge of the minds of other men by our own, we are aware that the process of *thinking* proceeds in this desultory manner; but the case ought to alter when we take pen in hand. Then it becomes necessary to select one subject at a time, and rejecting all that is irrelevant, however good it may be in itself, to deal with that only till we are done with it. Comparing our thoughts to a pack of cards, if we would render them available to make any impression on the mind of another, we must separate them into suits. However, notwithstanding these drawbacks, there is displayed in these chapters together with, it must be confessed, a little vanity and a little egotism, considerable shrewdness, and no contemptible share of insight into the motives of human conduct. Witness the following:—

In the religious world it (the desire of creating a sensation) is disguised becomingly under the notion of anxiety about spiritual welfare. Nothing is more engaging and really interesting, than any evidence of sincere solicitude in young persons, or in any persons to know the way of truth and righteousness, and to acquire those elevated views and principles which are the only shield we can interpose between our temptations and our passions. But, really as it seems to me, all right teaching and preaching does so distinctly turn the enquirer away from human help, and drive him so directly into the closet of the heart, there "to shut the door and pray to his father which seeth in secret,"—that when I have heard young people talk of consulting their "dear minister," about this and the other temptation, I have found it impossible to believe but that a lively desire of creating an interest for themselves in the heart of their spiritual adviser, was more actively prompting them, than a simple wish to do what is right, for when *this* is the only motive, how near is the counsellor.

There is a great deal that is true and right in this, mingled with something that is not so true and right. The authoress would seem to discourage asking human advice altogether. We are not one of those who would erect the opinion of any mere human being into an infallibility; but surely we neglect one great means of improvement, if we do not pause to "weigh and consider;" as well the living words of sensible friends, as the more silent voices of books. The great light of truth shining on the vast polarizing mass of humanity, is broken into myriads of reflections, which each mind according to its position or brilliancy, mirrors with greater or less

clearness and beauty. To suppose our own views infallible, more especially when they are not the result of a laborious examination of the views of others, is one of the greatest mistakes into which it is possible to fall. The act of judging implies that of comparing; therefore the right of judgment can only belong to those who possess the power and the materials of comparison. The last and larger portion of this volume consists of a species of autobiography. We say a species of autobiography—for the narrative deals merely with the inner life of the authoress, revealing only so much of the outward circumstances attending it as was absolutely necessary to complete the picture of the mental progress. This, however, is biography proper—the real description of the life essential. To those who desire to study human character, autobiography is more interesting than biography written by another, inasmuch as it affords a double opportunity for attaining their object. The manner in which a man tells his own history displays his mind not less than the history itself. The biographer and the subject interpret one another. In the sketch now before us they do so most completely; and a more curious and interesting psychological study it has never been our fortune to meet with. And yet we do not believe this strange mental history to be an uncommon one.

This, then, is the history of a female mind, endowed with a large share of talent, imperfectly cultivated; full of feeling, untrained and ungoverned; and possessed of considerable native good sense, obscured by a preponderance of imagination and passion. It is a picture of an honest and earnest, but impatient mind, earnestly longing for truth, but not prepared, either by nature or education, to search for it with the laborious patience, "unhasting yet unresting," which is the only profitable course, and thus hurried into much extravagance—nay, it as seems to us, almost madness—and only, under Providence, recovering from the consequent misery by the reviving light of the good sense which, though often reduced to the tiniest spark, is never quite extinguished.

The subject of this little sketch was the daughter of an Irishman, who seems to have been endowed with exactly the generic mental characteristics of his race, being possessed of great vivacity and warmth of temperament, but jealous, irritable and blundering. Domestic discomfort and estrangement, more especially between the father and daughter, were the consequences. The latter had been taken from school at thirteen, under pretext of being a companion for her mother, whom she appears to have loved, but who, as far as we can gather from the narrative, seems to have been too much subdued by her own sorrows, to have had any energy left to devote to the education of her daughter. Thus the girl was left to educate herself, which she did, by devouring romances (less wholesome in those days than now), gossiping with the servants, and sparring with her father, whose authority seems to have been exercised in the most injudicious and irritating manner. As the daughter grew up, her "disposition to let herself out in words," took a literary turn, which she seems to think created in her father a mingled feeling of pride in her talents and jealousy of her superiority. Her first publication—two tales—"fell still-born from the press." Before embarking in a second venture, she consulted one of the Professors of the University (for her home was in a university town), who had conceived a friendship for her on account of her intellectual qualifications and musical talents, which seem to have been uncommon. The result was, that the new work, a novel, by name "The Favourite of Nature," was successfully brought out, under the patronage of JOANNA BAILLIE. Reputation and profit both followed; but, almost in the very hour of success, the mother of the authoress died of a sudden seizure. In the course of a few months, she was followed to the grave by her husband, leaving our novelist, at the age of thirty-two, alone in the world.

For the next four or five years, she continued annually to supply the public with a new novel, the fate of which, then popular works, affords another illustration of Mr. ROGERS' interesting and thoughtful essay in *The Edinburgh Review*, on "The Vanity and Glory of Literature." But a change was at hand. Having made up her mind to continue an inhabitant of her native place, our authoress took up her abode as a lodger in the house of a Mrs. S—, a lady in reduced circumstances, who, with the assistance of

her daughters, kept a day-school. This lady was "a high religious professor." For a time her new inmate, who, as a successful author, had a wide and increasing circle of acquaintance, and apparently considerable taste for company, continued her usual round of visiting without any interference on the part of Mrs. S—, or any obtrusion of her religious views. At last, one evening in the dull season, having nothing else to do, she invited Mrs. S— to tea, where a conversation ensued on religious subjects, which made such an impression on her mind, that it was renewed with ever increasing frequency. In the phraseology of her sect, Mrs. S— now pronounced her lodger "in a growing state." How graphic, and, we fear, how natural, is the following.

At all events, I made rapid progress into that stage of faith which consisted in deeming the purposes and pursuits of everybody who did not think with me; and I had a grim, dreary satisfaction, whenever I was out of humour with any of my former associates, in thinking that I was in a much safer condition than they were.

The new convert of course now never spoke on any subject but theology; and as she could not quite bear to contemplate the eternal perdition of *all* her old friends, we find her labouring with more zeal than temper to convert some of them, and on one occasion enforcing the Christian doctrine of meekness in particular, not exactly in the spirit of the same.

So passed the summer; but with November, gay friends returned and invitations poured in. Very curious and very interesting is the picture of the struggle, inward and outward, of which the authoress-convert now became the subject—of the alternate attraction and repulsion she felt towards her new friends, and of the various characteristic traits of several of the more prominent individuals on both sides, who contended for the glory of carrying off the literary lady. At last, through the instrumentality of a Mr. K—, a gentleman who late in life was preparing himself for ordination, and whose wife one morning paid her a visit, in consequence of the "very interesting account which she and Mr. K— had heard from Mrs. S—," she was secured for a space by the religionists, though even yet, according to Mrs. S—, she "lingered after the leeks and cucumbers of Egypt." This hungering for Egyptian diet with the concomitant distaste for the food served up in the tents of the Israel in which she was now an inhabitant, reached a climax on the occasion of a Jew female meeting at the house of a Mrs. D—, where the only member of the other sex present was the Rev. Mr. SIMEON, the pope of the party to which our authoress had now joined herself. She had for a long time attended on his ministry, which she describes as earnest, fervent, heart-searching, and powerful. Full of, we think, *unintentional* humour is the description of this meeting—the rows of ladies in solemn listlessness waiting the appearance of the one gentleman, the increase of animation on the entrance of the latter, his eccentric and affected comportment, (how could mere humanity be natural in such a situation?) the patronizing and puerile expressions of his admiration for the ladies work, the eagerness of his worshippers to attract his notice and approbation, his satisfaction in their admiration and his small tolerance for any woman with an opinion of her own. We do not wonder at the effect produced on the ardent, sincere, and impatient mind of the new convert.

"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity." I saw the wise man's sentence written upon everything! I was vain, my worldly friends were vain,—their society vain—nothing was real to ameliorate my nature and to pacify the restlessness of my heart; yet rainer than all, because he had presented himself to me under the semblance of wisdom, was the teacher to whose influence I had looked for that help which would have strengthened me to make the sacrifice of all that had captivated my imagination, and enslaved me to the world.

The consequence of the frivolities and vanities of this meeting was the return of the subject of the memoir with characteristic impetuosity to all her former gaieties—a return which abundantly shows that no new conviction had been wrought in her heart. For when the heart bears witness to the truth of religion, that is, when it recognises in it the fulfilment of its own needs, and the object of its own longings, when it feels in its salvation from its sins and sufferings, when it experiences the peace passing all understanding, it possesses too strong arguments in favour of the

truth to be overset by the eccentricities and follies even of those who profess the same creed. But our heroine was not happy or at peace.

At last she became so totally miserable that she determined to seek in change of scene some relief from the restlessness of her own spirit. By the advice of one of her so-called worldly friends, she fixed upon Paris as the scene of the proposed change. But one interview with the K—s, and their disapprobation, not to say condemnation of the place selected, sufficed, when on the very eve of setting off, to change her whole plan, and to offend all the friends who had kindly taken a great deal of trouble in aiding her to make the necessary arrangements. Increased wretchedness of mind followed on this sacrifice. The unhappy lady, still bent on change of scene, thought of establishing herself near Mrs. HANNAH MORE. With this purpose she sought an interview with Mrs. D— the giver of the Jew meeting, and like Mrs. S—, a mother in Israel, "but in a higher department of the spiritual nursery-grounds," hoping through this lady's means, to obtain from Mrs. SIMEON an introduction to Mrs. MORE.

I was in the midst of a very misty exposition of my case, when the door opened, and Mr. Simeon himself made his appearance; "now my dear, tell Mr. Simeon what you have been saying to me," said Mrs. D—. "Dear creature, she is under great exercise of spirit."

The result of this interview seems to have been the firmer attachment, for some years at least, of the writer to Mr. SIMEON and his party. With this gentleman, however, it seems, though he was very kind, she was never a favourite.

He was too despotic, and too deficient in that generous turn of mind which could delight and expatiate in a free intercourse of thought and opinion to bear even a "brother near the throne;" still less could he endure that a woman and a hearer of his, should legislate for herself in the kingdom of thought, and be able (or suppose herself to be), to pursue her appointed path, without every now and then coming to him to tell her the way.

And yet we can believe with the authoress that in spite of his self-conceit and his soreness to the want of the flattery to which his weak-minded worshippers had accustomed him, he was a sincerely pious and able man. During this period, the writer had set up an establishment of her own and taken one of the daughters of Mrs. S— to live with her. But although at present, at least, she found in the latter all that she could wish in a companion, she was not happy. Ill-health conjoined with a sudden and severe stroke of sorrow laid her prostrate. A severe hemorrhage from the throat occasioned apprehensions to be entertained for her life. These threw her into a terrible state, involving "the absorption of every fear, every hope, every purpose, into the single thought, *I must die.*" In this state of nervous madness, for what else can we call it, the invalid became introduced to some members of the party, who some twenty years ago professed to have received the gift of tongues and the other apostolic gift of working miracles. We have not time to trace the writer's descent into the lower depths of fanaticism into which she now plunged; not it is true without many and strong misgivings, prompted by that natural good sense, so often obscured and misled by her undisciplined feelings and lively imagination; but destined to triumph at last over its exhausted antagonists. She now thought it her duty to sacrifice every pleasure and comfort as sins.

My beautiful collection of music was, under the wild influence of those wild times when Mr. M. burnt his books by the dozen, given to the servants to light the fires with, and for many years after, I considered it unlawful to touch my pianoforte.

Nevertheless, she did not go far enough thoroughly to satisfy her present associates, and at last the very extremity of their fanaticism appears to have opened her eyes. She was obliged to dismiss from her house the friend from whose companionship she had formerly derived so much comfort, as the pretensions of the latter to the character of a prophetess, and her consequent behaviour, rendered her presence intolerable. And now, in weakness of body and exhaustion of mind, the heroine of this strange narrative seems to have sought in perfect repose and total abstraction from the world, its inhabitants, its affairs, its sects, and its churches, that truth and peace which, amid all her changes and trials within and without, had ever fled before her. And, at last, in this half-quakerish, half-anchoritish state

of stillness and silence, she tells us she found the objects of her long search. And in her peculiar circumstances, when feverish restlessness of mind and body had reached such a height as to have become a formidable disease, we can believe it, although an unsatisfactory and somewhat painful mystery even yet hangs over the source from which she drew her comfort. In all ordinary cases, we have a most earnest faith that it is those who "do the will," that "know of the doctrine," and that in loving, faithful, and industrious labour for the good of men and to the glory of God is the only path to truth and happiness.

Our object has been twofold in endeavouring, in our very narrow limits, to present a faint outline of the curious mental picture contained in this volume. In the first place, we would whisper to those who, as the phrase is, "make a high profession," that the "saints," as they call themselves, are weak, human, and fallible beings, not exempt from the faults and foibles of their race, and may, perchance, be wrong even in some things in which others may be right. In the second place, we would say to those who deride the "saints," many of the latter possess an earnestness, a fervour, and a moral courage of which it would be well for the world that there were a greater number of imitators.

In fine, if we would all believe in the existence of more good in those who differ from us, we should all be nearer the truth than we are.

For much besides that is psychologically and morally interesting in this volume, we refer the reader to the work itself.

The General Highway Act, and other Statutes affecting the Law in connexion with the Highways in England and Wales. By WILLIAM FOOTE, Esq., Attorney-at-Law. London: Crockford.

MAGISTRATES, Magistrate's Clerks, Surveyors, and Parish Officers, equally require for ready reference a book that will give them, in a condensed and easily accessible form, the law relating to highways. This Mr. FOOTE has completely done in the compact volume before us, where the Statutes, Cases, and Forms, are collected and copiously indexed, with a vast amount of practical information, only to be obtained from one so experienced in the details of the subject as Mr. FOOTE, who is an intelligent Magistrate's Clerk. We can most heartily recommend this volume to all of our readers who are ever required to act as administrators of the law, or as legal advisers, or as parish officers.

The County Courts Improvement Act, with a Digest of all the County Courts Cases decided since the Fourth Edition of "Cox and Lloyd's Law and Practice of the County Courts." By E. W. COX and MORGAN LLOYD, Esqrs., Barristers-at-Law. London: Crockford.

THIS Act was designed originally to extend the County Courts: ultimately, it only succeeded in introducing some material improvements, the extension clauses having been deferred, to await the result of the new reforms in Equity Procedure. The Editors have here given some interesting and useful notes, and subjoined the recent cases, with a very copious Index, so that it will be found an extremely convenient edition for all who have any concern with the County Courts.

FROM the office of the *Illustrated News*, which is publishing quite a library of excellent illustrated books, there has been sent to us a volume entitled *Picturesque Sketches of London*, by THOMAS MILLER. They have, if we mistake not, already appeared in the columns of that newspaper, but they will be welcome to all who read them there, in this collected form. The illustrations are very numerous and good.—Mr. BOWN has added to his valuable *Classical Library*, the fourth volume of *Cicero's Orations*, translated with great ability by Mr. C. D. YONGE, B.A., and the first volume of *The Comedies of Plautus*, literally rendered into English Prose, with Notes by Mr. H. T. RILEY, M.A. This valuable series is a great boon to the English reader unacquainted with Latin and Greek. He is thus enabled to make acquaintance with all the great writers of Greece and Rome at a very trifling cost.—A new edition, enlarged and corrected, of Mr. G. B. EARP's handbook to the *Gold Colonies of Australia*, has just been issued by Messrs. ROUTLEDGE. It gives the latest accounts of the progress of the mines, full particulars how to get to them, and good practical advice to emigrants of all classes.—Two pamphlets are on our table, vindicating the students expelled from New College, St. John's Wood. We cannot enter into the merits of this controversy; but here, we presume, is one side of the question.—*The New Library of Useful Knowledge* has just added to its series of instructive books, a small volume at a trifling price, designed to teach the Visitor to the British Museum how he may see it in five sections, or view the whole at once,

according to the time at his command.—A RETAIL BOOKSELLER has addressed a *Letter to Lord Campbell on the Regulations of the Booksellers' Association*, protesting against the decision of the arbitrators, as injurious to authors, and ruinous to retail booksellers. It is a full, fair, and temperate statement of the whole case.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Westminster Review, for July, carefully recapitulates in its leading paper the arguments which have been so industriously used in favour of Secular Education, and the writer narrates fully what he deems would be the elements and the mode of operation of such a system as he approves. "England's Forgotten Worthies," treats of men little distinguished, and its primary aim seems to be a tilt with the Hakluyt Society, whose efforts in publishing are not greatly approved. "The Future of Geology" is a thoughtful paper, and the writer urges the introduction of geology as an element of instruction in schools, for "Geology," he says, "is, of all the sciences that regard animated and inanimate nature, the one which has the rare qualities of being at the same time interesting, suggestive, and untechnical. Its leading truths can be thoroughly comprehended without any preliminary foundation of peculiar knowledge, not to be acquired in the ordinary course of education." Thus of the practicability of a course of instruction in geology for our schools: of its desirability, the essayist writes much, and earnestly. "Lord Jeffrey and the *Edinburgh Review*," is a subject we have made familiar to our readers; nevertheless, the say of *The Westminster* is worthy of a hearing. "The Tendencies of England," "Political Life and Sentiments of Neibuhr," "The Restoration of Belief," and "Sir Robert Peel and his Policy," are articles which we have not space to examine, and the subjects of which hardly fall within our scope. We can say of "The Lady Novelists," however, that it is genial and buoyant, and truthful; an earnest plea for the right of Woman to citizenship in the Republic of Letters.

The Gentleman's Magazine still produces brilliant papers from the pen of FRANCIS HARWELL, the subject of FRANCIS's present contribution being "Godfrey William Liebnitz." Among the more noticeable articles are "The Ironmongers of London," which is somewhat antiquarian; and "Northern Mythology," which is a careful analytical notice of Mr. THORPE's recently published treatise on the subject. SYLVANUS

URBAN continues as fertile as usual in "Correspondence," and the notes, historical reviews, and antiquarian researches, still receive very careful attention.

The Eclectic Review, for July, opens with a friendly review of FARINA's dull and prejudiced book, "The Roman State." "Taylor's Wesley and the Wesleyans" is earnest in behalf of Reform among Methodists, and the review of "Laing's Denmark" is favourable to the author, as is the paper on "Modern Depreciation of the Bible" earnest and outspoken. An account of the recent movements in the University of London, is done, of course, in a manner to favour the rebellionists. The remaining articles are "Lamartine's History," "Responsibility of Joint Stock Companies," and "Gutzlaff's Life of the Emperor of China."

The New Quarterly Review has no pretensions to the name "Quarterly" on account of the matter it contains. Its notices of books are after the model, and about the length of, the notices to be found in a respectable country newspaper. The review, or original matter, is introduced for the sake of the extracts.

Hogg's Instructor, for July, has an engraved portrait, and a biographical sketch, of Mrs. Mary Somerville. JERDAN's Autobiography is also noticed, and the *Instructor* gives some thirty other essays, tales, and sketches.

The Journal of Sacred Literature, for July (Edited by Dr. JOHN KITTO), has a host of well digested and serious papers, bearing upon the religious elements of history, science, and biography. "The Religion of Geology" is worthy of close attention, and the strictly theological papers (of which there are several), are commanding in tone, ample in matter, and finished in style.

The Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology, for July, has an article entitled "The Overworked Mind," which, though illustrating many facts, and producing numerous truths bearing on psychology, abounds in interest for the cursory reader. Dr. WILLIAMS on "Insanity," and "Magic, Witchcraft, and Animal Magnetism," are two of the numerous subjects treated in the present number.

Messrs. Rogerson's publications are, *The Ladies' Companion*—which, beside some thirty articles, has a portrait of Mary Russell Mitford; *The Sportsman*—which places side by side portraits of Earl Ducie and Daniel O'Rourke, the winner of the Derby; and *The Farmers' Magazine*, which is learned and practical as usual.

The Church of England Magazine, for July, has

many readable and useful papers, which are too brief for notice. There are several illustrations.

The Church Warder and Domestic Magazine, though cheap, is not, therefore, the least skilful or useful of the monthlies. "Fulfilled Prophecies," and "The Last of the Templars," are serviceable articles.

The Charm—a monthly for boys and girls—continues its tales, travels, chapters on natural history and science, all written, not in a childish tone, but in such a tone as children may comprehend. It is a pleasing, and should become an useful, auxiliary to the educator.

Cyclopædia of the Useful Arts. Parts XVII. and XVIII. comprise from "Flax" to "Gas," and its extra pages are devoted to a description of the substances and articles in the Exhibition.

Knight's National Edition of the Pictorial Shakspeare, Part XXXVII., contains the whole of "Pericles."

The Dictionary of Domestic Medicine and Household Surgery, Part VII., brings the work down to "M."

The Dial of Love, for July, is the first part of a monthly publication for children. Its contents are varied, and that it is edited by MARY HOWITT is a guarantee of their propriety and suitability.

The Gardeners' Record, for July, gives ample information for the month respecting gardens and gardening.

The fifth part of *Wright's History of Scotland* contains two portraits engraved on steel, and carries on the history from the year 1543 to 1559.

Tallis's Drawing-Table Book, for July, contains portraits of Mrs. Winstanley as Mrs. Quickley, Mr. Coudock as Iago, Miss Glyn and Mr. Hoskins as Isabella and Lucio, and Mr. H. Betty as Faulconbridge.

Parts II. to VI. of *The Crystal Palace* are now before us. They contain fifteen engravings of views within the Exhibition, including some of the finest of the sculptures, and the text is a valuable and complete history of the great event of last year. This promises to be by far the most beautiful record of it that has yet appeared.

The fourth part has just issued of GODLONTON and IRVING's *Narrative of the Caffre War*. It is the most complete account that has yet issued from the press of this troublesome contest.

The third part of *The Picture Pleasure Book* is an album for the use of children, at once attractive and instructive, and peculiarly calculated to educate the youthful eye to correct forms, and the young mind to a pure taste in art. The best artists have given it the assistance of their pencils. Every house in which there are children should take this "Picture Book."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

[SCENE: A handsomely-furnished apartment in the Friedrichstrasse, Berlin. Three sides of the room are lined with book-cases, on the top of which, at intervals, are placed busts of poets, ancient and modern; the remaining side being hung with elegantly-framed engravings. Through the open window the summer sunlight streams in and irradiates the face, with closed eye-lids, of the venerable poet Ludwig Tieck, seated in an arm-chair; before him a table on which a reading-desk is placed, holding an open volume. He starts slightly, when a stranger is announced.]

Physician without [to Critic as he enters].—Not more than ten minutes—I shall summon you to depart when they have passed.

Critic [by this time seated, and holding the poet's hand in his].—The frame is more bent, and the hair is greyer, than when I saw them last; but the old lustre still beams from those noble eyes which perhaps I have disturbed from their repose. Venerable friend! Do you not recognise me,—or must I tell my name [whispers in his ear].

Tieck [with a look of delighted surprise].—Welcome! A thousand-fold welcome to the spiritual and genial Englishman whom his country, with an admirable recognition that she has before now refused to the noblest of her sons, cheerfully—yes—gladly and proudly—acknowledges to be THE CRITIC! The form of the poet is altered, my friend, since last we met at Dresden; but his heart is still the same, and at the sound of your voice glows with a friendly flame, like the blacksmith's smouldering coals, when the breath of the bellows touches them. The aërial harp of memory vibrates with soft music, and dear human shapes, long vanished from the earth, appear transfigured in the moonlight of the past.

Critic [aside].—The old gentleman is growing sentimental: I must enliven him a little. [aloud.] They were an enthusiastic circle, those Dresden friends of yours, and when last I parted from you, it was with an anathema from them. You had been giving one of your Shakespearian readings;

the last I was to hear at Dresden. The play was Titus Andronicus, but not even your matchless elocution could make it interesting to me, who look upon it in my Shakespeare, as Luther in his evangelical moods looked upon the Epistle of James. When we were all seated at supper, the rest were loud in their praises of play and player: I alone was silent. At last one of your guests, a young painter, questioned me point-blank. I had a chicken-bone in one hand, and a full wine-glass in the other. Lifting the glass to my lips—"I think," said I, "that Tieck's supper is better than Shakespeare's play." What groans of horror followed! The barbarian, cried one. Shakespeare's noblest and strongest work, said another. Unworthy to be a native of the land in which the Avon flows, cried a third. And really so overpowering was the outcry that it required Tieck's excellent supper to make me forgive Shakespeare for writing his execrable play.

Tieck.—Yes! you English, and especially you English critics, are very perverse about some things. See how you have treated us Germans. Schiller with his pompous hollowness made his way among you pretty rapidly; but how long was it before you welcomed Goethe, and how little even yet do you know of him? No one dares to translate the *Elective Affinities*! And myself, what have I not suffered from your perversity. My *Revolt in the Cevennes*, my *Vittoria Accorombona*, although the best of all my works, and excellently translated, provoked not a word of recognition in England. Hauff's vulgar and wooden trivialities, which our women of ordinary cultivation despise, are to be found, I hear, in every English library; while my cycle of Shakespeare-novels, in which the life, circumstances and companions of your god-like poet are painted with the faithfulness of zeal, remain untranslated. I might say that young England never heard of Ludwig Tieck, the friend and intimate of Goethe, the last survivor of the Elizabethans of German literature.

Critic.—Pardon me, venerable friend! if from recent and personal experience, I contradict you.

Young and youngest England murmurs your name with gratitude. It was but the other day, that a little child of mine brought me his English edition of your *Phantasus*, a pretty little volume with graceful cuts to illustrate it, and said quite wistfully: "Papa, when is Mr. Tieck going to write some more tales?"

Tieck.—A charming question! You must take with you a copy from me of the *Phantasus* for my little student; and years afterwards, when I am gone, he will read it in its native German. I remember the volume you speak of, it was sent me a few years ago by the translator, a Mr. Froude, I think, a young clergyman. What, by the way, has become of my first translators, the brothers Hare? I remember the sunny hour it gave me, more than a quarter of a century ago, when I received from England their translation of *The Pictures* and *The Betrothal*.

Critic.—One of them is dead, and the other is high in the church.

Tieck.—A bishop?

Critic.—No; not quite: but not far from it—an archdeacon.

Tieck.—And, Mr. Froude, what is he now, a vicar or a rector? You see I know your English ecclesiastical titles.

Critic.—Neither, nor likely to be either! He has broken out of the Church, discharging a pistol at her as he left—a novel—the *Nemesis of Faith*—a tale of scepticism and passion, which was publicly and solemnly burned at Oxford.

Tieck.—What! has that detestable French school, which saps at once morals and faith, which shrivels up the lovely rose-blossom of youthful virtue, and turns the precious apples on the tree of knowledge into fruitage of Sodom and Gomorrah—has that school taken root in conservative and practical England, and is a translator of mine one of its acolytes? Foolish young man! To take doubts which a Kant or a Hume, after a lifetime of meditation, ventures only to express in a whisper, and with the calmness and precision of science; to trick them out in the

tawdry finery of the circulating library, and parade them before the public gaze with a pride that should be reserved for the consummate creations of a Correggio or Raphael. Foolish young man! To burst out of a venerable institution, because here and there a form had lost its meaning, and because this and that dogma would not bide the searching gaze of understanding. The revolutionary young people here talk to me of Luther as their model—Luther, that giant in repose as in action, how he would laugh to scorn the pretty brood that take his name in vain. How cautious, how compassionate, was his innovation, compared with that threatened by these beardless Erostrati, who would burn down in one night what it has taken ages to rear! If the discovery of a blemish is to be followed by the immediate destruction of the institution, or the social form that reveals it, we must pass at once from civilized life into a state of savagery, or of an unknown and awful mixture of savagery and barbarism. No! No! my friend, let the physician and the lawyer remain in their profession, nor burst out from it at the first touch of tedium or chagrin; let the reformer reform wisely from within, and treat his sphere like a home to be purified and ennobled, not like a besieged city, to be stormed and devastated. Where would our modern German literature have been, had Goethe, Schiller, and, without vanity, had I myself refused to enter it because of the bad company that we could not avoid meeting—the bad dies, the good remains—the chrysalis envelope falls off, and the bright creature soars joyfully into the sunlight and the air of summer. See the German theatre, how from rude beginnings a noble persistence has elaborated it into a fitting home for poetic and beautiful minds. And now comes some callow student from his beer jug and pipe, and because every actor and actress is not a Scipio and a Lucretia, cries—away with it, burn it down, and fancies himself a second Luther. Luther, at any rate, risked his life, but his modern would-be imitators risk nothing more valuable than their breath, or, at most, a few drops from their ink-bottles. Nowhere authority, nowhere reverence, nowhere obedience. But here am I contravening my own maxims, talking loudly on agitating subjects, against the orders of the physician. 'Tis the way with us all, destroyers or conservers:—"Frailty thy name is woman," says your Shakespeare:—"Inconsistency thy name is man." Let us talk of something less exciting. How goes it now with German literature in England? Is a loving knowledge of it spreading among your public?

Critic.—Well! on the whole, my answer would be, yes! Certainly an acquaintance with your literature is spreading, and acquaintance must precede, and surely, in this case, will be followed by, knowledge. We have long had an Italian Opera, and an annual visit from French players, occasionally even a German operatic company; but a representation by German players of the dramatic masterpieces of Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller, is something quite new, and its success testifies to a considerable acquaintance with German literature among our higher classes. Then at our Universities, a knowledge of German is so common, as to have ceased to be looked upon as an accomplishment; and German scholarship is prized at its proper rate. At our public schools, again, German is a part of the ordinary course of study. Yet let me confess it, we English, from the highest to the lowest, are a practical people; and yours is not a literature sufficiently practical for us. If we want amusement, we can get it from the circulating library in our own light literature, and that of France. And what can you instruct us in? I dare to say that, of Goethe's two heroes, Meister and Faust, all the experiences will go unheeded by even the better class of English readers, unless, indeed, it be Faust's final occupation of reclaiming waste lands, and Meister's visit to what we should call a model school. The rest of their stories produces, upon us English, very much the effect of Meister's harangue to Felix when they are caught in the trap-prison—we fall asleep; as indeed you seem to have done over that book.

Tieck.—No! it was not the book so much as the heat, that threw me into the slumber from which your entrance agreeably roused me. Although, indeed, it is not one of a very exciting kind—a new novel of Auerbach's, his *Neues Leben*. Auerbach is one of the few of our authors who go seriously and simply to work, and look for the poetry of life, not in the startling melodramatic complications of the recent French

novelists, but in the ordinary doings and sayings of daily life. His quaint and truthful village stories were translated a few years ago into your language, by one of your cultivated Englishwomen; but were little more successful than my unfortunate *Revolt in the Cevennes*, and *Vittoria Accorombona*.

Physician.—[opening the door and putting in his head]—Now, sir! the time is more than gone. Make your adieux to our venerable invalid.

France.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

LITERATURE is not in a flourishing state. We are in the acme of the dog-days, and yet very little is written to tempt us to rest and study. A few minor works have accumulated during my absence from Paris, of which anon, but nothing of any great consequence. The new work of Lamartine, "The History of the Constituent Assembly," will appear shortly in the *Siccle*, immediately after the conclusion of the "Veau D'Or," by the late Frederic Soulie, in his peculiar way one of the ablest of French romancers. Ask him not for probability, nor for very choice subjects; but he is not exactly immoral. His subjects are painful and disagreeable, but he does not paint vice in agreeable colours and make it tempting and pleasant. His present crusade against the worship of the golden calf was written in the last years of the reign of Louis Philippe, when corruption, venality, and speculation—unfair and profligate speculation—were at their height. The severe denunciations of Frederic Soulie against mammon worship are, however, even more applicable now, when the days of Louis Philippe fade into decency alongside the greedy venality of the men of the hour. The opening of the work, of which the first out of five volumes is now before me, is at all events original.

"It was ten o'clock at night, in the Bois de Boulogne: a man of fifty years of age, of elevated stature, with a face that had been remarkably beautiful, walked up and down slowly in one of the alleys leading to the pond of Auteuil.

"His clothes are in rags, though their cut is fashionable, and he looks in the last extremity of poverty. A pistol in his hand announces his intentions. After some hesitation he takes out his pistol, and leans against a tree. What sound checks him? Groans and sighs. He disarms his pistol and rushes to whence the sound emanates. He finds a body on the ground, and a man holding it by the neck.

"What are you doing at this hour?" said he, in a rough voice.

"As you see—preventing a man from killing himself."

"While holding him by the cravat and feeling in his pocket."

"No! no! I am giving him air, and if you have any humanity you will assist me."

"In doing what?"

"In bringing him to life."

"The man with the pistol did not reply, did not move. He scratched his nose and reflected.

"The other continued to fan the dying man.

"Ah, *ca, Monsieur*," said the first speaker, 'as you prevent this worthy man from hanging himself, you have it in your power to make his life happy.'

"As the other spoke these words, the zealous saviour of the man who had been trying to hang himself stopped, struck his forehead, and let fall the head of the unfortunate being who was beginning to breathe.

"You are right, Monsieur. What the devil was I about? It is all the more absurd of me to have prevented this worthy man from hanging himself, that I myself came here to commit suicide."

"Bah! you came to hang yourself?"

"No! I despise this mode of ending your existence. It is ugly."

"Ah! you meant to shoot yourself?"

"A dirty and disagreeable death. Fie!"

"You have poison in your pocket?"

"Cramps and colics."

"How the devil, then, do you mean to die?"

"I mean to drown myself."

The first suicide then desires the honour of knowing who are to be his companions in death. The others tell him, and it is proposed that the three suicides shall adjourn their project until daybreak, and tell their stories. They adjourn, and the suicide number two, whose pockets are full of money, treats number one and number three to a splendid supper. They then tell their stories. They are most extraordinary. Number one tells his last, and we have yet to learn it. But this we know, that he, from the strange revelations of the others, sees a chance of all three being saved. We have seldom perused anything more extravagant, but at the same time the style is good, the dialogue powerful and effective, and the plot admirably contrived. I shall reserve, however, any general criticism on this work until its conclusion.

Nothing very new in the theatrical world. The opera struggles against the intense heat with the *Juif Errant*, Freyschutz, the Huguenots, Robert the Devil, &c. The Comic Opera announces bravely a new piece in three acts. It was first to be called the *Baiser de la Vierge*, then the *Vierge de Kermo*, and now it is the *Croix de Marie*. The poem is by Lochroy and Den-

nery; the music by Maillard, author of *Gartibelza*. M. Deloris, a very clever actor, has given up his first-rate parts in melodrama to play very humble parts at the *Comedie-Francaise*. This is worthy of imitation. The system of government at this theatre is worthy of study. Every actor belonging to it has his share in its profits, and a retiring pension according to his merit. Two pensions have just fallen in, that of Armand, 7,800f.; that of Carigny, 5,000f. The theatre still pays 100,000f. a year in pensions. Some of the pensioners present curious features. Mlle. de Corneille is pensioned as descendant of Corneille, Mlle. Ducroisy as the descendant of Racine. M. Dupont went on the retiring list in 1803, and is now nearly a hundred years old. He has 4,000f. a year, and his daughter 7,000f.

A very absurd parody of Ulysses at the *Francaise* has been brought out by Messieurs Clairville and Cordier at the Vaudeville. Its plot is simple. Ulysses is a carpenter; he is absent and believed to be dead. His wife Pleine-de-Loques has numerous suitors, a decision with regard to whom she puts off making until she has finished knitting a night-cap. Meanwhile Ulysses arrives. There is no bow, but his wife has a billiard room in her cabaret, and there is an enormous queue. Ulysses defies his rivals to play. They cannot use the queue. He can, and is recognised. A few lines are worth quoting to show that French parodies are inferior far in fun to our own.

O ciel! grands dieux! que vois-je? où suis-je? encore un port! J'ai couru du Tréport à Saint-Jean pied-de-Porte, J'ai visité Pornic, l'île-au-Port et Portvendre, Et même Porentruy... tous ces ports, à bien prendre, Ne sont pas des ports frais, je les crois assez vieux, Mais un port est un port, et je ne suis heureux Que dans les seuls endroits où quelques ports m'attirent; Rien ne peindra l'effet que sur moi ces ports firent! Avec mes compagnons, menueurs comme moi, Je revenais de Troie, en Champagne, je croi, Je me rendais à Troie à propos d'andouillette, Et je suis revenue de ce Troie en douillette.

A smart Vaudeville, called *Par les Fenêtres*, has been produced by M. Amedee Achard at the Gymnase, which you will doubtless see shortly on the English stage.

While great prices are given for pictures sold at sales of note, such as that of Marshal Soult, pictures of at least equal merit lie unknown. The proprietors not having a name will not risk a sale, and they wait in vain a private offer. I have recently seen two instances of this—the widow of an aide-de-camp of Marshal Soult, who obtained the prize in the same way that his general did, in Spain, has the master-piece of Antonio Pereda in her possession. It is a splendid picture. It cannot be sold publicly here because of the Spanish government. The price of it is 2,000f. Another person possesses a gallery of pictures which has been in his family for a hundred years. An old bachelor and not so rich as he was once, he wishes to part with the more valuable ones. There is a Murillo, a Vandyke (the Maritime Power of England), a Rembrandt, a Sebastian del Piombo, a Claude Lorraine, a Berghem, and a Ruysdal. All these I should like to see in the possession of our National Gallery. They are worthy of being purchased by a great institution, and should not be buried in private galleries.

MINOR FRENCH WORKS.

The first in importance and interest of these before us is the volume entitled *Memoires de Charles Gozzi par Paul de Musset*. Goldoni was in the acme of his popularity at Venice, when Gozzi offered to the same theatre his fairy piece of *The Three Oranges*. It was well written, extravagant and picturesque, something in the style of our spectacles and burlesques, but vastly superior. It took wonderfully, and Goldoni retired to France. For fifteen years Gozzi kept the first place as dramatic author at Venice. At last he took to serious pieces and fell. He then amused himself by writing his memoirs, which have been very ably translated and commented by Paul de Musset. *Les Illumines*, par Gerard de Nerval, is very interesting. The biographies it contains of Spisame of Buquoy, Jacques Cazotte, Quintus Aucler, and Nicholas Restif de la Bretonne, will be read with attention. They are deserving of it. M. John Lemoine, in his *Etudes Critiques et Biographiques*, treats of Shakespeare, O'Connell, Sir Robert Peel, Haydon, and Beau Brummel. Two novels, the *Luizina* of Alfred de Bougy, and the *Dartmoor* of Jules Poulain, have attracted some attention. Of other works in our next.

Histoire de la Lutte des Papes et des Empereurs de la Maison de Souabe, de ses causes et de ses effets. Par C. DE CHERRIER. 4 Volumes. Paris: Courcier. 1852.

FEW periods offer more rich materials than that chosen by M. C. DE CHERRIER. Painters, scarce of subjects, have but to search back into the records of these picturesque days to cover acres of canvases. We all know how the Popes, deprived of the protection of the Carlovingian princes, were obliged to suffer that of the kings of Germany, crowned Emperor in the person of OTTO THE GREAT, to find themselves soon their dependants. The kings of Germany began by oppressing Northern Italy, and then tried to lay their hands on the South by seizing Sicily. Here began the struggle, of which M. CHERRIER writes the narrative. Passing over the history of the Eastern Empire, of the invasion of the Barbarians, the sketch of the Ostro-Goth kingdom, of

Greek rule in Italy, of Lombard rule, of the intervention of the Carolingians, the means by which the bishop of Rome took advantage of everything to consolidate his power, we glance with satisfaction at the picture traced by M. CHERRIER of the fanatics of Italian nationality, which ever since has been one of the most curious spectacles presented to the consideration of the student of history.

We come soon to the advent of the Suabian house, to the war of Guelf and Ghibellines, to the brilliant Hohenstauffern, those unfortunate, chivalrous, and celebrated princes. The sketch from CONRAD III. to CONRADIN reads like a romance. The first burst of war between Velp and Weibingen, the expeditions of FREDERICK BARBEROUSSE, the wars of the Lombard League, the Peace of Constance, the deeds of the Duke of Anjou,—a whole diorama of incidents passes before us.

Events are, however, better narrated than portraits are painted by M. CHERRIER. But the general effect is gorgeous. All is animated and living. The illustrious dead, so long reposing in the grim silence of their marble tombs, leap, armed cap-a-pie, from the earth; knights, banded with iron, before our eyes, range themselves around their chiefs, and couriers prance with joy and impatience. What journeys, fatigues, combats, battles, tournaments, bold enterprises; what superhuman work, what miseries, what glory! Love, ambition, politics; influence them by turn. To-day they sleep on a straw bed in the open air, to-morrow in the mud, beneath pouring rain. Heat, cold, hunger, all miseries are their share.

There are many interesting episodes, such as the death of BARBEROUSSE, the characters of HENRY II., the Cyclops, of RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, but the best picture is the reign of FREDERICK II. Then comes the picture of the scenes after the death of FREDERICK II., when the Empire declined, the Pope became master of Sicily, and URBAN IV. offered the crown of this kingdom to CHARLES of Anjou. LOUIS IX., who knew the value of his brother, tried to move the Holy Father from his designs, but CHARLES of Anjou was made king, and broke his oath. But what could be expected from the loyalty and greatness of this prince who sent to the scaffold CONRADIN, the last scion of the Emperors of Suabia, a child of fifteen years old, handsome and magnanimous, who nobly bowed his head on the block, in presence of his executioner CHARLES.

We received this valuable work too late to give extracts. We have only had leisure to examine it cursorily, but we purpose returning to it at length and giving some quotations.

Naples.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Naples, June 21st, 1852.

I HAVE now been here a week, and at the end of that period must acknowledge that, so many are the fascinations, so bewildering the gaiety, incessant noise, comical nationality of manners, contrasted luxury and wretchedness of social aspects in this city, that the mind has difficulty in collating details, or defining impressions yet brought within its experience here. Certainly, of all cities this must, at the first *coup d'œil*, be the most attractive, and we might say (on a first impression) that it seems, as compared with others, the poetry of their prose, or like a creation brought into existence to adorn a *fête*, of which the Universe is spectator; yet this entrancing spell cannot remain, for the thoughtful observer, long unbroken; and the Syren City will soon betray herself to such in her true character,—that which may be most delicately expressed in the language of scripture, as “a fair woman without virtue;” or as a Dead-Sea apple, beautiful outside, but ashes and bitterness within. I do not mean to say that this deep-seated corruption proceeds, originally, at least, from incurable depravity in the Neapolitan character, which, on the contrary, possesses many amiable traits,—geniality, quickness of imagination, mildness of temper, and aptitude to learn,—it is much rather ascribable to political misfortunes, and that system of government exploded throughout the greater part of the civilised world, which here flourishes at its full height, seeking to withdraw itself, at the extremity of Southern Europe, from that amenability to opinion whose increase must be considered one of the happiest signs of progress in our age. The perversion of justice and cruelties of police in this kingdom have been lately exposed by an able pen, with a force of effect that has carried alarm into the gorgeous halls of Caserta and impregnable fortress of Gaeta; but every traveller may report, on his own experience, the venalities of office, before he has passed many hours in the Neapolitan territory. Thus, for instance, between the Papal frontier and the metropolis, you are stopped at three *Dogana* stations, at all of which the right of searching luggage may be enforced, and is at all to be evaded by the bribery of well-dressed officers at a bargained price! In the details of material civilization the superiority of Naples over the Papal City, and, indeed, over most others in Italy, is great. The splendour of

the shops, and brilliancy of gas-illumination, might vie with Regent-street, whilst there is more tumult, and, at least, as continued a stream of carriages on the Toledo and the Chiaja, as in the most central parts of London. The Villa Reale, or public gardens, extending for about a mile along the sea, is, when illuminated and frequented by gay throngs, from sunset till near midnight, with its umbrageous walks, thick clustering plantations of myrtle and olive, palm trees and beds of roses, fountains, marble statues from the antique, and Grecian temples gleaming in the moonlight like alabaster, *cafés*, with awnings in front, where refreshments are partaken of in the open air,—a scene veritably of most pagan luxuriousness, in which a Mahomedan might fancy realized his dreams of a houri-paradise—a poet his garden of Armida,—if it were not disenchanted by the bayonets and official trappings of the stiff Helvetians who guard every entrance and every edifice within this fairy domain. It is difficult to record even the general effect produced by the aspects of Naples without alluding to the dark shadows that cross this brilliant picture,—the ideas that *here*, of all places on earth, most strike with a pang the feeling and generous mind that looks beyond the superficies.

Of the dark holes wherewith man cumbereth earth,
To shut from human eyes the glancing seasons' mirth.

And, in fact, the despotism that reigns here never allows itself to be forgotten: it seems to impregnate the air, and interferes, to a degree, with the enjoyment of those objects I wish more especially to report on, as suited to your pages,—the Fine Arts. Majesty is not at present residing here, but at Gaeta, preferred for the strength of its fortifications (although there is no royal palace, where a queen and her children can be properly lodged, within its walls); and the innkeeper at Mola (eight miles distant by land) is liable to imprisonment if he furnishes a vehicle to any stranger for merely approaching those impenetrable towers! Yet the metropolitan palace, the splendid fabric of Fontana, which extends its vast front, with hanging gardens, along the southern horn of the bay, is perpetually guarded by hundreds of troops; the narrow *facade* that looks upon the Piazza, where the Toledo and various other streets have their *embouchures*, has been lately fortified by the filling up of the arcades and windows with blind walls, pierced by loopholes for musketry; and at the angle abutting on two piazzas a corporal, with stick in hand, is stationed to warn off passengers from lingering too long in the hallowed precincts. The gates of the royal garden, flanked on one side by the S. Carlo Theatre, are adorned with bronze statues of Greek warriors, each reining in a fiery steed, but the sentry allows no one to stop for an instant in the object of admiring these works, or reading the Latin inscriptions beneath. Even at a distance from the royal domicile, on the piazza before the *facade* of the principal entrance, the same impediment prevents one from examining the colossal equestrian statues by Canova, of the father and grandfather to the present king,—the sentinels stay all night on duty here, not allowing even majesty in bronze to be too closely inspected! These petty tyrannies might be easily forgotten, but there are others by which the study of art has been more seriously interfered with. By royal edict issued during the past winter, the Bourbonic Museum, containing one of the greatest, and the most multifarious collection, of objects of *virtu* in every department, was declared to be no longer, as formerly, the property of the nation, but that of the sovereign, as exclusively attached to the crown as the Vatican is to the Tiara. Subsequently, one of its greatest treasures in sculpture, the Venus Callipige, has been removed, and the entire contents of the cabinet where it stood, all being statues of Venus and Cupid, various in size and merit, have been alike withdrawn from inspection, either by removal to another building, or seclusion under lock and key. Having been in Naples before, I have distinct recollections of the sculpture in this cabinet, and, unless the principle be recognised that the nude cannot, in this branch of art, co-exist with aught save impurity, or awaken other than licentious feelings, may bear testimony to the perfectly innocuous character of these Venuses, whose charms were not displayed in total absence of drapery; that called the Callipige, for instance, is about half covered, and various other statues, still in the Bourbonic Museum, male and female, are open to the charge of indecency on like grounds. Graceful in outline, and exquisitely developed, anatomically, as is that Venus, the figure seemed to me totally deficient in goddess-dignity as in intellectual expression, and the theory may be accepted as most obviously just, of its being the portrait of some favourite dancer rather than the ideal of a divinity. Another consequence of the royal appropriation of this museum is the total inaccessibility of the secret chamber, containing marbles, bronzes, and frescoes from Pompeii and Herculaneum, to which admission was formerly obtained by means of orders from diplomatic ministers or consuls, for *male* visitors only, excluding those in holy orders. The prohibition, in this instance, may be considered excusable, rather than in the former, for, notwithstanding the interest that might attach to the study of such monuments of antique depravity as are contained in this chamber (illustrating the very worst details of vice made known to us by Juvenal or Catullus), the mere contemplation of such objects might be contaminating to many minds,—for myself, I regretted having seen them. To do justice to the king, it must be owned that he has not otherwise shown

want of liberality in allowing the public to benefit by his magnificent museum, and that free from obligatory expense, though the *custodi*, who are in attendance at the entrance to each suit of rooms, expect a fee if the visitor has been accompanied by them for the explanation of the several objects; with more liberality even than is shown at the Vatican, the museum is open every day, exclusive of festivals. Not a few additions have been made from Pompeii during the last two years, which has been made the pretext for changing all the numbers, so as to induce the traveller to purchase, at a high price, the guide-book sold on the premises, all those of earlier date being by this contrivance invalidated. Artists are still allowed to copy in the gallery of paintings here (greatly enriched by the addition of that formerly belonging to the Prince of Salerno), though not without the exertion of much interest, and only twenty-two names are at present on this list. The only occasion when the state of contemporary art here may be estimated in the aggregate, is afforded by a biennial exhibition (on the ground floor of the museum), the alternate years being distinguished by no such display, save an industrial one,—that is, of mechanic productions, &c. At no period, ancient or modern, has Naples claimed a first place among the Schools of Painting, and it is, I think, Rio (in his essays on Christian Art) who attributes this inferiority, as a sort of intellectual judgment, to her primevally espousing the cause of the iconoclasts under Leo the Isaurian! I remember the biennial exhibition here in 1848, and the general impression of falsity—though theatrical in design and glaring in colour—left by the paintings there displayed. This government does about as little as possible for the patronage of art, though its institution for pensioned students has still a nominal existence at Rome, and when the portrait of Ferdinand II. appears at the exhibition, all visitors are obliged to keep their heads uncovered in the room honoured by its presence! The Basilica of S. Francesco di Paolo, founded in 1817, is, among Neapolitan churches, that most adorned by native and contemporary artists. This circular temple, the idea of which has been taken from the Pantheon, of aerial majesty in proportions (I speak of the interior only, the exterior being decidedly bad), and dazzling splendour in detail, has in each of the lateral chapels, and in the semi-circular absis, a large altar-piece, paintings, of which you can hardly say more than that they serve to cover so much waste ground, and fill up the details of Catholic decoration. Not one of them, I should say, excepting only a fine copy from Caravaggio's “Entombment” (at the Vatican), would be admitted into any annual exhibition of London. Between the columns of precious marble that surround this church entirely, are eight colossal statues, the Evangelists, and four doctors of the Greek and Latin Church, amongst which the only figure possessing the highest qualities of sculpture in any degree is the “St. John,” by Tenerani. Groups in chiaro-scuro adorn the attic and lateral walls of the chapel in this costly Basilica, which, for the profusion of precious marbles and gems, may be considered to vie with those of Rome. The church of the Carmina, founded by the mother of Conradin over the tomb of her murdered son, now contains the finest piece of modern sculpture in Naples—the monument to that ill-fated prince by Thorvaldsen, with a statue, of heroic size, crowned and regally robed, leaning upon a long two-handled sword, the basement presenting, laterally, small reliefs of the separation of Conradin from his mother, and the farewell scene between the nephew and uncle (the latter Frederic of Baden), as fellow-sufferers, at the scaffold; and on the front an inscription in German, purporting that “Maximilian, crown-prince of Bavaria, erected this monument to a kinsman of his house, to the King Conradin, last of the Hohenstauffen,” in 1847.

I have seen nothing in modern art more pathetic or noble than this figure: represented as still in the bloom of youth, of beauty the most refined, yet manly, the frame vigorous, the deportment majestic, there is in the downcast countenance an expression of deep foreboding sadness, calling to mind the ancient tradition that such was the mournful distinction of those destined to a violent and untimely death;—yet, it is a sadness that ennobles, and seems to place its subject in a higher sphere as one set apart from mankind to become the example of misfortune in greatness. The quaint old temple, adorned in a grotesque manner and encrusted with many-colored marbles, has no other monumental sculpture, and when entered in the dusk of evening, the figure of Conradin, standing alone, near the centre of the nave, in mournful grandeur, seems like a spirit haunting “more in sorrow than in anger” the scene of its earthly wrongs.

(To be continued.)

At a meeting held at Preston, the Rev. B. Powell related the following anecdote of the Bishop of London: the latter, on being asked as to what time it would be convenient for an interview on the following morning, replied, “At any time after four o'clock.” He (Mr. Powell) said, “My Lord, do you rise as early as four o'clock?” His Lordship answered, “I do—if I had not made a point of rising early, I should not have been your Bishop.”

Two pigeons were recently taken from Derby, twenty miles in the direction of Nottingham, and then released. One of them flew home in thirty-three minutes six seconds, the other in forty minutes twenty-three seconds.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SUMMARY OF SCIENCE.
PHYSICS.

ON THE STABILITY OF THE EARTH'S AXIS OF ROTATION.—In a letter to Sir J. Lubbock, Mr. Hennessey combats the views of the former mathematician, as to the possibility of a change in the earth's axis of rotation, from the influence of two disturbing causes; viz., the necessary displacement of the earth's interior strata arising from chemical and physical actions during the process of solidification; and, secondly, the friction of the resisting medium in which the earth is supposed to move. The writer finds his mathematical deductions borne out by Bischof's experiments on the contraction of the granitic and igneous rocks during solidification, and advances a theory, from which he draws the conclusions, that as the process of solidification progresses, the strata of equal pressure in the spheroidal fluid nucleus of the earth acquire increased ellipticity, and each stratum of equal density successively added to the inner surface of the solid crust is more oblate than the solid strata previously formed. From these considerations he argues, that the difference between the greatest and least moments of inertia of the earth, must progressively increase during the process of solidification, and that it therefore follows that, if the axis of rotation were at any time stable, it would continue so for ever. As this axis must have been stable at the time of the first formation of the earth's crust, in accordance with the laws of fluid equilibrium, it necessarily continued undisturbed during the increase of the thickness of the crust; so that the displacement of the interior strata of the earth tends to increase the stability of, instead of changing, the axis of rotation of the earth. Mr. Hennessey also concludes, that the friction of a resisting medium at the earth's surface could not influence the stability of the axis of rotation, if, as above detailed, it originally coincided with the axis of figure. These considerations he is inclined to extend to the planets, assuming for them a similar physical constitution to that of the earth.

GEOLOGY.

FOSSIL EGGS OF REPTILES.—Dr. Mantell closes an elaborate paper on the fossil reptile, recently discovered in the Old Red Sandstone of Morayshire, which was noticed in *THE CRITIC* for April 15th, with some remarks on the organic remains occurring in the more ancient Devonian strata of Forfarshire, and which are popularly termed "petrified blackberries." These fossils are small, oval, carbonaceous bodies, more or less depressed, and have been figured by Sir C. Lyell, in his *Manual of Elementary Geology*, who observes respecting them, "in the same gray paving-stones, &c., in which the *Cephulaspis* occurs in Forfarshire, and Kincardineshire, the remains of marine plants and fucoids abound. They are frequently accompanied by groups of hexagonal, or nearly hexagonal, markings, which consist of small carbonaceous bodies placed in a slight depression of the sandstone, or shale. They much resemble in form the spawn of the recent *Natica*, in which the eggs are arranged in a thin layer of sand, and seem to have acquired a polygonal form by pressing against each other. The substance of the egg, if fossilized, might give rise to small pellicles of carbonaceous matter." Dr. Mantell, from some observations made some years since, on a carbonized mass of the ova of frogs, suggested at that time to Sir C. Lyell, that these petrified eggs of Forfarshire were more probably of batrachian origin, than belonging to gasteropodous mollusks, to which some naturalists referred them; but as no traces of reptiles had then been discovered in so ancient a formation, this interpretation of the origin of these fossils was rejected. This idea respecting the batrachian source of the "petrified blackberries" recurred to this geologist on the discovery of the Morayshire reptile, and as the apparently fatal objection of the non-existence of reptiles at that epoch is now shown to have been too hastily taken for granted, he now states that on a careful re-examination of all the specimens of these fossil ova within reach, and comparing them with those of the frog in a carbonized state, he is convinced that if the *animal origin* of these "petrified blackberries" be proved, there is no doubt that they are the ova of batrachians, closely allied to the frog tribe. These fossils occur in clusters blended with the foliage of fluviatile plants, and exactly correspond with the carbonized mass of frogs' eggs already noticed. Associated with these remains, are small, oval, roundish bodies, disposed singly or in pairs, among and sometimes adherent to the foliage with which they are collocated, and which so closely resemble the eggs of aquatic Salamanders, that, admitting the batrachian character of the clusters previously described, there is every reason to conclude that this second variety consists of the fossil ova of a class of reptiles which, like the recent Tritons, deposited their eggs on the leaves of aquatic plants. With a modest philosophic distrust of his own opinion, Dr. Mantell submitted his views and evidence on this subject to Mr. Newport, whose accurate knowledge in this department of physiology is well known, and this gentleman concurs in the belief that the clusters of

"petrified blackberries" are of batrachian origin, resembling the spawn of frogs, whilst the eggs which occur attached to leaves singly or in pairs are those of aquatic Salamanders. Thus evidence accumulates upon us to prove the existence of air-breathing oviparous quadrupeds at an epoch far earlier than the carboniferous period, and lends additional force to the warnings which have so frequently been given by deep-thinking men against the various rash and confident generalizations of those who would fix the first creation of each tribe of plants or animals, and even the genesis of life itself, at the precise spot where our retrospective knowledge, founded on a partial, and how partial, examination of the earth's crust, happens to stop.

THE COPPER MINES OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—Native copper is the chief staple of Lake Superior, and for ages before the occupation of America by Europeans, this locality supplied the Indian nations far and near. The tumult met with on the Mississippi contain copper from this Lake. Indications of ancient mining are abundant in Keweenaw, Ontonagon and Isle Royale, where are found deep pits (a ladder in one), rubbish, stone mauls, hammers, chisels, and wedges of hardened copper. In a native excavation near the river Ontonagon, with trees five hundred years old growing over it; there lately lay a mass of native copper weighing eighty-one tons, partly fused and resting on skids of black oak. There are at present, according to Dr. Bigsby, some forty mines worked by three thousand miners. Silver is always present, and is occasionally met with in large masses. This metal is not alloyed with the copper, but interspersed through its substance in small scales of pure silver. In one, the Cliff mine, there was at the beginning of this year, masses of pure copper of an estimated weight of 700 tons, and one block of this metal in the Minnesota district weighing 250 tons. Copper is met with only in the trap-rocks. In 1851, about 1,600 tons of copper were shipped from the various mines on Lake Superior. On the south-east side of the lake large beds of specular and magnetic iron-ore exist, which are as yet worked to a very trifling extent.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

CAOUTCHOUC, OR INDIA-RUBBER.—The varied and almost daily novel applications of this product, and the improvements effected in its adaptation to the numerous purposes of civilized life, since it was first introduced, towards the end of the last century, and sold at a guinea an ounce for obliterating the marks of black lead pencils, may make a few observations on the methods by which it is adapted to its several uses interesting. The first extensive successful application of this substance was the employment of it by the late Charles Macintosh, for making waterproof cloth, a patent which just before its expiration proved highly remunerative to the parties interested, and directed the attention of ingenious men to this material. The first stage is to obtain it in blocks, or in sheets, into which state it is invariably brought previously to the subsequent adaptations of it in manufactures, by rasping and tearing the rough caoutchouc, as imported, into shreds, and thoroughly washing these with water; when cleansed from all its earthy and woody impurities, it is kneaded together by mechanical means, which cause these shreds to unite, and, by further powerful pressure, large and solid blocks are obtained, which are cut into sheets and threads by knives kept constantly wetted. From these sheets various elastic fabrics of great utility are made, and thus caoutchouc, either in block, sheet, or thread, proved of great value in the arts. So far it was already very useful, but there were still many defects in this manufacture, it was not truly elastic, for when expanded it did not perfectly resume its original length and shape, but remained permanently stretched. By exposure to cold it becomes rigid, so that a Macintosh cloak taken from its peg on a frosty morning would stand on end as if made of mill-board; it was readily injured when constantly worn, softening, becoming sticky, and losing its elasticity, and its useful adaptations appeared to have reached their limits, when it was discovered by Mr. Charles Goodyear, of New York, some few years since, that caoutchouc would unite with sulphur, and that this compound possessed the properties of permanent elasticity, suppleness at low temperatures, yet remaining unchanged at a heat far beyond that of boiling water, durability, and insolubility in the various liquids used as solvents for common caoutchouc; and this material, under the absurd name of *Vulcanized Indianrubber*, was introduced in England by Mr. Hancock. This process of *vulcanization* depends upon the property possessed by Caoutchouc of uniting with a small proportion of sulphur, and also, according to later investigations, with various compounds of sulphur, which, being somewhat unstable in their nature, probably liberate sulphur whenever such sulphur compounds are incorporated with caoutchouc. Several methods of effecting the combination of these substances have been devised; thus, by steeping caoutchouc in melted sulphur at a temperature of 234°–246° for a few hours, a portion of the sulphur will be absorbed by it, but without its undergoing any very marked change of its ordinary properties. If, however, the temperature be raised for a few minutes to 275°–320°, the sulphurated

caoutchouc becomes *vulcanized*, and by a further prolongation of the heat its elasticity diminishes, and it eventually becomes hard and brittle. During this part of the process, a slight but constant disengagement of sulphuretted hydrogen gas takes place, and a new carbon compound, richer in carbon than the caoutchouc, is produced. Again, when caoutchouc is mechanically incorporated with some 10 to 20 per cent. of sulphur, and the mass exposed to the temperature, 275°–320°, already stated, vulcanization is effected. This large quantity of sulphur is not requisite to produce vulcanization, a much smaller proportion being sufficient for the purpose. Instead of sulphur; sulphite, or hyposulphite of lead or zinc, and the artificial sulphurets of these metals, have been employed, and the mixture heated as before described—a modification of the vulcanizing process which has lately occupied the attention of the courts of law, and which, if sustained as a distinct invention, must eventually in throwing open this manufacture, for I think it highly probable that the majority of the numerous unstable sulphur-compounds would act in a similar way to the hyposulphites and sulphurets just mentioned, and vulcanize caoutchouc exposed to their action; there being no reasonable doubt that decomposition of these salts ensues, and that the vulcanization is caused by the sulphur thus set free combining with the caoutchouc. Another plan, termed *cold vulcanization*, consists in plunging the various articles of caoutchouc into sulphuret of carbon mixed with 2½ per cent. of protochloride of sulphur, a liquid which rapidly penetrates the caoutchouc, to prevent the excessive action of which, the articles are quickly withdrawn and washed in water. A second liquid process is, to subject the caoutchouc for about three hours to a solution of persulphuret of potassium, at a temperature of 284° in a close vessel, and subsequently washing it, first in an alkaline solution and afterwards in water; these two last processes, when carefully managed, impart the requisite quantity of sulphur to the caoutchouc, without leaving an excess in its pores, and consequently prevent the inconveniences which sometimes arise from the over-charge of sulphur existing in that vulcanized by mechanical means, as well as the necessity which, for some purposes, there arose for desulphurating, or removing the excess of sulphur from the caoutchouc, which desulphurating is usually effected by treatment with caustic alkaline solutions. The cylindrical fibres of ordinary caoutchouc, so usefully applied in the production of elastic web, and in many articles of dress, are best obtained by treating this substance, freed from impurities, with sulphuret of carbon mixed with 5 per cent. of common alcohol, which converts it into a doughy mass, which is readily spun into thread. By exposure to the heat of boiling water these threads are rendered susceptible of enormous extension; the original length can thus be extended from 1 to 16,625, the diameter of course diminishing, and fibres of the extremest tenacity being produced.

HERMES.

ART AND ARTISTS.

The Art Journal, for July, presents us with an engraving of TURNER's splendid picture in the Vernon Gallery, "The Prince of Orange landing at Torbay," and Sir D. WILKIE's inimitable "Bag-Pipes," in the same collection. The Old Master of Art selected for illustration in this number is JARDIN. The Costumes of various epochs are continued. Relics of Middle Age Art, and the Progress of Art Manufacture are profusely illustrated by woodcuts of great beauty, and there is a leaf from the Sketch-book of RETZSCH, full of spirit and character.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE Paris papers announce that there is to be erected in the courtyard of the Post-office, a statue to Charlemagne, as "founder of postal communication."—The vacation at the Schools of Practical Art commence on the 15th of July and end on the 31st of August. When the session re-opens, several new special classes will commence their courses at Marlborough-house; and among them will be classes for china painting, chromolithography, and perhaps chasing of metals. The Museum of Ornamental Manufactures will also re-open, both to the public and as a place of study, on certain days of the week.—*The Augsburg Gazette* contains a letter from Leipsic, of the 29th ult., which says:—"Paul Delaroche has arrived here, this being one of the places which he determined to stop at in his tour for exhibiting his fine picture of the condemnation of Marie Antoinette. This *chef-d'œuvre* excites universal admiration, as does another picture of his representing the Emperor Napoleon."—On Saturday last, says *The Athenæum*, we spent some hours at the foundry of

Mr. Robinson, in Pimlico, for the purpose of being witnesses to the new process of casting in bronze by which works of great size and importance are moulded entire, instead of piecemeal as of old. Every multiplication of the acts by which a work of Art is to be transferred from its original Art-language into another increases, it will be obvious, the risk of some sacrifice of the author's intentions or proportions:—so that, Mr. Robinson's new method, by which a single act of translation is made to suffice, is at once a simplification and a most valuable improvement. Our readers may remember that the first experiment on a large scale was made with Mr. Behnes's Peel statue for the town of Leeds,—and the success was such as to establish the process for future great works. In the present case, the subject was the fine statue, upwards of ten feet in height, which Mr. Baily has modelled for Sir Robert's native town, Bury, in Lancashire. Of old, the casting of large pieces, even when such works were divided, took place in pits dug to contain the mould,—and the legs and trunk would have received the burning stream which was to harden to immortality within them in upright posture. On the present occasion, a huge iron case, strongly bound and rivetted, had been built on the surface of the floor, of dimensions to receive the full-length figure in a horizontal position. Close at hand glowed and roared the huge furnace in which the fusion of metals was, under the compelling power of a heat intensified into almost invisibility, for hours going on. When this process of fusion was accomplished, the mixed metal, to the weight of more than two tons, was received into an iron cauldron, and swung by machinery to the case which enshined the mould. In the black sand that formed the roof of this case and of the mould there was one great vortex for the reception of the flaming material,—and from this, channels running in all directions to convey it horizontally to every part of the figure at once. Here, the liquid flame was skimmed:—and after a few minutes of breathless pause,—under the influence of strong excitement to ourselves, and of deep anxiety no doubt to those more immediately concerned—the final signal was given. The cauldron was turned over at the mouth of the vortex by the machinery from which it swung,—and in thirty seconds by a stop-watch, the Bury "Pee" was cast! The thing was like the creation of an enchantment. The workmen at once proceeded to the task of knocking away and uncovering:—and the result is, a cast of surpassing beauty—almost perfection from the mould itself—and scarcely needing the chaser's hand. We understand, Mr. Robinson will set up the statue and exhibit it in his gallery before it takes its departure for its final abode in the town of Bury.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE prominent feature of the musical season has been the pianoforte playing of Madame Pleyel, who has distanced competition in the classical school, as well as for energy and prodigious execution, elegance of style and perfection of mechanism. She made her last appeal to the English public for a long period, at the sixth and last meeting of the Quartett Association, where she played Beethoven's Sonata in A minor (Op. 47), and Hummel's Septet in D minor. From her impulsive fancy and wonderful executive power, it may easily be imagined what a combined perfection of taste and mechanism she exhibited both in the fiery and passionate ebullitions of Beethoven, and in the graceful and brilliant passages of Hummel.

The first performance in England of an elaborate symphony in G major by that composer of European reputation, Herr Ferdinand Hiller, the design of which is to convey impression of country life and scenery, imparted a special interest to the eighth, last, and by many degrees the best concert this season of the Philharmonic Society. The length of the novelty was amply compensated for by its beauty and importance. The parts which impress the strongest with their individuality and melodious character are the opening movement, which delights by its freshness and spontaneity of thought, and the intermezzo, which is lively, quaint and simple.

The last performance for the present season of the Sacred Harmonic Society has also taken place; and as the series of concerts began with a new work, Haydn's *Seasons*, so it terminated with another, Spohr's *Calvary*, styled in the original, *Des Heiland's Letzte Stunden* (*The Saviour's Last Hour*). The oratorio, which is quite a sacred musical drama, comprises the betrayal of the Redeemer by Judas Iscariot, the trial, the condemnation to death, the crucifixion, the tempest and the burial; and the poetical idea it develops is the strife between the Christian Apostles and the unbelieving Jews. Of all Spohr's works, it is the grandest in conception, the most profound in thought, and the most masterly in construction, though its strain of melody is less familiar than that of *The Last Judgment*, and less

stimulating than the gorgeous barbaric music of *The Fall of Babylon*. Its new and original forms, and the chromatic and unusual intervals given to the voices, as well as the complicated richness of harmony and instrumentation, rendered it excessively difficult for all the performers, who certainly did not attain perfection in its execution at Exeter Hall on the night of Monday, the 5th inst. Still, there was much in the performance that was grand and beautiful. The honours of the evening fell to Madame Clara Novello, who sang the *soprano* music admirably; and Herr Formes displayed energy with some of his usual roughness. Messrs. Lockett and Benson, and Mesdames Dolby and Williams, were careful and correct; but all spoiled their recitatives by defective elocution. The veteran and illustrious composer—the greatest of living musicians—was present, and both on entering and leaving the hall was loudly cheered.

The Royal Academy Concerts for the exhibition of the students as singers, players upon instruments, and composers, were brought to a close on Saturday, the 3rd instant, in the Hanover Square Rooms. There were a couple of original overtures, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, by Mr. T. B. Gilbert, and *The Water Nymph*, by Mr. O'Leary, neither of which call for any special remark; a pleasing and well-written duet by Mr. Banner, and some brilliant instrumental solo playing by Master John Barnett, a nephew of the composer, who, although scarcely fourteen years of age, played the first movement of Hummel's concerto with the energy, tone, correctness and style of an experienced pianist. Miss Sadler (a pupil of Mr. Cipriani Potter), Mr. Folkes (a pupil of Mr. Patey), Miss Amy Dolby and Miss Fanny Rowland, as instrumentalists and vocalists, also distinguished themselves and were greatly applauded.

At an extra performance of the Musical Union, given by Mr. Ella on Tuesday, the 6th inst., Mlle. Clauss enraptured the audience by the great fire and expression with which she gave Beethoven's magnificent *Sonata Appassionata* in F minor, and the poetical feeling that she threw into her execution of a *nocturne* by Chopin, and the finale of Mendelssohn's fantasia in F sharp minor. M. Vieuxtemps, who was the principal violin, also played brilliantly a solo of his own, and in a couple of quartets, by Haydn and Mendelssohn, in which he was ably assisted by Messrs. Alfred Mellon, Oury, and Piatti.

On the following evening there occurred the most interesting concert of the past week, the pupils of Mr. Hullah's Upper Singing School, who are now not surpassed for admirable precision and just intonation by any body of chorus singers in London, performing choral music at St. Martin's Hall, occasionally accompanied by the organ, but chiefly without accompaniment. Several of the unaccompanied pieces were extremely difficult, but were, notwithstanding, executed in the most satisfactory manner.

During the last week, the rival English Glee and Madrigal Unions sang their last in London to full and fashionable audiences; and Mr. Land's popular party are about to proceed on a tour to the provinces.

Mrs. John Harris appeared to the greatest advantage at a very agreeable concert which she gave on Monday last, at 38, Park-street, under the patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland and several ladies of distinction. The singers, who were numerous and proficient, did full justice to some concerted vocal pieces, and Herr Oberthier performed elegantly on the harp some admired compositions of his own for that instrument.

A strong phalanx of talent and an excellent programme were collected together and provided at Miss Rose Braham's concert. That the entertainment went off with the greatest éclat will be readily perceived when it is known that out of the thirty-one pieces that furnished the entertainment there were nine encores. The fair young lady formed herself the centre of attraction.

The members of the Réunion des Arts have, since our last, had another great treat, the instrumental and vocal pieces being good and interesting, and much applauded. The rooms were, as usual, full and fashionably attended.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

A Mlle. Sosse is mentioned in the *Gazette Musicale* as having sung with success at the Canobbiana Theatre, Milan.—Miss Cushman, having closed her performances in America, has arrived in England. Mlle. Parodi, too, is said to have returned to Europe.—The Purcell commemoration was held on Thursday week at the morning service in Westminster Abbey. The music performed was all Purcell's, and the choir was assisted by several admirers of the composer.—We learn, with much regret, that the London public, and the interests of musical art in this country, are about to lose one of their most zealous and able servants, Mr. Lumley having determined on retiring, at the end of the present session, from the important enterprise

with which his name has been so long associated.—Mr. Selby, well known in the theatrical profession, commenced last week an entertainment of a novel kind at the Store-street Rooms. He runs through a brief history of England from the Ancient Britons to Queen Victoria, and he illustrates his subject by showing living persons clad in the costumes of the various periods. The entertainment, which comes as a sort of pictorial supplement to a useful book on the history of England which Mr. Selby has recently published, is very cleverly managed, and the introduction of the costumed figures is effective.—Mr. Ellis, the well-known caterer for public amusement at Cremorne Gardens, the Flora Gardens, and other places of entertainment, has just sailed from Plymouth in *The Coldstream*, for Port Philip. Mr. Ellis takes with him scenery, properties, and the necessary adjuncts for a portable theatre, to be erected at the diggings, a complete band of musicians, and a Thespian company. Mr. Ellis proposes to introduce casinos into Geelong and Melbourne, and thus combine pleasure with gold-seeking.

NATURAL HISTORY.

ORIGINAL OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

[We shall be obliged by communications of facts observed by our readers, but they must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer.]

The Vegetation of Europe, its Conditions and Causes.

By ARTHUR HENFREY, F.L.S. London: Van Voorst.

THIS is one section of an extensive treatise on the Natural History of Europe, which has been projected upon a new and philosophical plan, being designed to present a picture of the distribution of animal and vegetable nature, not according to genus and species, nor according to the limits of particular countries, but as they might be supposed to appear to a being standing apart from this world, and looking down upon it as we look upon an artificial globe. Mr. HENFREY proposes to survey the vegetation of Europe, as it gradually changes its character from the tropics to the North Pole, and as it is influenced by longitude, and by the accidental features of the earth's surface, whether by rivers, lakes, mountains, valleys, or plains. He does not attempt to describe the characters of particular plants, but he seeks for a number of generally known groups or species as representatives of the rest.

The arrangement of his subject is very complete. He first describes the general influences that affect the distribution of vegetation; then the special influences; then the characteristics of the vegetation of the various countries, the causes of which he endeavours to trace, beginning with the Scandinavian, and ending with the Greek Peninsula. A coloured map, ingeniously constructed, exhibits to the eye the manner in which the vegetable race is distributed over Europe.

The study of botany in this extensive shape is far more useful than that knowledge of tribes and names which so often covers ignorance of all other particulars relating to the objects of study. This, at least, is a knowledge that all should acquire, whether they desire to become botanists or not; for it will be useful to them continually in the business of life, while it is a continual source of pleasant occupation for the thoughts. This delightful volume should be placed in the hands of all young persons, and, indeed, there is nobody of any age or of either sex who will not peruse it with pleasure and profit. We cite a single passage from the many curious facts stated in it, as a specimen of the great amount of information condensed in this work:

Oranges will ripen on the other side of the Alps, but not on this. For those cereal grains, those corn-plants, furnishing the principal portion of the food of man, we find distinct lines of demarcation extending across Europe, beyond which, northward, each kind ceases to be capable of ripening its seed. Of trees we know that certain kinds will flourish and form fruits at points far north, where others are arrested by the cold; the firs, for instance, exclusively constitute the most northern woods of Scandinavia, while the dwarf palm, a representative of tropical climates, maintains its footing even so far into the temperate region as Italy and the southern confines of France.

Again, as indeed must be perceptible to every one who has visited mountainous countries, vegetation alters in its characters at different elevations, and it has been shown that these variations correspond to those which are observed on the level plains in proceeding from the south towards the north; the increased severity of the climate of the higher localities acting exactly in the same way as the colder climate of the regions lying further from the equator.

Falconry in the Valley of the Indus. By RICHARD F. BURTON. Author of "Gua and the Blue Mountains."

LIEUT. BURTON has a passion for Falconry. His first step in "the noble art," was taken when a boy in France. At Oxford he found old treatises on it in the dust of the Bodleian, and read them instead of the Classics. When summoned to India, he went, rejoicing that there he should find the regal sport pursued in all its pristine glory. He was not disappointed. He plunged into it with the zest of a sportsman. He sought it wherever it was to be found, and in the little volume before us he has recorded his experiences, for the advantage of those who cultivate falconry at home. As the book is very technical, and contains nothing that is likely to interest the general reader, we must be content with recommending it to the attention of those whom its subject concerns.

In a lecture recently delivered by Professor Owen at the Society of Arts, the learned Professor detailed the particulars of a highly interesting experiment which resulted in the establishment of one of the very few instances in which the origination of a distinct variety of a domestic quadruped could be satisfactorily traced, with all the circumstances attending its development well authenticated. We must premise it by stating that amongst the series of wools shown in the French department of the great Exhibition, were specimens characterised by the jury as a wool of singular and peculiar properties; the hair, glossy and silky, similar to mohair, retaining at the same time certain properties of the merino breed. This wool was exhibited by J. L. Graux, of the farm of Mauchamp, Commune de Juvinicourt, and the produce of a peculiar variety of the merino breed of sheep, and it thus arose.

In the year 1828, one of the ewes of the flock of merinos in the farm of Mauchamp, produced a male lamb, which, as it grew up, became remarkable for the long, smooth, straight and silky character of the fibre of the wool, and for the shortness of its horns. It was of small size, and presented certain defects in its conformation which have disappeared in its descendants. In 1829, M. Graux employed this ram with a view to obtain other rams, having the same quality of wool. The produce of 1830 only included one ram and one ewe, having the silky quality of the wool; that of 1831 produced four rams and one ewe with the fleece of that quality. In 1833, the rams, with the silky variety of wool, were sufficiently numerous to serve the whole flock. In each subsequent year, the lambs have been of two kinds, one preserving the character of the ancient race with the curled elastic wool, only a little longer and finer than in the ordinary merinos. The other resembling the rams of the new breed, some of which retained the large head, long neck, narrow chest, and long flanks of the abnormal progenitor, whilst others combined the ordinary and better formed body with the fine silky wool. M. Graux, profiting by the partial resumption of the normal type of the merino in some of the descendants of the malformed original variety, at length succeeded, by a judicious system of crossing and interbreeding, in obtaining a flock combining the long silky fleece with a smaller head, shorter neck, broader flanks and more capacious chest. Of this breed the flocks have become sufficiently numerous to enable the proprietor to sell examples for exportation. The crossing of the Beauchamp variety with the ordinary merino has also produced a valuable quality of wool known in France as the "Mauchamp Merino." The fine silky wool of the pure Mauchamp breed is remarkable for its qualities as combining wool, owing to the strength as well as the length and fineness of the fibre. It is found of great value by the manufacturers of cashmere shawls, being second only to the true cashmere fleece in the fine flexible delicacy of the fabric, and of particular utility when combined with the cashmere wool in imparting to the manufacture qualities of strength and consistence in which the pure cashmere is deficient. Although the quantity of the wool yielded by the Mauchamp variety is less than in the ordinary merinos, the higher price which it obtains in the French market (twenty-five per cent above the best merino wools), and the present value of the breed, have fully compensated M. Graux for the pains and care manifested by him in the establishment of the variety, and a council medal was awarded to him.

It may interest some of our readers to know that, in judging of the qualities of the wools exhibited, the jury tested the fineness and elasticity of the fibre, the degrees of imbrication of the scaled surface of the fibre as shown by the microscope, the quantity of fibre developed in a given space of the fleece, the comparative freedom of the fleece from extraneous matters, and the skill and care employed in the preparatory processes.

As regards the antiquity of the sheep, Professor Owen states explicitly that no unequivocal fossil remains of this animal have yet been found in the bone caves, the drift, or the more tranquil stratified newer pleiocene deposits, so associated with the fossil bones of oxen, wild boar, wolves, foxes, otters, beavers, &c., as to indicate the coevality of the sheep with those species, or in such an altered state as to indicate them to have been of equal antiquity.

Wherever the truly characteristic parts, viz., the bony cores of the horns have been found associated with jaws, teeth, and other parts of the skeleton of a ruminant corresponding in size and other characters with those of

the goat and sheep, in the formation of the newer pleiocene period, such supports of the horns have proved to be those of the goat. No fossil horn core of a sheep has yet been anywhere discovered; and so far as this negative evidence goes, we may infer that the sheep is not geologically more ancient than man; that it is not a native of Europe; but has been introduced by the tribes who carried hither the germs of civilization in their migrations westward from Asia.

After the comparison of the wools exhibited by the growers of different nations, the jury of the Exhibition under whose province these fell, were unanimous in giving the first place to those transmitted from Germany as being pre-eminent in the qualities of highest value. We, in England, are essentially a mutton-growing nation; our business is to improve the stocks which in the shortest time put the most meat on the smallest bones, and the fleece must necessarily be a secondary consideration; but the interminable plains and mountain ranges of Australia and Tasmania, where the flocks graze under the most favourable of skies, offer the finest field for the production of that commodity which supplies the looms of the parent country with the choicest productions.

THETA.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES, RELATING TO BOOKS, AUTHORS, SOCIETIES, &c.

MR. C. B. NORTON, Irving House, New York, announces to be published shortly, "A General Index to Periodical Literature," by W. F. Poole, Esq., Librarian of the Boston Mercantile Library.—M. Victor Hugo, it is reported, has contracted with the firm of Dalau and Co., of London, for the publication of a work to be entitled "Napoléon le Petit."—Mr. J. O. Halliwell's new edition of Shakspeare is intended to be in twenty folio volumes, corresponding in size with the first collective edition of 1623, and to contain numerous fac similes from that imprint. Each play, as Mr. Halliwell states, will be accompanied "by every kind of useful literary and antiquarian illustration, extending to complete copies of all tales, novels, or dramas on which it is founded, and entire impressions of the first sketches in the cases of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' 'Hamlet,' &c." Mr. Fairholt is to superintend the illustrative department, which will be enriched by fac-similes of the Stratford monument and the portrait given with the first edition. The twenty volumes are to cost forty guineas, to be issued in six years, and to be limited to 150 copies. Mr. Halliwell's library is rich in Shaksperian literature, and he has obtained the use of other well-known collections, especially those of Lord Londesborough, for the antiquarian matter. The plan is a bold one.—The vacancy at the Irish Board of Education, caused by the death of Dr. Murray, has been filled up by the Earl of Derby with the name of Mr. Blackburne.—A committee appointed to consider the most fitting form for a memorial to the late Mr. Talbot, Queen's Counsel, have determined that it shall have a literary character. They propose to found one or more scholarships or exhibitions, bearing Mr. Talbot's name, for boys educated at the Charterhouse, in one of the Universities, Oxford or Cambridge.—The Académie Française, in its sitting of the 22nd ult., proceeded to consecrate the nationality of the Gascon Muse in the person of the poet Jasmin. For the third volume of his poems an extraordinary prize of three thousand francs was unanimously voted.—The Sardinian Government having prohibited the publication of a novel of M. Eugène Sue in the Chambery journal, *Le Patriote Savoisien*, M. Pernati, the Minister of the Interior, intimated to the Socialist writer that he would be obliged to withdraw the authorization granted to him to reside at Annecy should he persist in publishing his novel. M. Sue has accordingly written the following letter to the editor of the *Patriote Savoisien*:—"The government of Sardinia considering as inopportune in the present circumstances the publication of the historical episode of which the MS. is in your possession, I request you to postpone that publication. I am too grateful for the hospitality I have received from the government, and too anxious for its continuance, not to avoid everything likely to compromise its duration."

Very few authors or publishers appear to avail themselves of the international treaty with France, to secure copyright in that country.—The Government of Lombardy has issued new and more stringent restrictions upon the circulation of books in the province.—*The Wanderer*, of Vienna, states that the English Government has proposed that a European congress shall be held at London to deliberate on measures to be taken in common, relative to gold pieces, which are constantly losing their value.—The late Henry Vint, Esq., has bequeathed to the town of Colchester his valuable collection of antiquities, on condition that a fire-proof building is prepared within three years for their reception.—Mr. Catlin, the American traveller, is negotiating with the French Government for the purchase, for the museum of the Louvre, of his Indian collection.—Arrangements are in progress for extending the privilege of sending books, magazines, and

pamphlets by post, at the low rates adopted for inland carriage of these articles to the settlements of Australia.

—We learn from a correspondent that Lowell Mason, Esq., Boston, United States, has purchased of the heirs of the late distinguished composer Ruick, of Darmstadt, the whole of his large and valuable library, and it is now en route, via Rotterdam to Boston.—The example of Cork is to be followed in Dublin. Mr. Dargan, a spirited railway contractor, whose fortunes have been made in the sister island, has offered to place at the disposal of a committee of the Royal Dublin Society the sum of 20,000*l.*, to be applied in giving prominence and completeness to an exhibition of manufactures in 1853.—George Peabody, Esq., the eminent London banker, has given to the town of Danvers, Mass., which is his native place, the large sum of 20,000 dollars, for the establishment of a lyceum and library, and the erection of the necessary buildings. The letter containing the announcement of this donation was read at the dinner table, on the occasion of the recent centennial celebration.—The number of books and pamphlets printed at Paris in the first six months of the present year was 3,754; of plans and maps in the same period, 55; of engravings and lithographs, 914; and of pieces of music, 362. Nearly all these items, compared with those of the corresponding period of last year, present a small increase; but of all the mass of publications only a very small per centage were of sufficient merit to attract public attention.—The annual distribution of prizes for general literature and science, the applied sciences, and the military departments, took place on Tuesday week, in the hall of King's College, the Archbishop of Canterbury presiding. The medical school has a separate day for its public ceremonies.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

HAYMARKET.—A little comediotta entitled *A Novel Expedient*, has been produced at this theatre with very fair success. The plot is slight, and not very moral: a newly-married lady, who dislikes a bachelor friend of her husband's, pretends that she is in love with him; this is the novel expedient, but just as we are led to expect a terrible *denouement*, the lady repents her project, and the piece ends virtuously, with the usual amnesty. The dialogue is smart, and the parts well supported by Mesdames STIRLING, LEIGH MURRAY and Mr. HOWE.

OLYMPIC.—We regret to announce that in consequence of the scandalous cabal referred to in our last, Mr. TALFOURD's new farce has been withdrawn. We trust, for his own sake, that for the future this talented young author will avoid this theatre with the circumspection that guides the burnt child's approaches to the fire. By one cabal of this management his last burlesque, and by another his last farce, have been withdrawn from before the London public, although both were received by that public with unqualified approbation. Mr. BUCKSTONE's drama of *Abelard and Heloise*, originally produced at the Surrey theatre many years ago, was revived here last Monday week. As may be readily imagined, very great liberties are necessarily taken with the story to render it fit to receive a dramatic form, but, in its present shape, it makes an effective melo-drama, and deserves a better fate than to be played to the empty benches nightly thronging the Olympic.

ADELPHI.—Although Sir JOHN FIELDING charged the *Beggar's Opera*, *et hoc genus omni*, with sending an additional thief to the gallows every time they were played, we look nevertheless with some degree of curiosity for the reproduction of *Jack Sheppard* at the Adelphi, with Mrs. KEELEY in her original character of *Jack Sheppard*. The piece was announced for Monday night, but owing to an accident happening to Mrs. KEELEY, whereby that lady sprained her ankle, it has been postponed to Thursday. When it has appeared we shall be prepared to give an opinion upon its tendency, but in the meanwhile we do not anticipate any very great increase of the calendar in consequence of its reproduction.

SADLER'S WELLS.—A new piece called *The Chameleon*, was produced here last week, and as it afforded a very agreeable relief to a most detestable performance of *Der Freischutz*, it would have been successful if it had been worse. It is clearly an adaptation of *Le Marquis de Lauzun*, DEJAZET's celebrated vaudeville, corrected and altered, so as to fit more exactly the original story, *Le Marquis de Letorière*, by EUGÈNE SUE, from which the piece was taken. As in the novel, and in the vaudeville, the fun consists in the protean changes of a young Marquis, who, in order to win the hearts of three German councillors to decide a lawsuit in his favour, assumes in turn the character of a hunter, a pedant, and a fool. The language is sharp and witty, and Miss P. HORTON as *The Marquis*, formed an excellent copy of the French antitype.

SOHO THEATRE.—AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.—On Monday, the 5th ult., an amateur performance for a charitable purpose, took place at this theatre under the patronage of Mrs. Milner Gibson. Despite the extreme heat of the weather, the little theatre was filled with a numerous and fashionable audience, who received the bill of fare provided with good-humoured and considerate kindness.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ARCHITECTURE AS AN ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—It is highly gratifying to find that architecture now obtains attention from THE CRITIC, more especially as the remarks made upon it display intelligence, and freedom from prejudice and pedantic conventionalism. Notwithstanding its influence upon public taste generally, either for good or evil, accordingly as it is treated, that noble art has hitherto been all but absolutely ignored, even by journals which profess to be expressly devoted to fine art and its interests. There are now, indeed, two publications, one of them a weekly, the other a monthly, periodical, which treat of architectural matters; but then they are too professional in character to possess any attraction for the general reader, so that even did they contain more of the kind of instruction which would benefit popular taste, it would not reach the public. Many able papers have from time to time appeared in them; but besides that strangely conflicting opinions have frequently been put forth in such shape, with apparently equal authority, the articles themselves have mostly dealt in merely theoretical criticism, without any attempt at elucidating it by reference to actual examples.

Of criticism, or even remark at all on contemporary productions, an excessive degree of shyness is betrayed; although those of architecture are surely quite as amenable to criticism as are those of the other fine arts, or of literature. Even the most palpable errors and defects are good-naturedly allowed to escape reprehension, so that impunity is held out to similar transgressions. Yet, surely, such "good-nature" accuses those who indulge in it either of incompetency for their office, or of disregarding the responsibility attached to it: at least so says old "Blue and Brimstone's motto, *Judex dometur*," &c.

The reluctance of architectural journals to dwell upon or even point out the faults and errors committed by our architects is intelligible enough; but we also find that they appear almost equally averse to the more pleasing part of their duty—that of expatiating fully upon the particular merits of the building spoken of. It has, ere now, been said, and that too by those who ought to, and I think too, must know better, that both buildings and designs speak sufficiently plainly for themselves; yet they assuredly stand greatly more in need of critical interpretation and comment than do the productions of the two sister arts, which address themselves to the spectator in a more universal language.

Little it is to be wondered at that architectural failures are so frequent among us, or that some of them should be gross, when the public and those who decide for the public, are so ignorant of architecture, that, even if they would, they know not how to encourage it properly. A plain, unvarnished history of competitions would throw a good deal of light upon the matter, and might go far to convince us that the choice has been, if not decidedly bad, far less satisfactory than it might have been. For this unfortunate state of things, for the indifference and want of discrimination on the part of the public, architects have mainly to thank themselves; they having rather all along discouraged the public from, than encouraged them to, apply to the study of architecture as an important branch of general aesthetics. When they have written at all, it has been only to their own class, and then very dryly and ploddingly, though often not a little vapouringly also, and after the genuine "nothing like leather" fashion; quite overlooking the point of all, which is, not to convince its own immediate followers, but the general public, of the aesthetic value of architecture, and the varied interest it is capable of affording, even when applied to nonprofessionally and quite *disinterestedly* by

AN AMATEUR.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—The following short extract may, perhaps, deserve a place in your next Journal.

"I never was so much in love in my life (writes Lord Chesterfield, in a letter dated 25th December, 1752) as I was with a woman who was very far from being handsome, but she was made up of the *Graces*, and had all the arts of pleasing."

This confession, from one who is generally supposed never to have had a real affection for any woman, may be worth preserving among the curiosities of literature. The letter is not to be found in any of the recent editions of Lord Chesterfield's Letters.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
W. H. Y.* *Quere*,—Fanny Shirley, or Mrs. Howard?

DICTIONARY AND DIRECTORY OF LIVING AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

[Authors and Artists will be supplied with Printed Forms for giving to us the necessary information, on application by letter to the Publisher. An Alphabetical Index of Names, at the close of each volume, will supply the means of ready reference.]

FONBLANQUE (JOHN SAMUEL MARTIN), (eldest son of John Fonblanque, K.C., author of the Treatise of Equity, and of various political and financial pamphlets), born 28th of March, 1787, in Lower Brook-street. Educated at Putney, at the Charter House, and under the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, Vicar of Epsom; entered of Caius College, Cambridge, 1804, and of Lincoln's Inn circa, 1805. He entered the army as a 2nd Lieutenant of the 21st Fusiliers, in January, 1810, and remained on foreign service till November, 1816, when he was called to the Bar. In March of the following year, he was appointed to the sixth list of Commissioners of Bankruptcy. In 1812, conjointly with Doctor Paris, he published a work on Medical Jurisprudence (to which, in 1819, was awarded the first Swinay Prize.*) Shortly after, he published a Pamphlet on Reform of the Law of Bankruptcy, and edited the then new Statute, 6 Geo. 4. In 1837, jointly with the late Sutton Sharpe, Q. C., and the late Richard Goff, he started and edited *The Jurist*; or *Quarterly Journal of Jurisprudence and Legislation*, to which he contributed several articles, advocating Law Reform in many of its branches. He is understood to have contributed largely to several periodicals, upon legal and political subjects. In 1831, he was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Court of Bankruptcy.

FONBLANQUE (JOHN WILLIAM MARTIN), Barrister, eldest son of the above, born at Kensington, October, 1820, Editor of Reports in Bankruptcy.

MACAULAY (Right Hon. THOMAS), Statesman and Author. Reform Club, and E. 1, Albany, London. Born in London, in the year 1800, son of Zachary Macaulay, the well-known philanthropist. Received his early education at home, under a private tutor; read for some years with Rev. Mr. Preston, at Shelford, near Cambridge. Entered Trinity College, Cambridge, 1818; gained the Craven University Fellowship, 1822; became a Fellow of Trinity in 1824, and was soon afterwards called to the Bar. In 1825, contributed his first essay, that on Milton, to *The Edinburgh Review*, having previously written prose and verse in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. In 1830, entered the House of Commons as Member for Calne; and, in 1832, was elected member for Leeds. Between December, 1832-33, filled the office of Secretary to the Board of Control, which he resigned, on going to India as fifth member of the Supreme Council, and its legal adviser. Returned from India in 1838, and re-entered the House of Commons as member for Edinburgh; and, from September, 1839, to the accession of Sir Robert Peel's Ministry, in 1841, filled the office of Secretary-at-War. In 1846, stood for re-election for Edinburgh, but was unsuccessful, but has been elected to sit in the present Parliament for the Modern Athens. From July, 1846, to May, 1848, held the Paymastership of the Forces, on resigning which, he retired from official life. The following are his works:—

Pompeii: a Poem. Cambridge. 1819. 8vo. The Chancellor's Medal Poem.
Evening: a Poem. Cambridge. 1821. 8vo. The Chancellor's Medal Poem.
A Speech in the House of Commons on Lord John Russell's Motion for Leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Representation of the People of England and Wales. London. 1831. 8vo.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. Philadelphia. 1811. 8vo. A spurious and unauthorized collection.
Lays of Ancient Rome. London. 1842. 8vo. Has gone through numerous editions.

Critical and Historical Essays. Contributed to *The Edinburgh Review*, 3 vols. London. 1813. 8vo. Has gone through several editions. 1 vol. London. 1850. 8vo. The History of England; from the Accession of James II. Vols. I., II. London. 1818. 8vo. Has gone through numerous editions.

Inaugural Address on his installation as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. London. 1849. 8vo.

MILLS (JOHN), Minister, 12, King-street, Finsbury-square. Born at Llanidloes, in 1813. Author and Composer: Gramadec Cerddaueth: (Grammar of Music.) Llanidloes. 1838. R. Mills. This was the first grammar of music ever published in the Welsh language.—Second Edition, 1841.—Third Edition, 1849, comprising the seventh thousand.

Hyfforddwr yr Efyddydd: (The Student's Guide.) Llanidloes. 1839. R. Mills.—Second Edition. 1851. Fourth thousand.

Geirlyfr Ysgrthyrol: (Dictionary of the Bible.) Llanidloes. 1840. R. Mills.—Second Edition. 1850. Fourth thousand.

Natur Eglwys: (An Essay on the Christian Church.) Llanidloes. 1840. R. Mills.

Y Perl Ysgrthyrol: (The Biblical Pearl.) Llanidloes. 1843. R. Mills.—Second Edition. 1848. Fourth thousand.

Y Berliadur Cymreig: (The Welsh Critic.) St. Asaph. 1845. J. Jones.

Y Cerddeir Eglwysig: (Sacred Minstrel.) Llanidloes. 1847. R. Mills.

Y Salmydd Eglwysig: (Sacred Psalmist.) London. 1847. H. Hughes.

Darlith ar Gerddoriaeth Gymreig. Llanidloes. 1849. R. Mills. A Lecture on the Rise, Progress, and Character of the Music of Wales, delivered in Crosby Hall, London.

Y Canor: (The Minstrel.) Llanidloes. 1851. R. Mills.

Also contributed to several Welsh periodicals, especially the *Drysorfa* and *Truthydd*, the Welsh Review.

MAGNUS (D.), Pianist and Composer, born at Brussels, June, 1828, residing at Albion-terrace, Regents-park, made his first musical studies at Heidelberg, under the direction of the celebrated Alt. Vollweiler. At the age of eleven he returned to Brussels, where, at the age of nineteen, he obtained the first prize for the piano at the Royal Conservatorium, with the director of which he studied composition, and afterwards went to Paris, where he continued his studies. In 1848, after having published several instrumental pieces at Paris, he gave concerts in the principal towns in France with considerable success; went to Spain by the Pyrenees,

* The Swinay Prize is a silver cup of the value of 100*l.*, containing 100*l.* in gold, to be awarded every five years by a joint committee of the Society of Arts, and College of Physicians, for a work on Jurisprudence, alternately medical and general. In the above case it was divided.

and returned to Paris in 1850, when he published several works, and in the same year came to London, where he now resides. He performed on Erard's grand pianoforte at the Exhibition. Compositions:

La Brusilloise—L'invitation à la Polka—Polka de Concert—Souvenir de Pyrenées—Les Trois Folles de la Perle de Salon—La Bavarie—Polkas—Les diamants de Napaul—Schottische—Souvenirs du jardin Mabille et du château des fleurs—La Carnaval de Paris—Saltarelle pour piano—La danse de l'esprit—Les pleurs de la jeune fille—Nocturne—3 Etudes de Concert—Ten songs for soprano, contralto, &c. S. Trienault, Paris.

The Gipsy Senosidene—Fantasia sur la nuit de Noël. Charles Olivier, New Bond-street.

La Perle de l'Exposition. Jewell and Letchford, Soho-square.

Fantasia upon National English and Irish airs.

PHILLIPS (GEORGE SEARLE), (January Searle,) Author, of Huddersfield. Born in Peterboro, Northamptonshire, January 31, 1816; educated at Llandaff-house (the old palace of Llandaff), Cambridge; went to America in 1836; taught a public school in Albany; edited *The New York World*; contributed to various American periodicals; returned in 1837; became a public lecturer in 1838; married 1840; became teacher at Sturton, near Lincoln, same year; removed from thence to Tuxford, Notts, 1842; in June, 1844, went to Leeds, where he taught as second master in the schools of the Leeds Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society; contributed to *The Leeds Times*, and was for a short time editor of that paper; in 1844 became joint-editor of the *Truth-Seeker Magazine*, with Dr. F. R. Lees of Leeds; contributed largely to it until 1851; became secretary of the Huddersfield Mechanics' Institution in 1845, where he still remains. Author of

Memoirs of Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer.

Whittaker & Co.—2nd edition.

Essays, Poems, Allegories and Fables, with an Elucidation and Analysis of the "Bhagavat Gita." John Chapman.

Memoirs of William Wordsworth. Partridge and Oakley.

Life at Home and Abroad.

Leaves from Sherwood Forest.

Fell Fern.

Country Sketch-Book.

Chapters in the History of a Life. Charles Gilpin.

Exhibition of the Holy Coat of Treves. John Chapman.

Tracts on Seemingly, on Regeneration.

Contributed to *The British Quarterly Review*, *Tait's Magazine*, *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, *People's Journal*, *Hood's Journal*, *Edinb. Journal*, *The Precursor of Unity*, *The Union*, *The Leisure Hour*, *The Songs and Ballads of the "Nation"*, *Tracts for the Times*.

THOMAS (JANE), (Mrs. EDWARD THOMAS), 49, Upper Baker-street, Regent's-park, London. Author of

Tranquil Hours: Poems. 1838. Saunders and Otley.

Sir Redmond: a Metrical Romance. 1839. Saunders and Otley.

Edited *The London and Paris Magazine*, 1842-43-44.

Contributed to the *Monthly Magazine*, *Metropolitan Magazine*, *Ainsworth's Magazine*, *Bradshaw's Magazine*, *La Belle Assemblée*, *Illustrator*, *Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-book*, *Book of Beauty*, *Manchester Keptake*.

ROGER (CHARLES), F.S.A. Sect. Author, Carmouistie, Forfarshire, N. B. Only son of late Rev. James Roger, Minister of Denius, Fifeshire, Author of "Essay on Government," &c. Born April 18, 1825; went, at age of fourteen years, to the University of St. Andrews, where he studied seven years, gaining several academical honours; was licensed as a probationer of the Scottish church in 1846; has since assisted in different parishes; was appointed to the chapel of Carmouistie in 1851. Author of

The Poems of Sir Robert Aytoun, Secretary to Queens of James VI. and Charles I. 1 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1844.

History of St. Andrews. 1 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1849.

A Week at Bridge of Allan. Edinburgh: W. H. Lizars. 1851.

Although the finances of France are in a fearfully embarrassed state, the Legislature has just voted, as usual, vast sums for the encouragement of literature, science, and art. Amongst these we notice, 55,000*l.*, in English money, as subventions to the theatres; 4,800*l.* for subscriptions to new books; 7,200*l.* for encouragement and relief to literary men and artists; 4,000*l.* for the purchase of pictures and sculpture for the Louvre; 10,800*l.* for encouragement to the fine arts; 5,500*l.* for relief to artists, dramatic authors, musicians, and their widows; 37,950*l.* to musicians; 17,300*l.* to public libraries; 13,400*l.* to the College de France, schools of eastern languages, &c.; 4,800*l.* for publication of unpublished historical documents; 1,200*l.* for learned societies; 2,600*l.* for scientific journeys and missions; 30,200*l.* for the preservation of historical monuments; 24,600*l.* for Murillo's *Conception of the Virgin*.

SUBSTITUTE FOR OIL.—Large manufactories of benzole, a hydro-carbon, which has the property of producing an excellent illuminating gas by being dissolved in moist air, are going up to New York and Brooklyn. The substance is manufactured from tar or mineral coal, and while it can be afforded at half the price of "burning fluid" per gallon, it will yield indefinitely more illumination. The use of it would require a gasometer and gas fixtures in each house, but the cheapness of the consumption will put moveable lamps of every kind nearly out of use.—*New York Journal of Commerce*.

CHARTERED LIBERTINE.—This word, applied to W. Halsted, Esq., by Bishop Doane, during the recent Episcopal Convention held in this city, has created considerable discussion in Trenton, and Bishop Doane has consequently written a letter to *The Gazette* of that place. He says the word is misunderstood as casting a shadow of licentious living. The expression is taken from Shakspeare's play of *King Henry V.* Scene 1st, where the Archbishop of Canterbury speaking of the new-made king, concludes by saying that when "he speaks, the wind, a chartered libertine," is still. Johnson and other authorities are quoted to show that it merely means one unconfin'd—one at liberty, &c.

DEATHS.

CLAY.—On the 29th June, at Washington, the distinguished American senator, Henry Clay.

GARDNER.—On the 10th June, at Dundee, Mr. William Gardner, well-known in Scotland as a zealous botanist. In the early part of his life he pursued his botanical studies during the leisure obtained from the occupation of business; latterly, however, he devoted himself entirely to his favourite science. He published several papers on the indigenous botany of Scotland, and a little work entitled "Twenty Lessons on British Mosses," which was illustrated with real specimens instead of engravings. He was employed by the Botanical Societies of London and Edinburgh and by several individuals to collect specimens; and, while thus engaged, he indicated many new localities for British plants, besides discovering some new species. Mr. Gardner has left a son, seven years of age, totally unprovided for.

GRUITHUISEN.—Recently, at Munich, aged 78, M. Gruithuisen, one of the most distinguished astronomers of Germany. M. Gruithuisen has filled the chair of astronomy in that University since the year 1826. He had early devoted himself to medicine and surgery; and was the inventor of the first instrument of lithotomy; and the author of improvements in various other surgical instruments, as well as in telescopes. He was the author also of many works on the various subjects which were the study of his life.

MERK.—Recently, Herr Merk, well known to all violinists as a distinguished professor of that instrument.

SMITH.—On the 6th July, at 36, Green-street, in her 77th year, Mrs. Sydney Smith, widow of the late Rev. Sydney Smith.

Books Wanted to Purchase.

[Persons having the following to dispose of, are requested to send particulars, with lowest price, to THE CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand. No charge is made for insertion in this List.]

Lepp's Entomology (German.) Vol. V.
Lodge's Portraits. Part XL., first 4to. edition. Large paper, India proofs. 1823-1834.
Maps, published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Numbers LX. to completion.

List of New Books.

Backer's (Madame) Celine: Histoire d'une Emigrée, 18mo. 3s. 6d.
Baines's (T.) History of Liverpool, roy. 8vo. 25s. cl.
Benich's (Dr. A.) Hebrew Primer, 12mo. 3s. cl.
Benich's (Dr. A.) Jewish Bible, Vol. I. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
Bentley's Series: Broad Grins from China, 12mo. 1s. bds.
Blondelle: a Story of the Day, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Bohn's Series: Emerson's Nature, &c., 12mo. 1s. bds.
Bohn's Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, 12mo. 1s. bds.
Bohn's Classical Library: Cicero's Orationes, Vol. IV., 12mo. 5s. cl.
Bohn's Scientific Library: Bridgewater Treatises, Vol. II., 12mo. 3s. cl.
Bohn's Standard Library: Brewer's Works, Vol. I., The Nightheavens, &c., 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Bohn's Standard Library: Neander's Memorials of Christian Life, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Champer's Textual Commentary on Books of Psalms, sq. 3s. cl.
Christabelle, by Mrs. R. Cartwright, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.
Devar (D.) On the Holy Spirit, cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Earwood, by Charlotte Anley, fcp. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Ellis's (R.) Disease in Childhood, 8vo. 4s. cl.
Hall's (Mrs. S. C.) Tales of Woman's Trials, 8vo. 8s. cl. gilt.
Hamilton's (H. R.) Greek Lexicon, Part I., 12mo. 1s. cl.
Harvey on Rheumatism, &c. as affecting the Ear, 8vo. 5s. cl.
Hawthorne (N.) The Blithedale Romance, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.
Hughes's (Rev. H.) Portrait of a Christian Young Man, 1s. 6d. Illustrated London Drawing Book, 8vo. 2s. cl.
Illustrated London Geography, 8vo. 2s. cl.
Island Home (The), or the Young Castaways, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Jobson's Philosophy of Geology, 1s. cl.
Johnson (G.) On the Diseases of the Kidney, 8vo. 14s. cl.
Jones's (S. S.) Heavenward Road, 18mo. 1s. cl.
Kidd's Own Journal, Vol. I., roy. 8vo. 3s. cl.
Laurie's (Gae.) Universal Exchange Tables, 8vo. 20s. cl.
Lewis Arundel, by F. E. Smalley, with Illustrations, 8vo. 22s. cl.
Lost (The) Inheritance, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.
Lothrop's (Amy) Glen Luna, cr. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Mackenzie's (Rev. D.) Gold Digger, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Marlborough College Calendar, 1852-3, cr. 8vo. 1s. bds.
Mary Queen of Scots, Letters of, Vol. VII., 8vo. 6s. cl.
Mason's (L.) Practical Lithographer, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Mullenger's (T.) Notice to Quilt, post 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Murray's Guide to the Gold Diggings, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Murray's Railway Readings: The Art of Dining, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
National Illustrated Library: Miller's Pictorial Sketches of London, cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Nelson (Dr. J. M.) On Diseases of the Skin, cr. 8vo. 9s. 6d. cl.
Ruff's Turf Guide, 1852, Supplement to, 12mo. 1s. cl.
Saints (The) Our Example, fcp. 8vo. 7s. cl.
Sibilla Odaleta, 18mo. 3s. cl. gilt.
Stories for Young People, by Aunt Mary, cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Stowe's (H. B.) Uncle Tom's Cabin, 12mo. 1s. bds.
Strife for the Mastery, Two Allegories, 8vo. 6s. bds.
Trenyon's Lady of Shalott, Illustrated by a Lady, oblong 4to. 10s.
Tregillie's Heads of Hebrew Grammar, post 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Trower's (C. F.) Hutspot, a Tale for Nineteenth Century, 7s. 6d. cl.
Walker's (W. S.) Poetical Remains, with Memoir, fcp. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Warren's Manual of Parliamentary Election Law, cr. 8vo. 25s. cl.
Watson's (H. C.) Cybele Britannica, Vol. III., 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Watts's Songs for Children, by Cobbin, Illustrated, 24mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Webster's English Dictionary, revised by Goodrich, roy. 8vo. 16s. cl.
Weiss's Translation of the Book of Psalms, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.

A notice from the General Post-Office announces that the new arrangements for the conveyance of books and printed papers to the colonies are completed for the Mauritius. Magazines for that island, under half a pound in weight, may be sent for sixpence;—books under a pound for a shilling. They must be addressed, by packet, *via* Plymouth.

ARNOLD'S 5 and 6 Guinea GOLD, and 2½ and 3 Guinea SILVER WATCHES, have obtained the greatest reputation, particularly in the Midland Counties—a fair assurance that, where real excellence is considered, and compared with the prices, they are unequalled. Sent free, with written warranty, to any part of the kingdom.—W. S. ARNOLD, Market-place, Boston.

HEAL and SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF BEDSTEADS, furnished by post, contains designs and prices of upwards of ONE HUNDRED different Bedsteads, in Iron, Brass, Japanned Wood, Polished Birch, Mahogany, Rosewood, and Walnut-tree Woods. Also their priced List of Bedding. Their new warmers enable them to keep one of each design fixed for inspection. They have also, in addition to their usual stock, a great variety of the best designs of PARISIAN BEDSTEADS, both in wood and iron, which they have just imported.

HEAL and SON, Bedstead and Bedding Manufacturers, 196 (opposite the Chapel), Tottenham Court-road.

DURABILITY

OF

GUTTA PERCHA TUBING.

MANY INQUIRIES having been made as to the Durability of GUTTA PERCHA TUBING, the GUTTA PERCHA COMPANY have pleasure in giving publicity to the following Letters from parties who have had it in use for a considerable length of time:—

From C. Hacker, Esq., Surveyor to His Grace The Duke of Bedford, WOBURN PARK.

SECOND TESTIMONIAL.

"GENTLEMEN, "Office of Works, Woburn Park,"

"January 10th, 1852.

"In answer to your inquiries respecting the Gutta Percha Tubing for Pump Suctions, I find that the water has not affected it in the least, although it will lead through in two years; we have adopted it largely, on account of its being cheaper than lead, much easier fixed, and a more perfect job."

From Sir Raymond Jarvis, Bart., VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT.

SECOND TESTIMONIAL.

"March 10th, 1852.

"In reply to your letter received this morning, respecting the Gutta Percha Tubing for Pump Service, I can state with much satisfaction, it answers perfectly. Many Builders, and other persons, have lately examined it, and there is not the least apparent difference since the first laying down, now several years; and I am informed that it is to be adopted generally in the houses that are being erected here."

From the Rev. Daniel C. Delafosse,

"SHERE RECTORY, NEAR GUILDFORD.

"GENTLEMEN, "May 11th, 1852.

"In reply to your communication relative to the Gutta Percha Tubing laid down in one of my wells, I have to state that as yet it has fully answered the purpose to which it was applied, and has proved far more durable than the leaden pipes which were hitherto used."

"The fact is, my spring water is strongly impregnated with iron, which corrodes the lead, and causes holes in the pipes, so that the air getting in, prevents the pumps from acting properly. The only inconvenience that I experienced from the use of the Gutta Percha Tubing, was, that it gave, for a week or so, an unpleasant taste to the water; but after this brief space had elapsed, the water passing through the Tubes was as clear and tasteless as that which had hitherto been raised through the leaden pipes. A year, I think, has nearly elapsed, since I tried your pipes for the first time, and as no damage has hitherto occurred to the one now in use during that period, I have reason to hope that the evil of the leaden pipes will be permanently cured; or at least that it will take a far longer time to injure the Gutta Percha Tubing, than I have found to be the case as regards the lead."

From John Goodwin, Esq.,

"PERSHORE AND HOLT MILLS, WORCESTER.

"April 12th, 1852.

"I purchased some Gutta Percha Tubing from you, for the conveyance of water, &c., part of which having been under ground for the last three or four years, without any apparent injury arising therefrom, I feel much pleasure in expressing my thorough approval of it, and recommending the same to any one requiring its use."

"To Mr. WHITING, Worcester."

GUTTA PERCHA TUBING

FOR

WATERING GARDENS, &c.

The Gutta Percha Company have been favoured with the receipt of the following TESTIMONIALS:—

From Mr. J. Farrah, Gardener to Boswell Middleton Jalland, Esq., OF HOLDERNESSE HOUSE, NEAR HULL.

"I have had 400 feet of your Gutta Percha Tubing (in lengths of 100 feet each, with Union Joint), in use for the last twelve months for watering these gardens, and I find it to answer better than anything I have ever yet tried."

"The pressure of the water is very considerable, but this has not the slightest effect on the Tubing."

"I consider this Tubing to be a most valuable invention for Gardeners, inasmuch as it enables us to water our gardens in about one-half the time, and with one-half the labour formerly required."

GUTTA PERCHA TUBING

FOR

SPREADING LIQUID MANURE.

From James Kennedy, Esq.,

MYREMILL, BY MAYBOLE, Ayrshire.

"May 20th, 1850.

"I have received your inquiry as to my experience in the use of Gutta Percha Tubing. I had 350 yards of it from your firm, and I have used it for the last few months in distributing liquid manure from my tanks over my fields, having often a pressure of 300 feet on it, and have been able to get the liquid from the end of the Tubing by the pressure from the steam engine upwards of forty yards. I have 350 Scotch acres laid with metal pipes under ground, for the conveyance of liquid manures over my farm, and your Gutta Percha Tubing has given me great facility in spreading it over the surface of the land."

"I likewise think highly of the Gutta Percha Union Joint."

Tubing of any length and size, with Jets, Union Joints, Roses, Spreaders, &c., may be had to order, manufactured by

THE GUTTA PERCHA COMPANY, PATENTEES,

18, Wharf-road, City-road, London,

And Sold by their Wholesale Dealers in Town and Country.

THREE PAIRS PRIME WELLINGTON

BOOTS, for Two Guineas. Three pairs Kid Legs Button Boots, or Short Wellingtons for 31s.; Three pairs Oxford Shoes for 21s.; Ladies' French Boots, 4s. 6d.; French Shoes, 2s. 9d.; Satin, 3s. 6d. Every other article equally cheap.
At H. GAZE'S, 155, Cheapside, near St. Paul's. Established nearly 30 years.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR

(as exhibited in the Fountain at the Crystal Palace), is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a tonic and refreshing lotion for the Toilet or Bath; a reviving perfume, a pleasant dentifrice, and a powerful disinfectant for apartments and sick rooms. Its numerous useful and sanitary properties render it an indispensable requisite in all families. Price 2s. 6d. and 5s.
Sold by all Perfumers and Chemists, and by E. RIMMEL, 39, Gerard-street, Soho, London.

SCHWEPPE'S SODA, POTASS, and

MAGNESIA WATERS and AERATED LEMONADE continue to be manufactured upon the largest scale at their several Establishments in London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Derby. The celebrity of these well-known waters, and the preference they universally command, are evidences that their original superior quality over all others is well sustained. Every bottle is protected by a label with the name of the firm, without which none is genuine, and it may be had of nearly all respectable chemists throughout the kingdom. Importers of the German Selters Water, direct from the springs, as for the last twenty years. 51, Bencroft-street, London.

PURE SOUCHONG TEA, perfectly free from

Gye, scent, or any deleterious matter with which the ordinary Black Tea abounds. Medical Gentlemen desirous of ordering Tea for invalids may secure the above genuine and wholesome beverage in its native purity at SPARROW'S, 372, Oxford-street (sixteen doors east of the Pantheon), at 4s. 4d. and 4s. 8d. Price List of Teas, Coffees and Family Grocery, sent post-free on application, and parcels of 2s. value and upwards, carriage paid to any part of the Kingdom.

CHEAP TEA and CHEAP COFFEE.

Although we sell Black Tea at 3s. per lb., and Good Black Tea at 3s. 4d., Strong Coffee at 10d., and Fine Coffee at 11d. per lb., we still say, to all who study economy, that

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST,

particularly when the best can be obtained from us at the following prices:—

The best Congou Tea	3s. 8d. per lb.
The best Imperial Souchong Tea	4s. 6d. "
The best Lapsang Souchong Tea	4s. 6d. "
The best Moyone Gunpowder Tea	5s. 0d. "
The best Pearl Gunpowder Tea	5s. 0d. "
The best Old Mocha Coffee	1s. 4d. "
The best West India Coffee	1s. 6d. "
The best Plantation Ceylon	1s. 0d. "

Tea or Coffee, to the value of 40s. sent Carriage Free to any part of England by

PHILLIPS and Co., Tea Merchants, No. 8, King William-street, City.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS.—FRY'S PASTA

removes superfluous hairs in a few minutes (warranted not to injure the most delicate skin). This preparation for ten years has enjoyed an extensive and successful patronage. All persons can use the Pasta with ease and safety. Mrs. Fry will forward a packet, free by post, to any part of the kingdom, on receipt of a Post-office Order or stamps, price 4s. 6d. Full directions for use and Testimonials proving its efficacy, are enclosed with each packet.

Prepared by Mrs. LOUISA FRY, 17, Great Canterbury-place, Lambeth road, London. Wholesale Agents, BARCLAY and SON, London; JAMES and CO., Edinburgh, and 40, Hanover-street, Liverpool. BLANSHARD and Co., Bridge-street, York.

NO MORE GREY HAIR.—THE COLUMBIAN

INSTANTANEOUS HAIR DYE is harmless and scentless as pure water, is most easily applied, and immediately imparts to the hair a natural and permanent brown or black, without staining the skin. This inimitable and never-fading Hair Dye has stood the test of upwards of fifteen years, and is pronounced by thousands who have used it to be unequalled. Mr. and Mrs. Unwin may be consulted daily. Private Rooms and Assistants in attendance, to dye the hair. Sold wholesale and retail, by USWIN and ALBERT, Court Hair-dressers (established twenty years), 24, Piccadilly, in Cases at 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; forwarded on receipt of an order, payable at the Post-office, Finsbury.

FOR VARICOSE VEINS AND WEAKNESS.

SURGICAL ELASTIC STOCKINGS and

KNEE-CAPS, on a New Principle, pervious, light in texture, and inexpensive, yielding a permanent, efficient, and unvarying support under any temperature, without the trouble of Lacing or Bandaging; likewise a strong, low-priced article for Hospitals and the Working Classes; ELASTIC NET CORSETS, of the same beautiful fabric. ABDOMINAL SUPPORTING BELTS, for both sexes; those for ladies' use, before and after accouchement, are admirably adapted for giving adequate support with extreme lightness—a point little attended to in the comparatively clumsy contrivances and fabrics hitherto employed. Instructions for Measurement, and Prices, on application, and the articles sent by post from the sole Manufacturers, 40, Abchurch-lane, 4, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall. The Profession, Trade, and Hospitals supplied.

VINAIGRE DE BORDEAUX.

"DEAR SIR, "College of Chemistry, Liverpool.
"The Cask of French Wine Vinegar came safely to hand. I have submitted it to Analysis, and find it to be perfectly pure, &c. It only contains those matters which are in all fermented grape juice. It is very much liked in my house, being a most agreeable acid."

"The reason of my sending to you for Vinegar was on account of the dreadful materials sold here under that name. Some of the samples I examined contained sugar, oil of vitrol, and arsenic."

"Yours truly,

"SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, F.R.S.E. Dr. Phil., &c. &c."

"To Messrs. W. and S. KENT and SONS, Upton-upon-Severn."

See also the Report on Vinegar of the Analytical Sanitary Commission, in The Lancet of the 17th January last; copies of which, and the names of retailers throughout the kingdom, may be had from the importers.

W. and S. KENT and SONS, Upton-upon-Severn.

N.B.—Stores in London, Liverpool, Hull, and Gloucester.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!!

The best Medicine in the World for Infants and Young Children is ATKINSON and BARKER'S ROYAL INFANTS' PRESERVATIVE, which has now been established nearly sixty years, and can be confidently recommended to both rich and poor as a perfectly safe and agreeable remedy. It is a pleasant and efficacious carminative, affording instant relief in, and effectually removing those alarming and numerous complaints to which infants are liable—as affections of the bowels, flatulency, difficult teething, the thrush or frog, convulsions, rickets, &c.; is an admirable assistant to nature during the progress of the hooping cough, measles, the cow pox or vaccine inoculation, and is so perfectly innocent, that it may be given with the greatest safety immediately after birth. It is no misnomer cordial!—no stupefactive, deadly narcotic—but a veritable preservative of infants. Mothers would do well in always having this valuable medicine in the nursery. In short, whether this medicine enters the palace or the cottage, the proprietor feels an honest conviction of its power to assuage maternal pain for infant suffering—to convert that pain into gladness, that suffering into happy repose. It is equally useful for children or adults, in English cholera, spasms, pain in the bowels, and other complaints of the intestines, owing to wind or obstructions in the digestive organs. It is much recommended by the medical faculty. It has proved an invaluable boon to thousands of the human family in various parts of the globe, establishing itself as a favourite in every clime, and earning a well-deserved reputation as one of the best family medicines on record. Prepared only by ROBERT BARKER, Oldenshaw Hall, Chapel-croft-Prith, Derbyshire, late of Manchester (present to Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria), in bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. Sold by all the patent medicine houses and wholesale druggists; also by all druggists and medicine vendors throughout the United Kingdom.
Caution.—Observe the names of "Atkinson and Barker," on the government stamp. Established in the year 1793.

MOURNING—COURT, FAMILY, and COMPLIMENTARY.—The Proprietor of *The London General Mourning Warehouse*, begs respectfully to remind families whose bereavements compel them to adopt Mourning Attire, that every article of the very best description, requisite for a complete outfit of Mourning may be had at this Establishment at a moment's notice.

Estimates for Servants' Mourning, affording a great saving to families, are furnished; whilst the habitual attendance of experienced assistants (including dressmakers and milliners), enables them to suggest or supply every necessary for the occasion, and suited to any grade or condition of the community. *Widow's and Family Mourning* is always kept made up, and a note, descriptive of the Mourning required, will insure its being sent forthwith, either in Town or into the Country, and on the most reasonable Terms.

W. C. JAY, 247-249, Regent-street.

NICHOLSON'S EL DORADO SHIRTS.
29, Ludgate-street. White Shirts, Six for 3s.; Coloured Ditto, New Patterns, Six for 3s.; El Dorado Collars, for once and twice round Cravats, 8s. 6d. per dozen. Boy's Shirts, all sizes, warranted good materials, and the best of workmanship. Hosiery, Gloves, &c.
N.B.—Samples of materials, and directions for self-measurement, sent post-free.

FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS differ from other patterns not merely in shape and design, but in their great superiority of fit, quality of material, and workmanship. — *Globe*, April 12, 1852.

They are of two prices, viz. SIX for 40s.; second quality, SIX for 30s.; in both of which the principle is strictly carried out.

List of prices and mode of self-measurement sent post free.

RICHARD FORD, 38, FLOUZY, LONDON (late of 185, STRAND.)

HOSIERY AND READY-MADE LINEN.—Messrs. CHRISTIAN beg to solicit an inspection of their choice and carefully-selected STOCK, from the best makers of Cotton, Balbriggan, Lisle Thread, and Silk Hosiery; also every description of under-clothing of the best materials and fashion. Ladies' Wedding and India Trouseaux furnished in a superior style at moderate prices.

No. 11, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square.

REAL BALBRIGGAN HOSIERY AND IRISH POPLINS.—Irish Point, Gulpure, Currah, and Limerick. Laces; a large variety of children's frocks, suited for the season; ladies' underclothing; gentlemen's shirts and shirts for the season; bedsheet, table linen, and towelling; embroidery of all kinds; bog oak ornaments. The above will be found of the best description, at the lowest prices, at the Depot for Irish Manufactures, 233, Regent-street. Country orders promptly attended to, and patterns sent.

PROTECTION FROM RAIN.
DOYLEY'S SCOTCH WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE. Established 1678. WALKER, BABB AND CO.'S Registered Ventilation Waterproof and Llama Wool Overcoats, 30s. and 40s. The most noted House in London for Overcoats, Box-coats, Boat-coats, Military and Opera Cloaks, Capes, &c.
Servants' Liveries of the best materials and at the lowest possible charges for Cash. A large Assortment of Scotch Woollen Scarfs and Tweed Trousers, Irish Frizzes, Eight quarter and other Cloths, Table Covers and Doyleys.

346, Strand, opposite Waterloo-bridge.

AMERICAN CLOCK WAREHOUSE, 545 and 546, NEW OXFORD-STREET, where will be found the largest assortment of those superior Time-pieces, American Clocks, ever imported into this country, made by the oldest and most celebrated Manufacturers in the United States. All our clocks are warranted to keep correct time. The prices are for Thirty-hour Clocks, 14s., 18s., and 25s.; for Eight-day, 30s. and 35s.

Also, the CHILD'S VELOCIPED, a new American Invention for the amusement and exercise of children. It combines the Pony and Carriage, and by the graceful and easy exercise promotes muscular development of the arms and chest. It is recommended by the medical faculty, and approved by all who have seen it. Together with every variety of American Goods.

Sole Wholesale and Retail by the Manufacturers and Importers, ROGERS AND CO. 545 and 546, New Oxford-street.

TO LADIES.—WILLIAM CARTER, STAY MANUFACTURER, IMPORTER AND EXPORTER OF WOOL, STAYS, respectfully notifies the completion of his Arrangements in the Home and Continental Markets for the present and approaching Season. He has now on hand a magnificent collection of Paris, Lyons, Italian, Belgium, and German Wool Stays, all combining the latest improvements at extremely moderate prices. Inspection is invited to various novelties in Corsets, with patent elastic bands and spring backs without bones, and also to several kinds of Bodices, Riding Belts, Braces, &c. The collection of English manufactured goods is entitled to especial attention, as on no former occasion has he been able to combine such excellence of production with such retrenchment in price.

Warehouse, 22, Ludgate-street, City, one door from St. Paul's; Branch Establishment, Newington-causeway; Manufactory, 1, Great Charlotte-street, Portsmouth.

FOX'S DRESS COATS, 73, CORNHILL.
Made to Measure from Saxony fast-dyed Cloths 2 10 0
Fox's Patelet Frock (with silk sleeve-linings), an economical garment, answering the purpose of a Frock Coat, yet retaining the comfort and elegance of the Patelet only 2 2 0
Fox's Beaufort (business or riding coat), now so much worn 1 16 0
The Llama Patelet 1 17 6
All sizes of the three last-named kept ready for immediate wear.

Black Dress Trousers 1 5 0
Fancy Doublet Trousers, from 18s. and Walscotches in every variety.

Talent unsurpassed in the Cutting department; workmanship the most skilful; and first-class goods at very moderate charges, are some of the recommendations of this Establishment. Gentlemen particular as to fashion and quality are specially invited.

Observe—FOX, PRACTICAL TAILOR AND TROUSER MAKER, 73, CORNHILL (same side of the way as the Royal Exchange.)

LISTS OF PRICES.
JAMES LAW, 31, LUDGATE-HILL.
CARPET, CABINET, and GENERAL FURNISHING WAREHOUSEMAN, sends (postage free) books containing a minute list of every article (and its price) requisite for furnishing.

Splendid Brussels carpets	2 4	per yard.
Rich Tapestry ditto	2 6	"
The very best Brussels	3 3	"
The very best Tapestry	3 9	"
Rich Velvet Pile, only	4 9	"

Cabinet Furniture and Upholstery of every description.
Purchase upwards of 200. sent, carriage free, within 200 miles of London.

Observe—JAMES LAW, 31, Ludgate-hill.

CHEAP, LIGHT, AND DURABLE ROOFING.
CROGGON'S PATENT ASPHALTE
ROOFING FELT has been extensively used and pronounced efficient, and particularly applicable for warm climates.

1st. It is a non-conductor.

2nd. It is portable, being packed in rolls, and not liable to damage in carriage.

3rd. It effects a saving of half the timber usually required.

4th. It can be easily applied by any unpractised labourer.

5th. From its lightness, weighing only about 42lbs. to the square of 100 feet, the cost of carriage is small.

IRONBOLT FELT, for damp walls and for damp floors, under carpets and floor cloths.

Price One Penny Per Square Foot.

CROGGON AND CO.'S PATENT FELT SHEATHING for Covering Ships' Bottoms, &c., and DRY HAIR FELT for covering Steam Boilers, Pipes, &c., preventing the radiation of Heat, and saving 25 per cent. of Fuel.

Samples, testimonials, and full instructions, on application to CROGGON and Co., 2, Dowgate-hill, London.

P.S. The Felt has been extensively used under Slate &c., in CHURCH ROOFS, to regulate the Temperature.

OSLER'S TABLE GLASS, CHANDELIERS
LUSTRES, &c. 44, Oxford-street, London, conducted in connexion with their manufactory, Broad-street, Birmingham. Established 1807. Richly-cut and engraved decanters in great variety, wine glasses, water jugs, goblets, and all kinds of table glass, at exceedingly moderate prices. Crystal drawing machines, glass pens, glass pens for goblets and gas. A large stock of foreign ornamental glass, always on view.—Furnishing orders executed with despatch.

GLENNY'S PRIZE BALBRIGGAN
HOSIERY, consisting of Plain and Lace Stockings of the finest quality and newest patterns, Children's Lace and Plain Stockings, and Socks of all sizes, Ladies' Underwaists of the same fabric. Sold only at BALBRIGGAN HOUSE, 33, Lombard-street.

"We must say the article excels in beauty and softness of texture anything of the kind we have ever seen."—*The British Friend*, Oct. 1st, 1851.

MOORE'S PATENT MOVEABLE GLASS
VENTILATORS, for Windows, Partitions, Stabling, Green-houses, &c., and for exportation, made to any size and form, from 10s. upwards. The greatest amount of ventilation is obtained without draught—can be adjusted to any quantity—and is unequalled for removing steam and smoke from rooms. Improved Ventilators for Chimneys, Air Flues, &c.—Lists of Prices may be obtained on application.

N.B.—A Working Model forwarded by post, upon receipt of 10s. which will be returned on receipt of mode.

Manufactory, 28 and 30, Clerkenwell-cloak, London.

Church and House Clock Makers, to the Hon. Board of Ordnance, the Russian Government, and the Emperor of China.

Number of Church Clocks made by the above firm, 510; ditto, House Clocks, 13,000.

ALBANY LAMP AND CANDLE
MANUFACTORY.—CLARKE'S Russian Wax Candles, 1s. per lb., burn superior to all others; Best Albany Composite Candles, 8d. per lb., do not require snuffing; for ordinary purposes the Cheapest Candles that can be used, Moulds, 6d.; Store Candles, 5d. per lb.; Express Pale Soap, very old and dry, 54s. per cwt.; Good Yellow 50s. and 44s.; Best Mottled, 50s.; Honey Soap, 1s.; Old Brown Windsor, 2s.; all other scented soaps, 1s. 6d. per lb.; Patent Albany Oil, 5s. 6d. per gallon, superior to Spirit; Clarke's Refined Oil for French Lamps, 4s. 6d. per gallon; Solar, 3s. 6d.; Italian goods of the finest quality at the Wholesale price; Lamps of every description manufactured on the premises, for cash only.

SAMUEL CLARKE, Albany Lamp and Candle Manufactory, 55, Albany-street, Regent's-park, London, within two minutes walk of the Colosseum.

N.B. Country orders, amounting to 100, or upwards, Carriage Free.

CARSON'S ORIGINAL ANTI-CORROSION
PAINT, specially patronized by the British and other Governments, the Hon. East India Company, the principal Dock Companies, most public bodies, and by the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy, for outdoor work at their country-seats. The Anti-Corrosion is particularly recommended as the most durable out-door paint ever invented, for the preservation of every description of Iron, Wood, Stone, Brick, Compo, Cement, &c., work, as has been proved by the practical test of upwards of 60 years, and by the numerous (between 500 and 600) testimonials in its favour, and which, from the rank and station in society of those who have given them, have never yet been equalled by anything of the kind hitherto brought before the public notice.

Lists of Colours, Prices, together with a copy of the Testimonials, will be sent on application to WALTER CARSON and SON, No. 9, Great Winchester-street, Old Broad-street, Royal Exchange, London.

No Agents.—All orders are particularly requested to be sent direct.

SIR JAMES MURRAY'S FLUID
MAGNESIA.—Prepared under the immediate care of the Inventor, and established for upwards of thirty years by the Profession, for removing Bile, Acidities, and Indigestion, restoring Appetite, preserving a moderate state of the bowels, and dissolving uric acid in Gravel and Gout; also as an ever-ready remedy for Sea-sickness, and for the febrile affection incident to childhood it is invaluable.—On the value of Magnesia as a remedial agent it is unnecessary to enlarge; but the Fluid Preparation of Sir James Murray is now the most valued by the Profession, as it entirely avoids the possibility of those dangerous complications usually resulting from the use of the article, and is recommended by the sole consignee, Mr. WILLIAM BAILEY, of Wolverhampton; and by all wholesale and retail Druggists and Medicine Agents throughout the British Empire, in bottles, 1s. 2d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 11s., and 21s. each.—The Acidulated Syrup in Bottles 2s. each.

N.B.—Be sure to ask for "Sir James Murray's Preparation," and to see that his name is stamped on each label in green ink, as follows:—"James Murray Physician to the Lord Lieutenant."

BURTON BREWERY COMPANY'S BITTER
ALE.—Mr. PEPPER, the celebrated Professor of Chemistry from the Royal Polytechnic Institution, has just completed a most elaborate Analysis of the different Ales brewed by the ten principal firms at Burton-on-Trent. He has found all the Ales equally pure, and not only free from the pernicious drug called Strychnine, but also from every other extraneous substance; their peculiar properties being entirely dependent on elements procurable from Malt, Hops, and a remarkably constituted Water. Messrs. Bass, and Messrs. Allsopp, have for a long time taken the lead in the manufacture of what may be called the popular National Beverage; the other Brewers at Burton have desired to tread in such eminent footsteps, and their only rival has been an endeavour to produce an article equally excellent from the same materials employed; and in this endeavour, according to Mr. PEPPER'S Report and Certificate, they have fully succeeded.

The Burton Brewery Company are now prepared to supply Ale to all parts of the Kingdom. Orders can be executed either through their Agents in the principal large Towns, or direct from the Offices of the Company, Burton-on-Trent.

Burton-on-Trent, June 1852.

London Stores, 1, Hungerford Wharf; Mr. R. SHEARING, Agent.

THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.
ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY has not only gained the Patronage of Her Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the community, and is acknowledged to stand unrivalled as an eminently pure, nutritious, and light food for Infants, Children, and Invalids.

ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS form another diet universally esteemed for making a superior gruel in fifteen minutes, and alternately with the Patent Barley is an excellent food for Children and Invalids; being particularly recommended by the faculty as the purest and best preparation of the kind extant, and far preferable to the Eubolus Groats.

ROBINSON'S PURE FLOUR OF SAGO is a light, nutritious, easily-digestible, and non-fermenting article of food, and is held in high estimation as a diet for Infants and Invalids. It surpasses the use of the Pearl Sago, to which it is very superior.

ROBINSON AND BELVILLE, 64, Red Lion-street, Holborn. Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists and Oilmen in Town and Country.

FRUIT TREES, FLOWER and SEED BEDS, &c.
NEW TWINE NETTING, to protect Peach, Nectarine, Apricot, and other Trees; flower and seed beds from frost, blight, and afterwards the ripe fruit from birds; or as a fence against fowls, pigeons, cats, &c., at One Hundred per cent. cheaper than at any other Manufactory! New Twine Netting, one yard wide, 14d. per yard; two yards wide, 3d. per yard; half-inch mesh, ditto, two yards wide, 5d. per yard. Sheep-folding Net, of superior quality, four feet high, 4d. per yard. The Repaired Tanned Fishing Netting, two or three yards wide, 14d. per yard; four or six yards wide, 3d. per yard.—Exactly the same as described by others at double the above price.

Barfolding Nets, 5s. each. Casting Nets, 1s. per yard round, complete. Drag Nets, for ponds, lakes, and rivers, with purse complete, twelve yards long, 11s.; twenty yards long, 21s. Flue Nets complete, 1s. per square yard. Ratist Nets, on cord, twelve meshes wide, 2d. per yard, or 5s. per fifty yards.

The ELASTIC HEXAGON GARDEN NETTING, seventy-six meshes to the square inch, effectually excludes birds, wasps, flies, &c. from fruit trees, flower or seed beds, &c. per square yard.

Made to order, and the Trade supplied, at WILLIAM CULLING-FORD'S, 1, Strathmore-terrace, Shadwell, London. Orders by Post punctually attended to.

Caution.—Parties are advertising Tanned Net, two yards wide 3d. per yard, without stating it is Old Net.

LONDON & PROVINCIAL JOINT-STOCK
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—Established 1847.—Offices—17, Gracechurch-street.

The Company effect every description of life insurance, both on the participating and non-participating scales.

They also lend money on the security of freehold and long leasehold property, reversions (absolute or contingent), life interests, and incomes legally assignable; and on personal security, accompanied by at least three unexceptionable sureties, and a policy of insurance effected with the Company for not less than double the amount borrowed—in case of personal security, the loan is made for periods of from one to five years, repayable by annual, half-yearly, or quarterly instalments, with interest at 5 per cent.

C. INGALL, Actuary and Secretary.

DARTMOUTH, South of Devon, CASTLE
DONOVAN. The above old established Hotel, conducted by DANIEL DONOVAN, is pleasantly situated on the New Quay, Banks of the Dart, commanding an extensive View of the Harbour, is replete with every accommodation for Private Families and Commercial Gentlemen at Moderate Charges. Carriages, Horses, Wines and Spirits of the best description.

STEPHENS'S PATENT PROPELLING
PENCILS.—A new kind of ever-pointed Pencil in wood, lined through with lead, requiring no cutting, as the lead is propelled to the point by a novel, easy, and ingenious contrivance; it is more economical than even the wood pencil, which is destroyed as used; whereas in these pencils the lead only is consumed, the pencil remaining as perfect as at first, ready to be refilled, and this is required only at long intervals.

Prepared and sold by the Proprietor, HENRY STEPHENS, 54, Strand-street, Blackfriars-road, London. Sold by Booksellers and Stationers.

CAUTION.
TO TRADESMEN, MERCHANTS, SHIPPERS, OUTFITTERS, &c. Whereas it has lately come to my knowledge that some unprincipled person or persons have for some time past been imposing upon the public by selling to the trade and others a spurious article, under the name of BOND'S PERMANENT MARKING INK. This is to give notice, that I am the Original and sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the said article, and do not employ any Traveller, or authorize any person to represent themselves as coming from my Establishment for the purpose of selling the said Ink. This caution is published by me to prevent further imposition upon the public, and serious injury to myself.

E. L. BOND, Stationer, and Widow of the late John Bond, 28, Long-lane, West Smithfield, London.

THE COMMERCIAL COMMUNITY are strongly recommended to try BLACKWOOD and Co.'s COPYING and other WRITING INKS, contained in the registered clean conducting bottles, with durable cork. The copying ink combines advantages never before obtained: among others, it will give a clear impression many days after writing, and a duplicate copy if required. Blackwood and Co.'s registered ready reference forms are indispensable to all who value time, method, and neatness in keeping their letters, papers, &c.

Sold by SKIPPER and EAST, St. Dunstan's-hill; WILSON and SOX, Cheapside; WM. TEGG and Co., Queen-street, City; SMITH, ELDER, and Co., Cornhill; BAILY, BROTHERS, Royal Exchange-buildings; W. S. ROWSELL, Cheapside; JNO. E. RICHARD, St. Martin's-court; TNO. SMITH, the Government Stationer, Long-acre; and all the leading booksellers and stationers in the United Kingdom. Shipping orders executed at the Manufactory, 26, Long-acre.

NO CHARGE IS NOW MADE FOR
STAMPING ARMS, CORONETS, CRESTS, or INITIALS, on Paper or Envelopes, by PARKINS and GOTT, Paper Manufacturers, 25, OXFORD-STREET; added to this advantage, their writing paper, &c., will, upon comparison, be found 4s. in the pound cheaper than any other house. Large size cream laid note paper, five quires for 6s.; excellent ditto, five quires for 4s.; thick ditto, five quires for 1s.; bordered ditto, five quires for 1s. 6d. (fifty different kinds of mourning paper); the Albert and Queen's sizes proportionately cheaper; fine satin letter paper, five quires for 1s.; India letter, five quires for 2s.; sermon paper, 6s. per ream; draft, 7s. 6d.; ruled foolscap for exercises, 10s. 6d. per ream; cream laid, stamped, and centented envelopes, 4d. per 100; the ditto, 8d. per 100; the ditto, 10s. 6d. per dozen; copy-books, 2s. per dozen; 100 cards printed for 1s. 6d.; sealing wax, 2s. 6d. per pound; useful sample packets, by post, 1s. 6d.; filtered ink, 1s. per bottle. F. and G.'s new elastic post-office pen, warranted not to scratch, 6d. per dozen, 5s. per gross. List of prices, post-free. Carriage paid to any part of the country on orders over 20s.

Copy the address, PARKINS and GOTT, Paper and Envelope Makers, 25, OXFORD-STREET.

SPECTACLES.—The only True and Correct
Mode of adapting Spectacles to suit the sight is by SMEE'S OPTOMETER, an instrument by which the exact condition of the Sight is at once shown, and is used by HENRY, THORNTWAITE, and WOOD, Opticians, Mathematical, Chemical, and Philosophical Instrument Makers, 121 and 123, Newgate-street, London.

NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC COLLARS of Gold, Silver, or 1s. Pyrogallic Acid, 4s. per dozen. Every kind of Preparation, Paper, and Apparatus for Photography.

SPECTACLES.—Self-acting portable Spring
Spectacles, patented by F. B. ANDERSON, are real and effectual preservers of sight, never shift their position when worn—but on being removed, immediately collapse, and may be used by the eyes-glass. Double eye-glasses, to open and shut with one hand only to place before the eyes, or fix on the back at the option of the wearer, in Gold, Silver, and Steel Frames.

May be obtained of the recognised Agents throughout the Country, and in London only of Messrs. THOS. HARRIS and SOX, Opticians, 32, Great Russell-street, opposite the Entrance of the British Museum.

GENUINE PURE COCOA.
Cocoa has been designated by Physicians of eminence, as one of the richest productions of the vegetable kingdom, and, when properly prepared, is justly celebrated for its peculiarly invaluable nutritive properties.

So keen, however, has been the aversion to render this article a lucrative manufacture, and so strenuous the competitive efforts thereby excited, that the most flagrant adulterations have been resorted to, with the sole aim of LOWNESS OF PRICE, until Cocoa has been unjustly brought into disrepute, the public having long become disgusted with numerous vile compounds, which, whether vended under the captivating misnomers of "Homoeopathic," "Digestive," "Dietetic," &c. &c., are all more or less the most noxious concoctions, and, indeed, can hardly be considered as deserving any claim to the title or character of Cocoa.

The evils with which so baneful a system is fraught, are strikingly manifest to the Medical Profession, who, highly esteeming Cocoa (IN ITS PURE STATE) as an article of diet, frequently prescribe and recommend it to Invalids as a remedial agent in promoting health. The results are, however, too often rendered nugatory by the impurity of the article supplied.

The importance, as well as the uncertainty of obtaining Cocoa in a genuine pure state, are alike sufficiently notorious; the only security adopted by many to guard against adulteration, has been to procure the Cocoa Nibs; but apart from the time and difficulty in extracting the entire strength and flavour of Cocoa in this form, no guarantee whatever is afforded that the Nuts are of the best quality.

The magnitude of our legitimate business as Tea Dealers, necessarily precludes our devoting a strict and essential supervision to the manufacture of Cocoa; we have therefore completed arrangements with the highly respectable firm of Messrs. Henry Thorne and Co., Leeds, whose many years' successful experience in the preparation of this article, and the celebrity they have thereby acquired in the North of England, together with their uncompromising determination to adhere to the principle they originally adopted, viz., to manufacture only from the choicest Nuts, and to rigidly exclude adulteration in any shape whatever, warrants us in recommending their

"GENUINE UNADDED COCOA,"

to our numerous Friends in the Medical Profession, and to the Public.

Your obedient humble Servants,
SIDNEY, WELLS, AND COMPANY,
Family Tea-Men, 8, Ludgate-hill.

Sole Agents for London

This day is published, crown 8vo., 6s. cloth,

GLEN LUNA. AN AMERICAN TALE.

BY AMY LOTHROP.

"Penny whence comest thou? Penny whither goest thou? Penny when wilt thou return?"

JAMES NISBET and Co., 31, Berners-street; HAMILTON, ADAMS and Co., Paternoster-row.

Just published, in Two Vols., crown 8vo., 12s. cloth,

QUEECHY.

By ELIZABETH WETHERELL, Author of "The Wide, Wide World."

"Queechy" is an American story of minute traits and gentle emotions. In some respects, it is eminent among recent Transatlantic tales. It is written in modest, unaffected language. — *Athenaeum*

"Undoubtedly a work of very considerable ability. Abounding in clever, and, we should think, truthful, sketches of American life and manners. It will afford not only a great deal of amusement, but much information. — *Critic*

"Far superior to the dreary volumes of common-place which are prepared for what is called 'the religious public.' — *Literary Gazette*

"We love this book for its goodness. It has sometimes made us weep, and it has often made us merry; but, now that its perusal is ended, we feel as if we were the better for such tears and smiles. We cannot help thinking that Christian sentiment is more successfully conveyed in its pages than in most tales professedly religious. There is no sermonising, and yet there is no reserve; and just as it is not so much by lecturing as living, that the Christian impresses others, this book is so valuable because its 'light shines.' — *Eng. Pres. Messenger*

JAMES NISBET and Co., 21, Berners-street; HAMILTON, ADAMS and Co., Paternoster-row.

JUST PUBLISHED BY JAMES NISBET AND CO.

AMERICA AS I FOUND IT.

By the Author of "A Memoir of Mary Lundy Duncan." Foolscap, 5s. cloth.

SOCIAL EVILS; THEIR CAUSES AND THEIR CURE.

By ALEXANDER THOMSON, Esq., of Banbury. Foolscap, 2s. 6d. cloth.

A MEMOIR of the late REV. W. H. HEWITSON, Dirleton.

By the Rev. JOHN BAILLIE. Second Edition. Crown 8vo., 5s. cloth.

A COMMENTARY on LEVITICUS, Expository and Practical.

With Critical Notes. By the Rev. ANDREW BONAR. Third Edition. 8vo., 8s. 6d. cloth.

AUNT EDITH; or, Love to God the best Motive.

With Illustrations by BIRKET FORSTER. 18mo., 2s. 6d. cloth.

CARLINGTON CASTLE.

By the Author of "The Curate of Linwood," "Amy Harrington," &c. Foolscap 8vo., 6s. cloth.

A PLACE OF REPENTANCE:

Or, an Account of the London Colonial Training Institution and Ragged Dormitory, Westminster.

By the Rev. SAMUEL MARTIN. Foolscap, 2s. cloth.

THE PORTRAITURE OF A CHRISTIAN YOUNG MAN.

By the Rev. HENRY HUGHES, M.A., Perpetual Curate of All Saints, Gordon-square, 18mo., 1s. 6d. cloth.

London: JAMES NISBET and Co., 21, Berners-street.

EQUITY AND LAW LIFE ASSURANCE

SOCIETY.
No. 26, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON.
Policies in this Office are INDISPENSABLE, except in cases of FRAT. "Free Policies" are issued, at a small increased rate of Premium, which remain in force although the Life Assured may go to any part of the World.

Parties Assuring within Six Months of their last Birth-day, are allowed a proportionate diminution in the Premium.

The Tables are especially favourable to Young and Middle-aged Lives, and the Limits allowed to the Assured, without extra charge, are unusually extensive.

Eighty per cent. of the Profits are divided at the end of every Five Years among the Assured.—At the first Division, to the end of 1849, the addition to the amount Assured averaged above 50 per cent. on the Premiums paid.

NATIONAL ASSURANCE AND INVEST-

MENT ASSOCIATION, 7, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, London; Established May, 1844.

Trustees.
Lieut.-Col. the Right Honourable Lord GEORGE PAGET, M.P.
Rev. JOSEPH PRESTON, D.D., (Cantab.) Lewisham.
GEORGE STONE, Esq., Banker, Lombard-street.
MATTHEW HUTTON CHATBOT, Esq., Helgate.

Investment of Capital and Savings.

The Investment of money with this Association, secures equal advantages to the surplus Capital of the affluent, and the provident Savings of the industrial classes of the community, and affords an opportunity for realizing the highest rate of interest yielded by first-class securities, in which alone the money is employed.

Moneys deposited with the Association, for investment, are exempt from liabilities on account of life contingencies, as well as the expenses of management, which are borne by the Life Department, in consideration of the business brought to it by investment transactions; therefore, Depositors enjoy the entire profits yielded by their Capital free from deduction of any kind—an advantage which no other Institution, either Public or Private, holds forth, or can afford, to its members.

Interest payable in January and July.

Capital Stock, 100,000.

The Capital Stock is altogether distinct and separate from the Depositors' Stock in the Investment Department. It constitutes, with the Premium Fund, a guarantee for the engagements of the Association, and has been provided in order to render the security of the Assured complete.

Life Department.

This Department embraces a comprehensive and well-regulated system of Life Assurance, with many valuable and important improvements.

Tables will be found, by which credit is given for half the amount of the annual Premium, for periods of Five and Seven Years, also a novel Table for securing Loans or Debts, the rate of Premium by which will protect the interest of the Policyholder from all contingencies, and allow the Life Assured to proceed to, and reside in, any part of the World, without special License from the Board of Management.

College Education.

A Novel Table has been constructed expressly for the use of this Institution, whereby a parent, by the payment of a very small annual premium, may, in the event of death, secure to a child, either an Annuity, payable from the age of 17 to 23, or an equivalent amount in money.

Other new and important Tables for Educational purposes, and Endowments for Children, are in course of construction, and will shortly be published.

Full information and Prospectuses may be obtained, on application at the Head Office of the Association, or to the respective Agents, throughout the United Kingdom.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

N.B. Applications for Agencies may be made to the Managing Director.

LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE and TRUST

SOCIETY,
30, Essex-street, Strand, London, and 19, Princess-street, Manchester.

Subscribed Capital, 250,000, in 5,000 shares of 50l. each.

LONDON BOARD.

DIRECTORS.
Ralph Thomas Brockman, Esq.
Benjamin Chandler, Jun., Esq.
Edward Williams Cox, Esq.
James Macaulay, Esq.
Henry Paul, Esq.
Robert Young, Esq.

AUDITORS.
E. P. Keley, Esq., Salisbury.
James Hutton, Esq., Moorgate-st.

BANKERS.
London and Westminster Bank, (Bloomsbury Branch).

STANDING COUNSEL.
Henry Stevens, Esq., 7, New-square, Lincoln's-Inn.

CONSULTING ACTUARY.
F. G. F. Nelson, Esq., 25, Pall Mall.

MEDICAL OFFICER.
N.M. Camm, Esq., M.D. Parliament-st.

SOLICITOR.
W. Colley, Esq., 16, Bucklersbury.

PROCTOR.
H. Pitcher, Esq., Doctors' Commons.

ACTUARY AND SECRETARY.
William Nelson, Esq., F.R.S.

MANCHESTER BOARD.

DIRECTORS.
Nicholas Earle, Esq.
Isaac Hall, Esq.
W. H. Partridge, Esq.
James Street, Esq.
Thomas Taylor, Esq., Norfolk-st.
G. B. Withington, Esq.
Thomas Whitford, Esq.

BANKERS.
Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart., and Co.

COUNSELLOR.
J. P. Lake, Esq., 4, Townhall-buildings, Cross-street.

PHYSICIAN.
J. L. Barclay, Esq., M.D., 8, Chatham-house, Piccadilly.

SURGEON.
R. H. McKeand, Esq., 5, Oxford-street, St. Peter's.

SCUVERS.
Mr. Edward Corbett.
Mr. William Redford.
Mr. Edward Nicholson.

AGENTS.
Messrs. Dunn and Smith, 19, Princess-street.

SECRETARY.
William Henry Partridge, Esq.

This Society is established to apply the principle of Assurance to PROPERTY as well as to LIFE; and its business consists of—

The ASSURANCE OF DEFECTIVE and UNMARKETABLE TITLES, rendering them absolute and perfect.

The ASSURANCE OF COPHOLDS, LIFEHOLDS, and LEASEHOLDS, thereby making them equal or even better than Freeholds, for all purposes of sale or mortgage.

The REDEMPTION OF LOANS and MORTGAGES, and GUARANTEEING their absolute REPAYMENT within a given period.

Increased and immediate ANNUITIES granted upon healthy as well as diseased lives.

The FIDELITY OF CLERKS, SERVANTS, and others GUARANTEED, upon the payment of a small annual Premium, and a reduction of nearly one-half is made when a Life Assurance is combined with the Fidelity Guarantee Policy.

LIFE ASSURANCES effected for the whole term of life, or for a term of years, and the premiums can be paid either yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly.

ENDOWMENT and EDUCATION ASSURANCES, and ANNUITIES GRANTED; the premiums can be paid upon the returnable or non-returnable system, in case of death before attaining the age agreed upon.

IMMEDIATE ANNUITIES or increased incomes granted in exchange for REVERSIONARY INTERESTS.

Whole World Policies granted, and all Policies issued by this Society are indisputable.

Every information furnished, free of expense, by applying to

WILLIAM NELSON, Actuary and Secretary,
30, Essex-street, Strand, London.

Agents Wanted.

BLACK'S GUIDE-BOOKS

AND

TRAVELLING MAPS FOR TOURISTS.

"They should find a corner in the portmanteau of every person about to undertake a journey of pleasure or business, either in England and Wales, or Scotland." — *JOHN BULL*

"The most valuable series of Picturesque Guide-books issued by Messrs. Black of Edinburgh. We have looked carefully through the volumes; they are admirably 'got up'; the descriptions are accurate, and remarkably clear and comprehensive. Altogether this series of works is of immense value to tourists." — *ART JOURNAL*

Price 10s. 6d., a NEW EDITION, greatly enlarged, of

BLACK'S PICTURESQUE

TOURIST, and ROAD and RAILWAY GUIDE-BOOK through ENGLAND and WALES, containing 194 Routes, and 26 Maps and Charts, besides Views of the Scenery. The Index contains upwards of 5,000 Names, with the Inns in all the Towns and Villages. The volume is tersely written, closely printed, and portable.

"A decided improvement upon the old road-book." — *John Bull*

"A carefully executed work, prettily illustrated with useful maps." — *Athenaeum*

Price 8s. 6d., a FIFTH EDITION, enlarged and improved, of

BLACK'S PICTURESQUE

TOURIST OF SCOTLAND.—HIGHLANDS and LOWLANDS—with 24 Maps, Plans, and Charts, and 50 Views of Scenery and Public Buildings.

A comprehensive, intelligent, and well-arranged Guide-book. We have been furnished with an incidental proof of the remarkable accuracy of the charts and descriptions, in the personal testimony of a pedestrian who has travelled a considerable space book in hand." — *Spectator*

Price 10s. 6d., a THIRD EDITION (800 pp.), greatly enlarged, of

GUIDE to the HIGHLANDS and

ISLANDS of SCOTLAND, including ORKNEY and ZETLAND, with Directions for Visiting the Lowlands, Tables of Distances, Notices of Inns, and other Information for the use of Tourists. By GEORGE and PETER ANDERSON, of Inverness.

"Most copiously and praiseworthy minute." — *Athenaeum*

Price 5s., a FIFTH EDITION, enlarged and improved, of

BLACK'S PICTURESQUE GUIDE

to the ENGLISH LAKES. With an Essay on the Geology of the District. By JOHN PHILLIPS, F.R.S.G.L., late Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Dublin; a minutely accurate Map, by W. HUGHES; Charts of the Lakes; Views of the Scenery; and an ample Itinerary of all the Routes, with the Distances accurately laid down.

"It is a picturesque guide in every sense, its descriptions are charmingly written, its intelligence is ample and minute, and its illustrations are admirable specimens of art." — *Atlas*

Price 5s., beautifully printed and illustrated,

BLACK'S PICTURESQUE

TOURIST OF NORTH and SOUTH WALES and MONMOUTHSHIRE, containing minutely engraved Travelling Maps, Charts of the Railways, a Chart of the course of the river Wye, numerous Views of the Scenery engraved on Wood and Steel, and a copious Itinerary.

"A very clear and complete guide to the beauties and interesting objects of the principality. With this volume in his hand, the traveller may thread Wales in all directions, learning what to see, and how to see it." — *Spectator*

Price 3s. 6d., a FIFTH EDITION of

BLACK'S ECONOMICAL

TOURIST OF SCOTLAND, containing an accurate Travelling Map and Itinerary, with Descriptive Notices of all the remarkable objects along the several roads, and Four Engraved Charts of those localities which possess peculiar historical or picturesque interest.

"A work most carefully and elaborately compiled, containing the greatest possible amount of information in the smallest possible space." — *Scotsman*

Price 2s. 6d., a SEVENTH EDITION of

BLACK'S GUIDE THROUGH

EDINBURGH, with a DESCRIPTION of the ENVIRONS. Illustrated with a Plan of the City, a Map of the Country Ten Miles round, and numerous Views of the Public Buildings, and of the neighbouring Scenery.

"So concise, and yet so clear, that no stranger in the Modern Athens will lose his way, if he will only carefully consult its pages; and more, it will lead him to inspect many important portions of that truly interesting town, which otherwise he would be almost sure to overlook." — *Morning Advertiser*

Price 2s., a THIRD EDITION of

BLACK'S GUIDE THROUGH

GLASGOW, arranged in Three Walks, with Pleasure Excursions in the Neighbourhood; illustrated by a Plan of the City, Maps of Lanarkshire, and of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, and Views of the Streets and Public Buildings.

"A most tastefully got up and useful volume, furnishing a complete panoramic view of the commercial metropolis of Scotland, with an outline of its history, various statistics, and social conditions." — *Glasgow Citizen*

In Two Volumes, post 8vo., price 21s.,

A VOYAGE ROUND THE COAST of

SCOTLAND and the ISLES. BY JAMES WILSON, F.R.S.E., M.W.S., &c., Author of the Treatise on Angling in "The Rod and the Gun." With a Map of Scotland, exhibiting the Tract of the Voyage, a Chart of St. Kilda, Twenty Etchings on Steel, by Charles H. Wilson, A.R.S.A., from Sketches during the Voyage, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart., and numerous Wood Engravings from the same Sketches, drawn by Montague Stanley, Prior, and Sargent, and engraved by Branstall, Landells, and other Artists.

"Written in a flowing and animated style." — *Edinburgh Review*

BLACK'S IRON HIGHWAYS from

LONDON to EDINBURGH and GLASGOW; the one containing a Chart 64 inches long; the other a Chart of 46 inches. 1s. 6d. each.

BLACK'S ROAD and RAILWAY MAP of ENGLAND. 4s. 6d.

Ditto, ditto (A SMALLER MAP). 2s. 6d.

BLACK'S ROAD and RAILWAY MAP of SCOTLAND. 4s. 6d.

Ditto, ditto (A SMALLER MAP). 2s. 6d.

BLACK'S TRAVELLING MAP of IRELAND. 2s. 6d.

BLACK'S MAP of the ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT. 2s. 6d.

BLACK'S MAP of NORTH WALES. 1s. 6d.—SOUTH WALES. 1s. 6d.

BLACK'S COUNTY MAPS of SCOTLAND. 1s. each.

BLACK'S PLAN of EDINBURGH and ENVIRONS. 1s. 6d.

BLACK'S TOURIST MEMORIAL of SCOTLAND. 5s.

BLACK'S TRAVELLING MAP of CENTRAL EUROPE. 4s. 6d.

ADAM and CHARLES BLACK, Edinburgh; and Sold by all Booksellers.

NEW WORKS JUST PUBLISHED AT 227, STRAND.

EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Exhibiting the ORIGIN, ORTHOGRAPHY, PRONUNCIATION, and DEFINITION of WORDS; comprising also a Synopsis of Words differently pronounced by different Orthoëpists, and Walker's Key to the Classical Pronunciation of Greek, Latin, and Scripture Proper Names. A New Edition, Revised and Enlarged by C. A. GOODRICH, Professor in Yale College; with the addition of a Vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names, and their Pronunciation. With Portrait of Dr. WEBSTER.
Royal 8vo., extra cloth, 1265 pages, 16s.; strongly bound in russia, marbled edges, 11. 4s.; Ditto, half russia, marbled edges, 11.; Ditto, calf gilt, ditto, 11.; Ditto, half calf, ditto, 13s.

. This Valuable Dictionary of the English Language must not be confounded with Worcester's, which, although similar in appearance and price, is smaller, and not so complete.

THE ILLUSTRATED MODERN GEOGRAPHY. By Joseph Guy, Jun.,

Of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, Author of numerous popular Educational Works. Demy 8vo., with numerous Engravings of Cities, Costumes, and Wonders of the World, &c. The Drawings are made with great care from truthful sources—a desideratum so necessary in an Elementary Geography. Nine Maps have been engraved by a patent process expressly for this Work, and are corrected to the present period.
Demy 8vo., cloth 0 2 0

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON DRAWING-BOOK. By Robert G. Burn.

Comprising a Complete Introduction to Drawing and Composition; with Instructions for Etching on Copper or Steel, &c. Illustrated with above 300 subjects for study in every branch of Art.
Demy 8vo., cloth 0 2 0

THE NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY. VOLUME FOR JULY.

PICTURESQUE SKETCHES OF LONDON, PAST AND PRESENT.

By THOMAS MILLER, Author of "The History of the Anglo-Saxons," &c., with numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth 0 2 6

LONDON BIOGRAPHICAL LIBRARY. VOLUME FOR JULY.

HAZLITT'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. Vol. III.

NEW EDITION, Revised and Corrected by his Son, WILLIAM HAZLITT, Esq.

Post 8vo., cloth, with Portraits and Vignettes, per volume 0 3 6 | Or handsomely bound in calf gilt, marbled edges. 0 7 0
. The Fourth Volume, which completes this Interesting Work, will be ready on the 1st of August, and will contain a sketch of the History of the Bonaparte Family from the death of Napoleon to the present time.

THE SQUANDERS OF CASTLE SQUANDER. A New Novel. By William Carleton, Esq.,

Author of "The Black Prophet," "Traits of the Irish Peasantry," &c. &c. Two Vols. crown 8vo., handsomely bound in red and silver, price each Volume, 2s. 6d.

IVAR; or, THE SKJUTS-BOY. A New Novel.

Translated from the Swedish of EMILIE CARLEN, Author of "The Birthright," "Woman's Life," &c. In One Vol. post 8vo., with Frontispiece and Vignette, 2s. 6d.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY.

Each Volume containing about 300 pages, and numerous Engravings, crown 8vo., cloth, price 2s. 6d.

MADAME PFEIFFER'S VISIT TO ICELAND AND THE SCANDINAVIAN NORTH.

With TINTED ENGRAVINGS. Companion Volume to "A Woman's Journey Round the World." This Translation, made expressly for this Library, will be accompanied by a large number of explanatory Notes, and by additional Chapters on the Literature and History of Iceland.

MADAME PFEIFFER'S VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND.

With TINTED ENGRAVINGS.

THE ISRAEL OF THE ALPS. A History of the Persecutions of the Waldenses.

By the Rev. Dr. ALEXIS MUSTON. With Descriptive Illustrations.

A NARRATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

Two Volumes, with numerous Drawings made from the Sketches of the Artist who Accompanied the Expedition, Illustrative of the Manners, Customs, and Personal Appearance of the Inhabitants, and Views of the Scenery of the Countries Visited.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON LIBRARY.

Each Volume contains about 400 pages, and numerous Engravings. Demy 8vo., cloth 6s. each.

OUR IRON ROADS, THEIR HISTORY, CONSTRUCTION, AND SOCIAL INFLUENCES.

By FREDERICK S. WILLIAMS. With numerous Illustrations and Diagrams.

THE THREE COLONIES OF AUSTRALIA:

THEIR GOLD-FIELDS, PASTURES, AND COPPER-MINES.

By SAMUEL SIDNEY, Author of the "Australian Hand-Book," &c., with numerous authentic Engravings.

LATELY PUBLISHED.

NINEVEH AND ITS PALACES.

THE DISCOVERIES OF BOTTA AND LAYARD APPLIED TO THE ELUCIDATION OF HOLY WRIT.

By JOSEPH BONOMI, F.R.S.A. Demy 8vo., 400 pp., with 230 Engravings, price 6s.

VOLUMES OF THE NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions.

By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. Two Vols. crown 8vo. cloth.
With 120 Illustrations from scarce prints and other authentic sources.

Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides.

Companion Volume to "Boswell's Life of Johnson." With Index to the "Life."
By ROBERT CARRUTHERS, Esq., of Inverness.

Narrative of a Residence at the Capital of the Kingdom of Siam.

With a Description of the Manners, Customs, and Laws of the Modern Siamese.
By FREDERICK ARTHUR NEALE, formerly in the service of his Siamese Majesty.

The Illustrated Book of Scottish Songs,

FROM THE SIXTEENTH TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, with numerous Illustrations.

LONDON:—Printed and Published by JOHN CROCKFORD, of 103, Stanhope-street, Mornington-crescent, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the City of Westminster, on Thursday, July 15, 1852.—All communications, orders, &c., should be addressed to 29, Essex-street, Strand.